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ICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

MAY 2 1953

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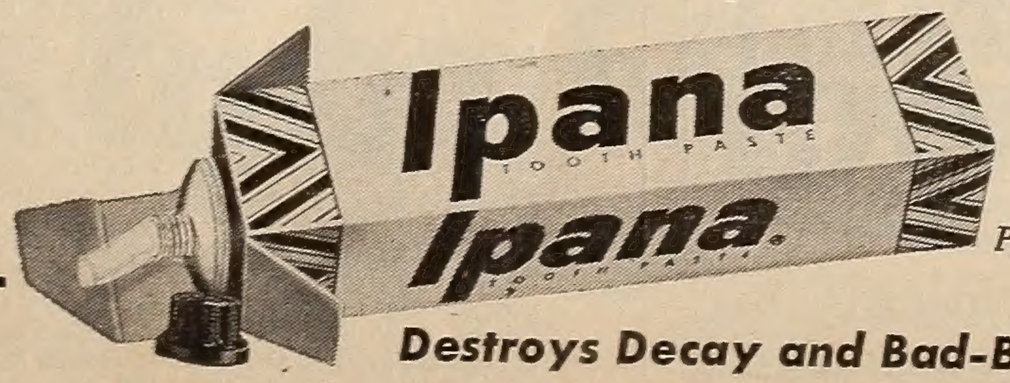
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June 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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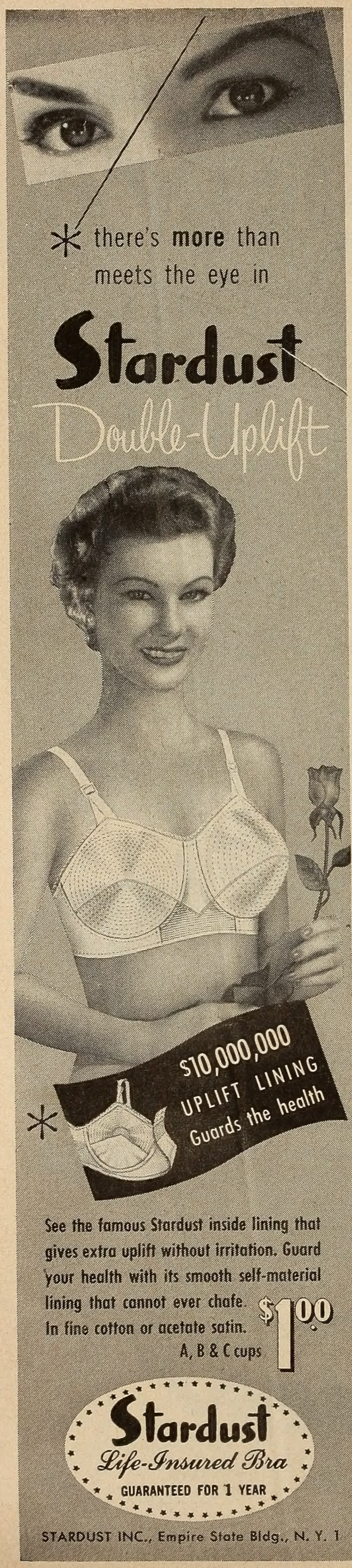
"Remains to be seen"

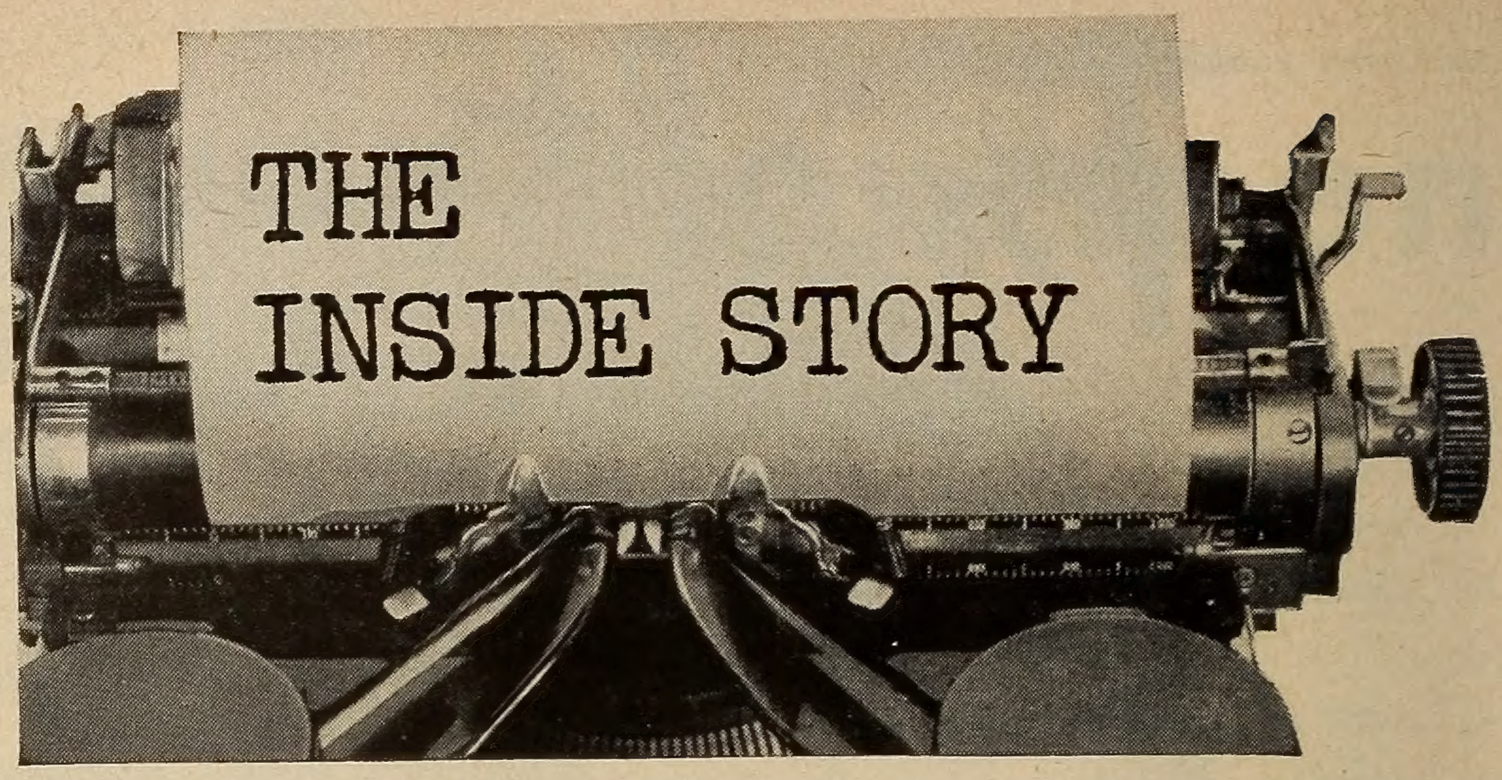
BROADWAY'S STAGE HIT IS ON THE SCREEN!

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is the Rita Hayworth-Dale Robertson friendship really blazing?
—G.R., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. *Just getting started.*

Q. I understand that Judy Garland once had big eyes for Mario Lanza. Is this true or just gossip?
—F.F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *True.*

Q. Was Mervyn LeRoy ever engaged to Ginger Rogers? If so, why didn't he marry her? —T.R., New York, N. Y.

A. *LeRoy broke off with Miss Rogers and was married to Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner of Warner Brothers.*

Q. I've been told that Jimmy Stewart is a millionaire who owns TV stations in Denver and Ft. Worth. Is that on the level? —D.E., Princeton, N. J.

A. *Stewart has financial interests in Denver and Ft. Worth; is worth at least a million.*

Q. How much money was Mona Freeman awarded in her divorce from wealthy Pat Nerney?
—C.H., Pelham, N. Y.

A. *$75 a month for the support of little Mona, age 5.*

Q. Is it true that Frank Sinatra can always get work at the Copacabana in New York and night clubs in Miami and Las Vegas because of his friendship with certain individuals?
—C.Y., Dallas, Tex.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Can you tell me to whom Steve Cochran has been married?
—O.Y., Miami, Fla.

A. *Florence Lockwood and Fay McKenzie.*

Q. Doesn't Cyd Charisse have a boy who is almost 11 years old? How can she be listed as being only 23?
—S.G., North Bergen, N. J.

A. *Charisse is 27; has a 10½-year-old boy by her first marriage.*

Q. What ever became of a movie made by Mitzi Gaynor and Bill Lundigan called *Down Among The Sheltering Pines?* —J.E.H., Harrisburg, Pa.

A. *Twentieth released it recently.*

Q. I thought if you were divorced you could not become a nun. How about this and June Haver?
—L.N., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A. *There is no such ecclesiastical rule.*

Q. Can you tell me how many times Fernando Lamas has been married and whether Lana Turner really had him thrown out of *Latin Lovers?*
—H.Y., Charleston, Mass.

A. *Lamas has been married two times; after their fight she was not particularly anxious to have Lamas as her leading man in the film.*

Q. Is it true that Esther Williams is expecting another baby?
—B.H., Menafee, Minn.

A. *It's true.*

Q. In pictures does Ava Gardner use her own singing voice?
—D.W., Millbrae, Calif.

A. *No.*

Q. I've heard that Jerry Lewis is not liked among Hollywood people. Why is this? —B.B., Norfolk, Va.

A. *He's very well-liked.*

Q. I've read that a studio campaign is underway which will depict Marilyn Monroe as a normal, average young woman instead of a sex boat. Is this true? —C.G., Chapel Hill, N. C.

A. *Yes.*

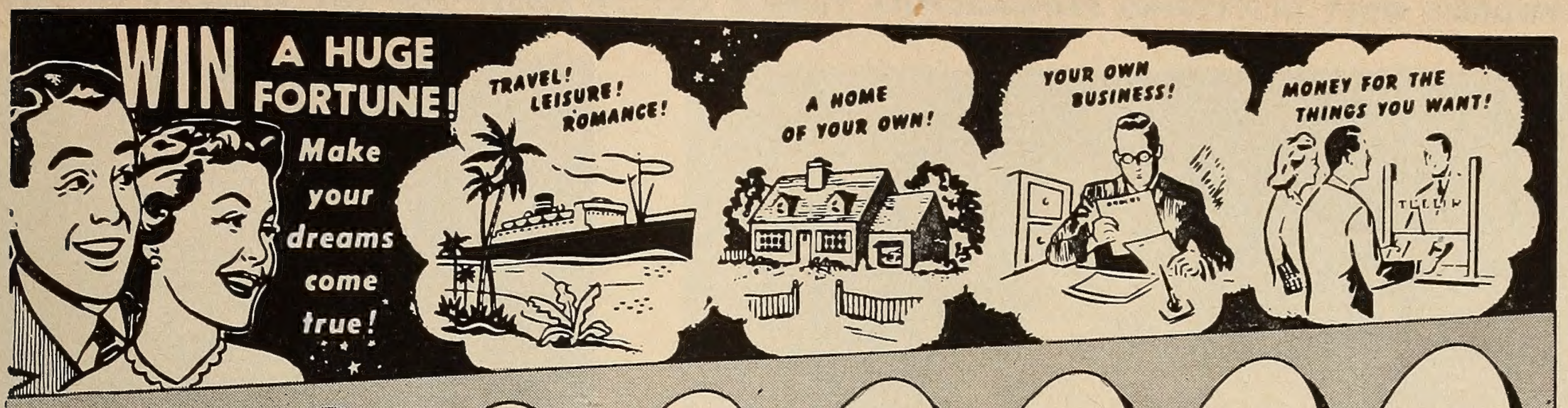
Q. Whatever happened to those plans about starring Deanna Durbin and Mario Lanza in one picture?
—E.R., Vancouver, B. C.

A. *Deanna is back in Hollywood and discussions are under way at MGM.*

Q. Another magazine says that Jane Powell is finished now that she's grown up. Can't she develop sex appeal as Liz Taylor did? —I.G., Portland, Ore.

A. *Jane and Liz are built differently.*

(*Continued on page 18*)



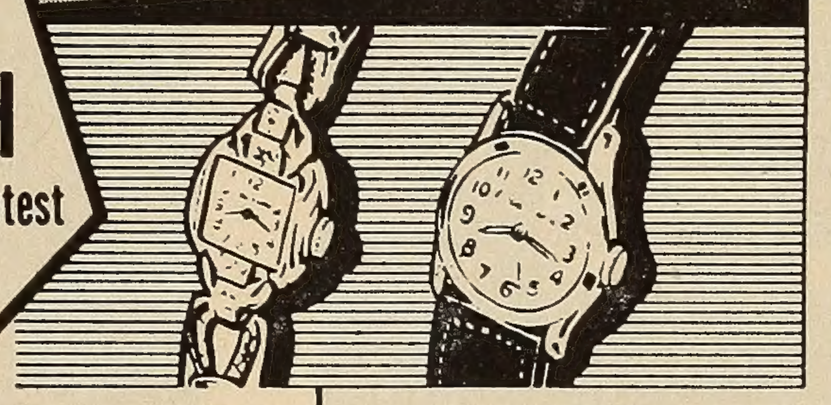
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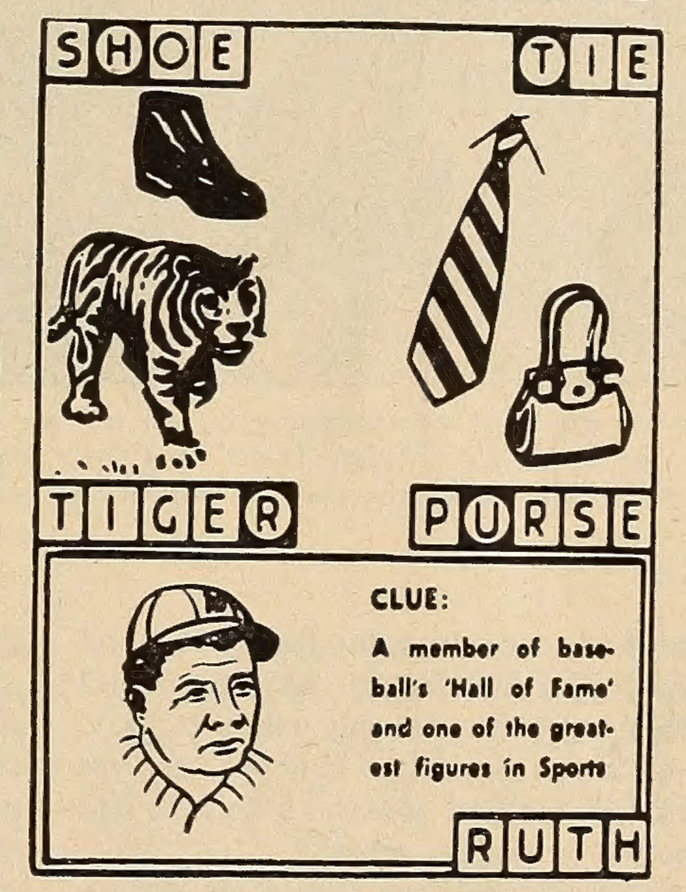
See Sample Puzzle at Upper Right!

This contest consists of puzzles like the SAMPLE PUZZLE above. Note how we filled it in . . . how we identified the objects and found that certain letters in the names of the objects stood out from the rest, thus to spell out the name of the famous person pictured at the bottom. Read the explanation carefully.

Note how we identified each object with a word of as many letters as there are boxes in diagram accompanying it. In upper left we filled in word SHOE; in upper right, TIE. In lower left, TIGER; in lower right, PURSE. Note that some of the letters fell into boxes with a little circular frame inside. Those "circled" letters, arranged into proper order, spell out the famous name we are looking for.

Here, for example, the "circled" letters are H T R U. So we run through the names printed under the puzzle and discover Babe RUTH, whose last name is the correct solution, and whose picture you see at bottom.

SAMPLE PUZZLE



Solution is One of the Names Below:

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HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GLITTERING PERSONALITIES TURNED OUT *EN MASSE* FOR THE ACADEMY OF MOTION



The Oscar for the best performance by an actress was awarded to Shirley Booth for *Come Back, Little Sheba.* Two-time Oscar winner Fredric March made the presentation in New York City. Awards were made both in Hollywood and New York.



John Wayne, flanked by two former winners (Janet Gaynor, *left,* and Olivia deHavilland) accepted one Oscar for John Ford, and another for Gary Cooper.



Mrs. Anthony Quinn *(right)* proudly accepted the trophy for her husband, who won it for his supporting role in *Viva Zapata!* Greer Garson presented it.

FOR A hot first-report from the Stork, it looked as though Elizabeth Taylor Wilding would have another baby, her second within a year!

With their infant son, Mike Howard, not yet two months old, Liz had reason to believe she was to become a mother again.

Her doctor confirmed her suspicions on the first diagnosis.

Everything was in an uproar! Her bosses at MGM were flabbergasted because a deal had just been completed to loan Liz to Paramount to replace Vivien Leigh in *Elephant Walk.*

Her agent and manager were equally up in the air. The only people calm, cool and collected during all the hubbub were the two most vitally interested, Elizabeth and Mike.

Even though Liz has started work in poor Vivien Leigh's role, isn't it quite possible that she is keeping a big *secret* which will be announced at the completion of the picture?

OSCAR RAMBLINGS: Hollywood's big night goes down in history as the shotgun wedding of television and motion pictures. Strangely enough, it was the once-despised television that came to the rescue of the Academy, and saved the day. Without the television money, it is doubtful if the Academy could go on.

It was the night that sentiment was rampant. Old favorites stole the limelight. New stars took a back seat while yesterday's favorites, with their gorgeous glamor, gave yesterday's movie fans, and today's, a thrill.

Janet Gaynor, the first star to win an Academy Award, looked very little older than she did when she made *Seventh Heaven.* The applause was deafening when she walked out in a beautiful pink dress that was especially designed for her by her husband, Adrian, who is no longer a couturier because of his health.

To me, the highlights were the ripple of sympathetic laughter when Shirley Booth tripped on her gown and tore it in her eagerness to clasp her Oscar to her heart. That emotion was good to see.

And Gloria Grahame's beau, Cy Howard, author of "My Friend Irma" and "Life With Luigi," holding his head in his hands when all Gloria could manage to get out was a big "Thank you." "Oh, no!" gasped Cy. "She had the wittiest speech prepared in case she won the supporting Oscar!"

The heart that went into the two awards given Cecil B. de Mille, one the coveted Irving Thalberg special prize, and one for the best picture of the year, *The Greatest Show On Earth.* At long last, the master showman came into his own.

Jane Wyman's flowing white chiffon gown was the most beautiful. . . .

Ginger Rogers' Dior French gown was so tight she wobbled as she walked. Later she changed her dress for the photographs. I've seen Ginger look so much prettier. . . .

Mitzi Gaynor's slinky black dress topped by a black fox stole, the most sophisticated. . . .

Tony Curtis' haircut should have been as short as Janet Leigh's. . . .

Never were the songs presented more disappointingly, although Billy Daniels, Peggy Lee, Johnny Mercer and Celeste Holm sang them. . . .

John Wayne's wit and charm was a highlight as he accepted winning actor award for Gary Cooper and directorial for John Ford. . . .

Obviously, Olivia deHavilland had just had a fresh permanent. . . .

Last, but far from least, a great big hand to Bob Hope! Without his charm, wit and stage presence as M.C., this year's Oscar event might have sagged into general ennui. . . .

I sincerely believe that if the glamor and excitement of our annual awards is to be brought back to its former brilliance, Hollywood should return to the lovely dinner-dance Oscar nights of years ago.

MRS. DEAN MARTIN says I played Cupid in bringing about the reconciliation between her and Dean after I broke the scoop that Jeanne was expecting a baby (their second) in September.

"I didn't think anyone knew my secret," Jeanne told me when I checked the story. "I didn't want this to influence Dean's decision about coming home."

I told her I had talked to Dean first—and

PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES' AWARDS.



Louella Parsons and Jimmy McHugh were among early arrivals at the gala affair, held at the Pantages Theater. For the first time in Oscar's history, the awards were on TV.



Thrilled over her Oscar for the best supporting female player, Gloria Grahame profusely thanks Edmund Gwenn, who presented it. She was in *Bad And The Beautiful.*

Another baby for Liz Taylor? . . . "Cupid" reconciles the Dean Martins . . . Lana Turner's latest feud . . . Rita Hayworth's newest beau . . . Plushiest premiere of the month: *Call Me Madam* . . .



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

that he didn't know about the baby until I broke the news. He said, "I want to take Jeanne to Europe with me when Jerry and I go to play the Palladium."

Twenty-four hours later, Dean moved back home—clothes, golf clubs, records and Jeanne's photograph (which he took with him when they parted).

This is the second time I've told a "rifting" husband that his wife was expecting—and the news led to a reconciliation. The first was Gregory Peck, at that time AWOL from Greta until I told him the big news. Like Dean, he went home and I couldn't be happier in the role I played both times.

I wish I could say that the Gregory Pecks had stayed reconciled. But I'm told that when Greg comes back to this country, he and Mrs. Peck will make their separation official. They haven't been getting along for many months, and he intends to ask Greta for a divorce.

BY THE time you read this, the John Waynes' financial settlement should be worked out. Chata (Mrs. Wayne) has been very difficult to pin down, although John has offered her what most people think is very liberal alimony.

Just when everybody was looking in Mexico for Chata, she suddenly appeared on the Hollywood scene and is seen in night clubs and around town with the handsome Steve Cochran.

One night when I saw her at Ciro's, the Hollywood night spot, she was done to the teeth in a white ermine cape and seemed to laugh a lot and to be very gay.

There have been rumors from time to time that John has been fascinated by a Peruvian beauty, but every time I've seen him he's been alone.

I KEEP hearing again and again that Rita Hayworth is being very quiet, staying home and working hard. I believe it's true that she's working hard, but as for staying home, there are two schools of thought on that.

Rita seems fascinated with Manuel Rojan, Argentine polo player. Talk is that he was engaged to a Nevada beauty when he met the gorgeous Rita. The Nevada girl was promptly forgotten. Of course where the Hayworth girl is concerned, the picture could change, but up to now Rita has only been seen with Manuel.

I believe Rita is still in love with Aly Khan, but she couldn't take his Continental way of life and his dating of so many other women.

Will Gene Tierney be able to take it if she becomes the next Princess Aly Khan? Well, Gene has more sophistication and more European training. She's been abroad so much and attended school in Switzerland.

I've forgotten how long they've been married, but I've never known a husband to make such ardent love to his wife (of longer than 24 hours) than John Bromfield does to Corinne Calvet.

The other night, in a crowded nightclub, my chair was backed up practically to their table and I couldn't help overhearing their whisperings. As my ears pinkened, I heard John say:

"Stop. Stop. I can't stand it when you look that way."

From Corinne: "What way, dolling?"—as though she didn't know!

"So beeeautiful," sighed her old man, "so dewy and young and fresh and *inviting!*"

"Oh, dolling," breathed Corinne, "keep talking, keep talking. Say more."

"Just luscious, just beautiful," John whispered between clenched teeth, crushing a rose into the palm of her hand. "The most beautiful woman in this room. The most beautiful woman in the world, that's you!"

Zounds! And Wowie! No wonder they stay married. (Other husbands please note!)

I WAS the only reporter to visit Vivien Leigh during her short and tragic stay in Hollywood before her complete collapse—possibly the end of her career. (*Continued on page 8*)

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Vivien, with whom I have always been friendly, sent word that she would like to see me on the fabulously expensive set of *Elephant Walk*, the most costly set ever constructed on the Paramount lot.

Although it was the very day before her breakdown, Vivien greeted me warmly and said she thought I had lost a great deal of weight. "What did you do with the rest of you?" she laughed.

She said she loved Ceylon (where she and Dana Andrews and the company had been working previous to Hollywood) and wanted to go back there. She also spoke glowingly of her daughter who has a "nice beau."

"I hope she marries him," Vivien said, "and makes me a grandmother."

The suddenness of her illness was a big shock. The next day she was unable to report to work—Sir Laurence Olivier was enroute from Rome to be with her—and after a week of indecision as to whether or not she could finish the picture, it was decided to take her home to England.

I could hardly control the tears as I wrote the story of her leavetaking: "One of the world's great actresses was borne to the plane on a stretcher, unconscious. . . . The tears streaming down the face of her husband . . . in what may be the ending of a brilliant career in the theater."

ASK ME to name one of the wisest wives in Hollywood and I would have to put the name of Dorothy (Mrs. Robert) Mitchum high on the list.

When Bob became temperamental and difficult several weeks ago—Dorothy invited him to move into an apartment until he could get his nerves under better control around her and the children.

"It's all my fault," a penitent Bob told me, "I don't blame Dorothy for not putting up with me. If I had stayed home, it would have meant more quarrels. Instead, she put me out—and now I can hardly wait to get back to her and the children.

"I love my kids. I grew up without love and affection of a father and I never want that to happen to my children. Do you think Dorothy will take me back?"

I didn't tell him—but I knew she would.

Never for a moment did Dorothy Mitchum consider divorcing Bob. She did not consult a



Ann Blyth and her fiancé, Dr. Jim McNulty, were spectators at the Oscar awards. The lovely film star is planning her wedding for June 21st.

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Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

lawyer nor did she sob on the shoulders of her girl friends about her troubles.

She just stayed home, minding her business and her children, dignified, calm, cool and collected during the whole squabble.

If only other wives would be as smart there would be fewer broken marriages. Salute, Dorothy!

THE PLUSHIEST premiere of the year, *Call Me Madam*, brought out all the dolls in their jools and finery and the boys in their most formal attire because everyone wanted to see how the musical comedy Queen of Broadway, Ethel Merman, fared in her movie.

They weren't long finding out. Madam Merman knocked them cold.

Jeanne Crain, wearing the largest brilliant earrings ever seen in this town (covering part of the cheek as well as the entire ear) looked gorgeous. But she and Paul Brinkman became slightly annoyed when they were routed out of their seats *twice* because of ushers' mistakes. (You never expect these small misadventures to happen to movie stars as they happen to you and me.)

Donald O'Connor came stag—and sad. He's still carrying a torch for Gwen and didn't loosen up and smile until later, at the private party given by 20th at Romanoffs. With just everybody congratulating him on his great performance, Don broke into a little jig of happiness.

At both the preem and the party—Janet Leigh surprised with a modest décolletage.

Dorothy Lamour, like Joan Crawford, believes in always appearing in public looking as a screen queen should and she was regally glamorous with her dark hair piled high and a rhinestone ornament clipped in her braids.

Dottie's gown was cream satin, the panels lined in cerise.

TERRY MOORE and her escort, Nicky Hilton Jr., argued clear up the aisle after the picture about whether they should catch Peggy Lee's opening at the Cocoanut Grove (the same night) or drop by a drive-in for a hamburger. Terry was for the Grove—Nicky, the hamburger.

To me, the prettiest "girl" of the evening was Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee), lovely, slim, still as beautiful as when she was a



In one of her first public appearances after the birth of her baby, Liz Taylor and her husband, Mike Wilding, attended the big Oscar night.

The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess — and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!

FILMED ON-THE-SPOT IN THE FAR REACHES OF MEXICO'S FABULOUS OAXACA!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GLENN FORD

IN THE SUSPENSE-SCORCHING ADVENTURE OF THE

Plunder of the Sun

DIANA LYNN PATRICIA MEDINA

SCREEN PLAY BY JONATHAN LATIMER PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW A WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION

DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

Betty's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain Wrapper). Write Dept. F-63, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

leading lady although Frances whispered in my ear, "Louella, our oldest son is 18 now—and as tall as his father."

I HOPE this answers all the fans who have written me to the effect that, "June Haver is too young to have given up her career and fame to enter a convent."

A very close friend of hers, whose identity I promised not to reveal, recently received a letter from June.

She says she has never in her life been so happy as she is since entering the novitiate in Kansas. And, she particularly wants all her friends and fans to know that her decision was not prompted by unhappiness in love, but by a sincere spiritual hunger and the desire to serve and help others.

FOR THE first time in her life, Lana Turner is starting a movie (*Flame And The Flesh*) on the verge of a feud with her leading man. Usually, Lana and her screen lovers start work with either publicity or fairly authentic rumors hinting at a romance.

But Lana was burned when she read that Carlos Thompson, the South American charmer sponsored by Yvonne De Carlo, had informed the MGM publicity department that he wanted no "romance nonsense" linking his name with Lana's.

"Humphhh," said Lana when she read this, "he needn't worry about *that!* Who does he think he is????!"

I'm sure that Carlos, who has very good manners, did not intend his remark to offend Lana, who is pretty well wrapped up in a romance with Lex Barker these days.

Being a foreigner, he may not have gone about it in the most tactful way because he is not yet completely at home speaking our language.

What Carlos meant to convey is that he did not in any way want to offend Yvonne De Carlo who, whether they admit they are in love or not, is the No. 1 girl in his life. Yvonne has been very good to him and is entirely responsible for his being in Hollywood.

While she is away in Europe, the tall, not-too-dark but very handsome Carlos does not want Yvonne to get the idea he is playing the field.

He did take Piper Laurie to the Academy Award ceremonies, but that was because Piper's studio felt she should be with some handsome, attractive, good looking young man.

JUST MUSIN': Are Rock Hudson and Rocky (Mrs. Gary) Cooper a romance as they seem to be? Or are they more intrigued with the 'cute' way their names go together, Rock and Rocky? . . . Vera-Ellen was wistful and a little sad explaining why she and Dean Miller broke up: "We tried and tried to overcome a difference in religion—but our faiths are too important in both our lives. The sad part is—I think we could have been very happy together if it hadn't been for this one big barrier. We were very much in love." . . . Frank Sinatra has the Columbia gang eating out of his hand he's being so charming making *From Here To Eternity*. Well, I've always said he can charm the birds off the trees when he wants to, and apparently he wants to. . . . As far back as I can remember in his love life, Evelyn Keyes is the first blonde John Wayne has ever dated. Both his wives, Jo and Chata, are Latin types, tall, brunette and slender. . . . The doctors have told Esther Williams she can continue swimming up to two weeks before her (third) baby is born. In Grandma's day, an expectant mother in a bathing suit would have been scandalous. . . . Never was a girl more beside herself, almost out of her mind, than June Allyson during the black hours when it seemed that Dick Powell might not live after two major operations within a week. And, just a few years ago they were hinting that June and Dick were drifting. . . . Isn't Terry Moore giving quite a good acting performance saying she doesn't care that Nicky Hilton and Nora Haymes are dating?

THE LETTER BOX: Help! I can't begin to count the letters, most of them violently *pro* Marilyn Monroe after Joan Crawford gave her a blistering piece of her mind in print. 98 out of 100 yipped that they'd never known, "one actress to make such a violent attack on another. Why doesn't Crawford pick on someone her own size? Joan's jealous, etc., etc., etc."

Only a handful took the view that, "Joan's advice to Marilyn is good—if she'll take it and stop crying."

Anyway, this tempest between Joan and Marilyn was the biggest topic in this month's mail.

Now, that's all for now. See you next month.



Ginger Rogers, who won an Oscar for *Kitty Foyle* in 1940, attended the Oscar derby with her husband, Frenchman Jacques De Bergerac.



Gloria Swanson, who closely missed receiving an Oscar for *Sunset Boulevard,* talks over old times with Academy President Charles Brackett.

They're even funnier when they're Scared Stiff!

M-M-DEAN MARTIN AND L-L-JERRY LEWIS

Dig those crazy spook-busters! They've got bats in the belfry, spooks in the spare room and gals on their mind!

IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

SCARED STIFF

Ghosts, gangsters, gals, gags, songs in the most hilarious haunted castle that ever made you scream with laughter!

AND CO-STARRING

LIZABETH SCOTT
CARMEN MIRANDA

WITH

GEORGE DOLENZ · DOROTHY MALONE · WILLIAM CHING

Directed by George Marshall · Screenplay by Herbert Baker and Walter DeLeon · Additional Dialogue by Ed Simmons and Norman Lear

Based on a play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



SONGS!

WHEN SOMEONE WONDERFUL THINKS YOU'RE WONDERFUL

THE ENCHILADA MAN

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY

THE BONGO BINGO

OTHER SONGS....

I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE

YOU HIT THE SPOT

MAMAE EU QUERO



Another Modern Screen Special!
An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities

TV TALK

by Paul Denis



ROBERT Q. LEWIS' NEXT PROBLEMS: Bob Lewis tells me his "next problem" is getting married. "Life is a series of problems," is the way he puts it, "and my next problem is whether to marry. I am making good money and have all the material things I ever wanted. I almost got married twice. Once, when I was a student I loved a girl, but everybody told us we were too young, and we drifted apart. The second time was when I wasn't doing too well. I was only making about $200 a week [he's serious!] as a New York disk jockey, and the girl's father wanted me to quit radio and go into a business. The girl thought her father was right. And that broke it up!"

I asked Bob what his ideal was. "She should know enough about show business to talk about it," he said, "because I'm always talking shop. And she should be well dressed. Not expensively dressed, but she must know how to put herself together. I like people who look well. She doesn't have to be the prettiest girl, either."

Bob, now 32, is living alone in a beautifully furnished three-room penthouse apartment in a midtown hotel. It's an apartment that has everything—except a wife.

MARIA RIVA WANTS A BIG FAMILY: *Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva, has two sons, Michael, 4, and Peter, 2, and plans a big family. "Our next sons," she told me, "will be named, Paul, Christopher and Stephen in that order. And if I have a sixth son then Bill [her husband] said I could call him William."*



"What would happen if you had a daughter?" I asked. "No, no," she laughed, "we just don't think about that! We just know *we'll have a family of sons." She says Bill played a "trick" on her when she came out of the ether after their second son was born. "I saw Bill smiling at me and holding up two fingers. I thought he meant twins, and I shrieked with joy. But he meant a second son."*

She says, "I wanted to have a baby every second year, but we skipped this year, so that I can build up my television career first."

She adds, "Mommy baby-sits for us often, and takes the children to the park, too." Her husband is tall, Italian-born, and works at NBC.

ARTHUR GODFREY'S ANGER: There've been hard feelings between Arthur Godfrey and one of his sponsors. Their latest run-in came when Godfrey didn't want Robert Q. Lewis to replace him. This had been a long-standing custom; each time Godfrey left the show, Lewis replaced him. But this time, Godfrey stubbornly refused to accept Robert Q. Lewis. Naturally this didn't sit too well with the sponsors, who insisted they, and not Godfrey, had the sole right to pick Arthur's replacements. Finally, Godfrey called in Lewis for a long, private talk. It's reported that Godfrey was annoyed at Lewis' having become "too Broadwayish" in his comedy style. Anyway, the sponsor won and Lewis *did* replace Godfrey Arthur blew up again when a New York daily erroneously referred to singer Julius LaRosa as "Godfrey's successor." Co-workers say Arthur can't stand any suggestion that there might be somebody who's as good as he is! . . . And around CBS, Godfrey's temper and ego are so well known that he is referred to (behind his back) as The Great Man.



THEY'RE AFEUDIN': NBC executives are hopping mad at Frank Sinatra for walking out of the Martha Raye show, after he had okayed the script and signed the contract. Frank flew to London to see Ava, and left NBC with the problem of writing and putting on a new show on six days' notice! Around NBC now, the name Sinatra is poison . . . And, two weeks after this hectic show, Martha Raye collapsed from exhaustion and had to be hospitalized in Miami Beach . . . Myron Cohen and Milton Berle had a hot argument one night. (*Continued on page 92*)


From Out of Space...
came hordes of
green monsters!
EDWARD L.
ALPERSON
presents
INVADERS FROM MARS
Capturing at will
the humans they
need for their own
sinister purposes!
A General of the Army
turned into a
Saboteur!
Parents turned into...
rabid Killers!
Trusted police become...
Arsonists!
Told in a panorama
of fantastic, terrifying
COLOR
Starring HELENA CARTER · ARTHUR FRANZ · JIMMY HUNT
With LEIF ERICKSON · HILLARY BROOKE · MORRIS ANKRUM · MAX WAGNER · BILL PHIPPS · MILBURN STONE
Production Designed and DIRECTED BY WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES
Screen Play by RICHARD BLAKE
An Edward L. Alperson Production
Released by 20th Century-Fox
Associate Producer EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.



South American Pilar Pallette, 23, is the daughter of a Peruvian senator. First an airline hostess, then an actress, she met Wayne on location.

Has John Wayne gone again?

The guy's a push-over for Senoritas. That's a habit hard to break. Hollywood suspects The Duke is in for another dark-eyed duchess.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Marion Mitchell Morrison, who acts in motion pictures under the singularly simple name of John Wayne, is a rugged, gusty-lusty, two-fisted man of action who likes an occasional drink, an occasional practical joke, and a beautiful Latin-American female around the house all the time.

One of the major faults in Wayne's second marriage, this one to Esperanza Bauer, the Mexican actress known as Chata, was that his woman was unpredictable, not only in temperament but in geography, too.

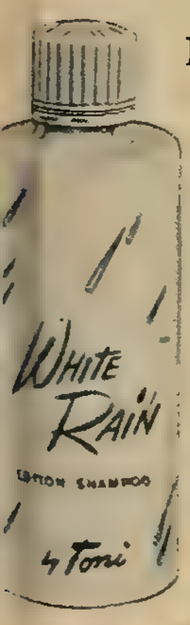
One out of every four Wayne pictures is filmed away from Hollywood on location. When Duke returned from these jaunts, he never knew whether his Chata—the name means pugnose—would be at home in the San Fernando Valley or down in Mexico with her mother.

Things finally got so bad between these two that a divorce was the only solution. *(Continued on page 33)*

You get all the news ... the BEAUTY NEWS in just one stop at WOOLWORTH'S cosmetic counters... says SUSAN SMART†



Be flower-fragrant all day with DARCEL STICK COLOGNE in the lovely purse-size case. Only 39¢*



For hair that's as bright as sunshine ... as soft as a cloud ... try WHITE RAIN *Lotion* Shampoo. 30¢, 60¢, $1.00

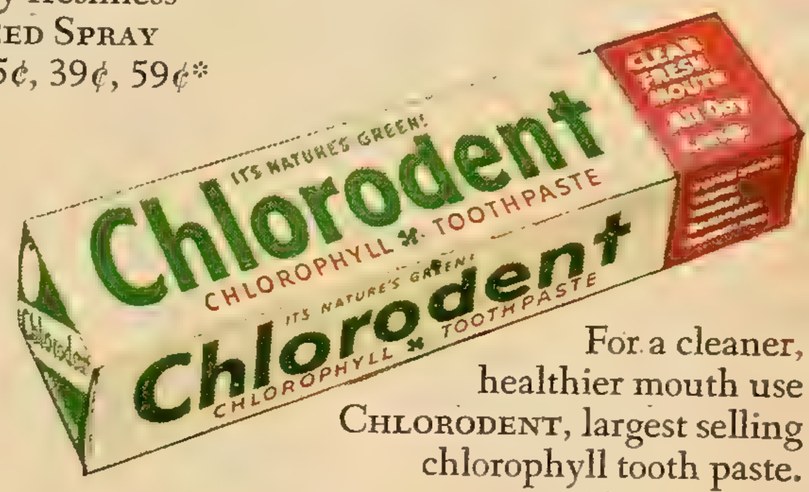




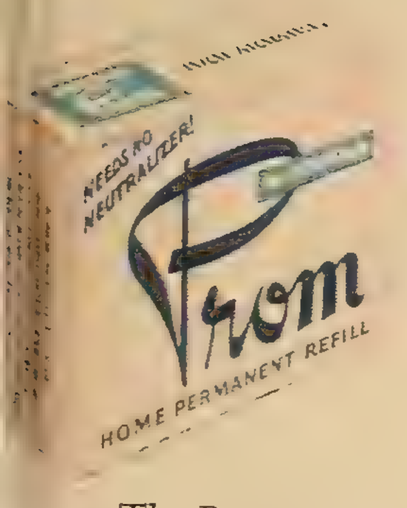
Check perspiration *safely* and make beauty-freshness last with HEED SPRAY DEODORANT. 25¢, 39¢, 59¢*



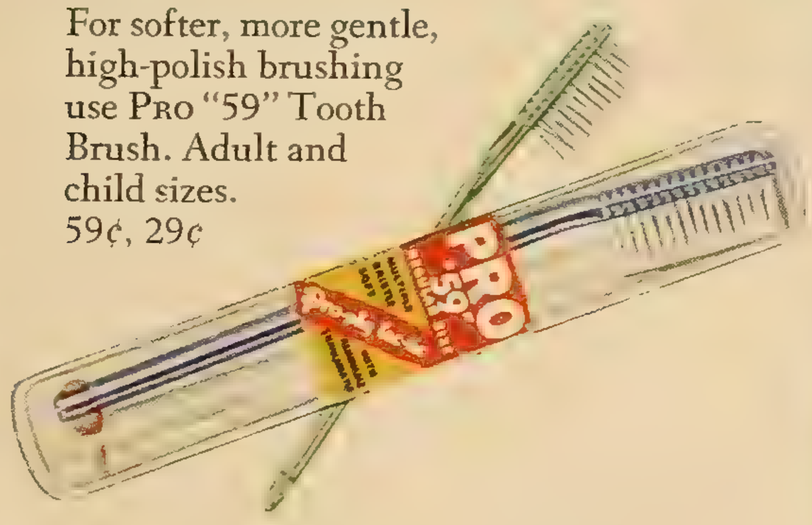
Blondes! Brunettes! Brownettes! Your two most becoming shades of HAZEL BISHOP no-smear lipstick, $1.10*



For a cleaner, healthier mouth use CHLORODENT, largest selling chlorophyll tooth paste. 43¢, 69¢, 89¢



The PROM Home Permanent gives you a choice for normal, easy-to-wave or hard-to-wave hair. Refills $1.50*



For softer, more gentle, high-polish brushing use PRO "59" Tooth Brush. Adult and child sizes. 59¢, 29¢



Bad breath? Sore throat? Infectious dandruff? Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC. 10¢, 29¢, 49¢, 79¢



To feel young ... right down to your toes, "satinize" with PACQUINS SILK 'N SATIN LOTION. 25¢, 49¢*



New Pink 'n Sassy-Pink 'n Sweet ... two luscious CUTEX colors for Spring. Spillpruf 15¢* Nail Brilliance 25¢*



kes only minutes for a reshing home facial h HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK. ¢, 49¢*



LADY ESTHER TALC has a delightful "slip" that makes easing on girdles a pleasure. Try it. 25¢*

*Plus Tax

†Woolworth's Shopping Reporter

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

BEAUTY
is my business

says stunning cover girl
SHEILA WALDEN



and
SWEETHEART
is my Beauty Soap

Sheila says: *"Because I make my living as a model and often pose in low-cut dresses, my skin has to be lovely all over. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart Soap —my daily SweetHeart beauty baths leave my skin beautifully soft, smooth and lovely all over!"*

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Get the luxurious bath-size SweetHeart for your daily baths! See, just one week after you change to thorough care, with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother!

Beauty is my business, too!

This little sweetheart, Joan Ruger, is a model at just 8 months. Her mother guards Joan's beautiful skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Joan's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart in the Big Bath Size Today!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



(Continued from page 4)

Q. Can you tell me when Liz Taylor first came to the U. S.?
—B.R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. *In 1939.*

Q. Is John Wayne's estranged wife, Esperanza, having him trailed by detectives? —S.L., SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. *No.*

Q. Are the Jeff Chandlers having trouble again? Is a divorce scheduled pretty soon?—C.H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. *No.*

Q. What sort of a guy is that Jacques de Bergerac that Ginger Rogers married? Is he a playboy, a loafer, a car salesman, a hotel clerk, a lawyer, or what? —H.G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *He is a personable young man, currently employed as an actor, who was trying various pursuits when Ginger met him in Paris.*

Q. I've been told that MGM has never offered to share the profits of a film with any movie star. Is that true?
—E.R., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

A. *MGM once offered Clark Gable a percentage deal.*

Q. Is the Bob Wagner-Barbara Stanwyck stuff friendship or love?
—S.S. SUTHERLAND, SASK., CAN.

A. *From Miss Stanwyck's viewpoint, friendship.*

Q. Which Hollywood actress owns and wears the most jewelry?
—B. I., MCKEESPORT, PA.

A. *Paulette Goddard.*

Q. If it's true that no Hollywood night club will serve a drink to anyone under the age of 21, how come Liz Taylor has been photographed drinking in night clubs? —C. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Miss Taylor has never had an alcoholic beverage in any Hollywood nightclub—only lemonade and fruit punch which are permitted minors.*

Q. Which actors take permanent waves to keep their hair curly? I'm sure Gregory Peck is one. He sure had the waves in *David And Bathsheba.*
—P. D., HOLLAND, MICH.

A. *No actors take permanent waves. When the makeup department wants a straight-haired actor to have curly locks for the screen, his hair is done up with ordinary bobby pins. Gregory Peck was thus made up for his role in* David And Bathsheba.

Q. What was Dinah Shore's real name before she came to Hollywood?
—G. F., NASHVILLE, TENN.

A. *Fanny Rose.*

THIS SPRING HE'LL *Love you in Pink!*



NEW *Pink'n Sassy*

A gay, party-going pink—feminine as it is fiery!
Wear it when you're in the mood for spur-of-the-moment dates . . . lively music . . . a sudden kiss!

NEW *Pink'n Sweet*

Pink for a proposal! Marriage on your mind?
This is for you . . . a tempting, rosy-soft pink . . . so romantic, it's practically guaranteed to make it happen!

Strike Me Pink...

dramatic, sophisticated!
For the moments when you feel very "femme fatale" . . . in the mood for a Paris hat . . . a new love affair!



CUTEX

puts your love-life in the pink with the prettiest shades of the season! Try some of this Cutex color-magic tonight . . . and listen for these sure-to-be-whispered words . . . "LOVE YOU IN PINK"!

Spillpruf Cutex, 15¢ *plus tax*

Stay Fast Lipstick, America's *Creamiest* Indelible, 29¢ *plus tax*

Lovely Cutex Trillium Case, contains 3 different shades of Stay Fast Lipstick—color-keyed to *your* complexion. $1.25 value for only 89¢ (FTM) *plus tax.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.
brings you
Heritage

Only in solid silver before . . .
such richness . . . such timeless beauty!

New Heritage is the first and only silverplate pattern to bring you the richly elegant design that up to now you found only in solid silver. Note the deeply carved ornamentation . . . wrought with the jewel-like perfection that makes 1847 Rogers Bros. America's best-loved silverware.

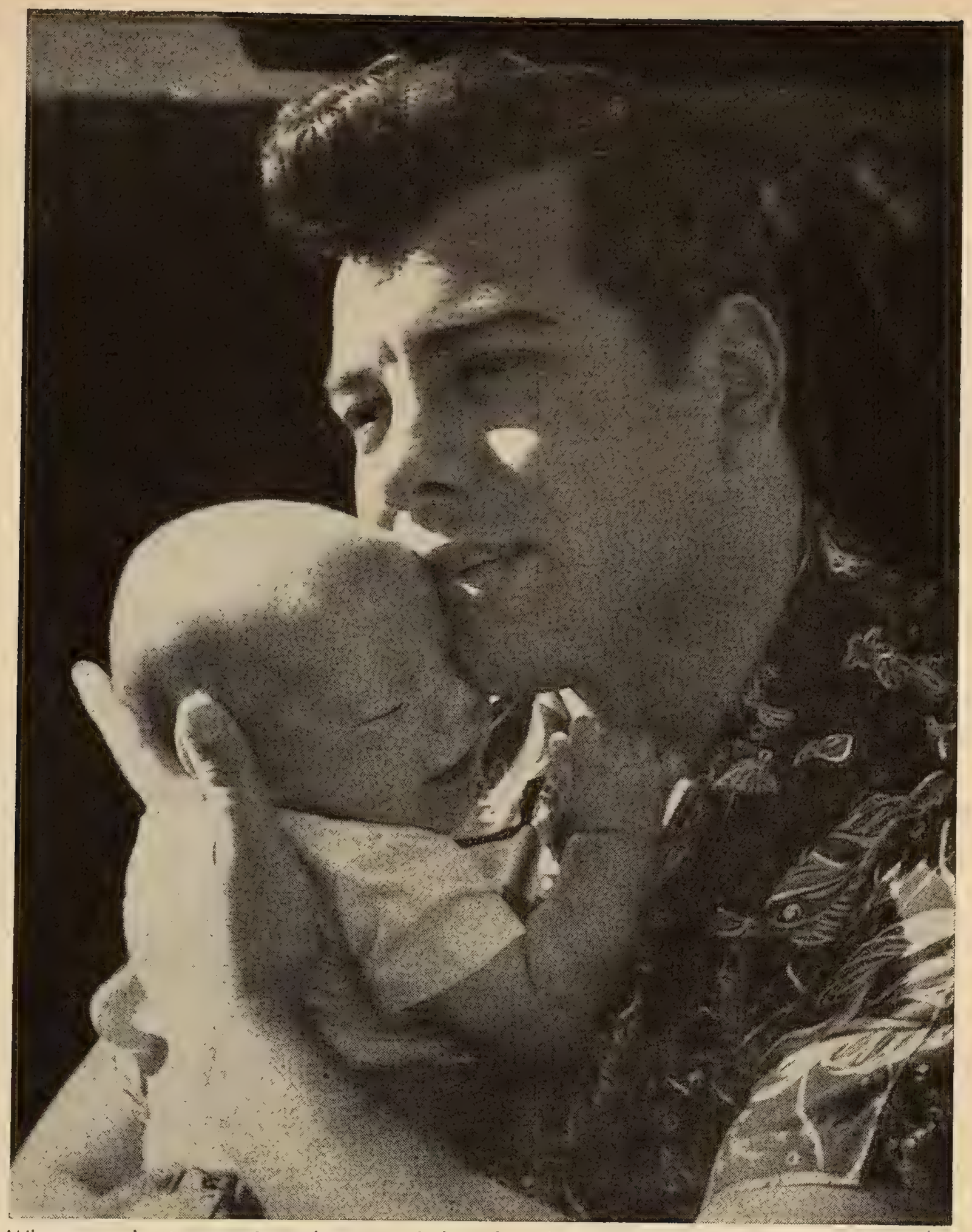
Heritage can be yours today, to enjoy every meal, every day, all your life for only $74.50 for eight 6-piece place settings, plus 4 serving pieces.

See it at your silverware store today. And ask to see the beautiful matching Heritage holloware, too.

America's Finest Silverplate

A Product of
The International Silver Company

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Who cares about suspensions when a man's first son is born? Damon Anthony arrived Dec. 12.

He doesn't want money; he doesn't want laughs. Lanza just wants to sing— his way! And nothing in the way of debts, lawsuits or bad publicity'll stop him.

BY JIM NEWTON

He knows what he wants

■ Rex Cole, one of the few really conscientious business managers in Hollywood, shuffled into Mario Lanza's home in Bel-Air a few nights ago, his face crossed with lines of worry and care.

Ever since Mario broke irrevocably from Sam Weiler, his first personal manager who took from 10% to 20% of the tenor's tremendous earnings in addition to working as the producer on Lanza's radio show, Rex Cole has been trying to bring some order out of Lanza's financial chaos.

On this particular night he had come to discuss Mario's astronomical telephone bills. However, Mario was rehearsing—he practises anywhere from four to ten hours a day—and Rex Cole knew better than to interrupt.

Rex looked around, and he spied Mario's wife, Betty. She caught the worry in his eyes, rose, and tip-toed from the room.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Betty," Rex began, "but these telephone bills puzzle me, especially the long distance tolls. They run into thousands of dollars."

Betty smiled, and her flashing brown eyes turned soft. "I know," she said. And then with a friendly shoulder pat, "It's all right, Rex. It's for the sick."

Rex Cole shook his head in puzzlement. "I'm sorry, Betty. I don't get it."

"It's very simple," Betty Lanza explained. "Mario sings over the telephone to sick people. If a man writes him, say from Omaha, and tells him that he's going into the hospital for an operation, and he'd love to hear his voice again, Mario can't help himself. He serenades the guy via long distance.

"Not only that. You've seen some of the doctors' bills? Lots of times Mario insists upon flying a specialist to the patient's bedside. Only a few days ago he had a cardiac specialist, a friend of his in (*Continued on next page*)

What makes them all like Tampax?



Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what time of the month it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days." How does she do it? With Tampax, the *internal* kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.



Then there's Helene. Overwhelmingly feminine. Sachet for her bureau drawers and satin cases for her lingerie. Helene likes Tampax because it's so dainty. The highly absorbent cotton is easily disposed of, even while visiting. One's hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the throw-away applicator.



Ann's a career girl. Efficient and practical. Naturally you'd expect her to use doctor-invented Tampax. Just the assurance that there can be no revealing outlines, *that there isn't any possibility of offending odor*, lets her feel poised and sure of herself under any circumstances. And Tampax is so convenient to carry. A month's supply fits in the purse.

Get Tampax yourself. Drug and notion counters everywhere carry all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(*Continued from page 21*) New York, examine one of his fans."

Rex Cole has been a business manager in Hollywood for 27 years—he's handled practically every big name you can think of; he's accustomed to the unique and the unusual—but this time he was really flabbergasted.

"I know about that Raphaela Fasana girl from New Jersey," he said, "but do you mean to tell me that Mario does this sort of thing regularly?"

Betty nodded. "The more you're around him," she said proudly, "the more you'll see that his heart is as big as his voice."

"All I can say," Cole muttered, "is that the public really doesn't know Mario Lanza."

What Cole meant was that a tremendous hiatus exists between the Lanza that really is and the Lanza people read about.

HERE is a man who was not only unemployed, but deprived from making a living from August 1952 to April 1953. He was not only suspended by his studio but prevented from appearing on the Coca-Cola radio show thus causing the cancellation of the program. In addition he was sued for more than $5,000,000 and simultaneously informed by the crack accounting firm of Haskins & Sells that despite having paid the Government $485,000 in taxes, he was still behind in his payments. Moreover, he was informed that his financial records, whose upkeep he had entrusted to others, were so incredibly confused that it would take months of detailed auditing to determine just how deeply in the red he really was.

With this sort of financial ruin hanging over his head, with the realization that he had sung his heart out for ten years and money-wise had nothing to show for it, Lanza still insisted upon answering each and every fan letter, still insisted upon using the long distance phone to encourage those who were ill or hurt, and to sing for anyone he might help with his voice.

No matter what the cost, he refused to break faith with a public that had given him its confidence.

Lanza, who is much more profound and philosophical than most people think—he is an omnivorous reader of catholic taste—once tried to explain how he felt about his talent and the public.

"The voice I have," he pointed out, "it's difficult for me to express myself about it exactly. I feel it belongs to the public, that it was given to me to entertain people, to make life a little brighter for them.

"That's why I never abuse it. People who tell you I do—they just don't know. When I was a kid in New York I quit the Celanese Hour because I knew the voice needed further training.

"I don't want to sound pretentious, but the voice is kind of like a sacred trust to me. If I don't use it wisely then I feel I'm cheating the public, and that's one thing I'll never do. They can sue me for fifty million dollars, a hundred million. I'll declare bankruptcy before I compromise the voice."

This is the man who six months ago was pilloried and described as "an ungrateful ham, a real madman." The barrage of insult has thinned down, but as a result of it, many people are still convinced that Lanza is an unstable character of little-boy moods, a sybarite who indulges himself in Farouk-like pleasures, or a bellowing bull who sweeps everything before him.

Actually he is a kind, hyper-sensitive, super-generous artist with a great love of people and an abiding sense of humility.

He may stalk his living room, shouting at one of the help, "I'm a tiger, Johnny. Don't mess around with the tiger!" But these exclamations are manifestations of his sense of humor.

Johnny Mobley, the cook who works for the Lanzas, says, "You can judge a man by the way he treats his help. I can tell you Mr. Lanza treats us all fine. Everytime I bake some cookies, he says, 'The best, Johnny. The best.' I never serve him but what he's extremely grateful. And he treats everyone the same, makes no difference, white or colored, big star or newspaper boy. He loves people, and he loves to sing for 'em. I'm tellin' you. He's as nice a man as I've ever worked for. Fact of the matter is he's so nice you think maybe he comes from my home state of Arkansas."

Pages could be filled with similar glowing quotations; but they would all point up the same two facts: Mario Lanza is kind, and Mario Lanza is so trusting that he's frequently taken to the cleaners by the very ones he's been kindest to.

Here's an example. A few years ago, Mario was approached by a man who'd just been fired from MGM. The fellow was on in years, he'd seen a lot, and Mario without any fuss, put him on the payroll as a general assistant. A few months later, this same individual turned up at the studio and offered his services as a spy in the Lanza household.

Mario was told about this but he refused to believe it. Month after month he carried the guy on the payroll. Finally when it was no longer financially possible, he let the man go. You should have heard the vituperation, the slander, the insults.

This case can be multiplied half a dozen times, and the wonder of it all is that Lanza still retains his basic faith in the essential goodness of people.

However he has learned one lesson. Now before he hires new personnel, he is doing a bit of preliminary investigating. He's kissed off his former press agent, his old business manager, his old lawyer and surrounded himself with men of proven competence.

IT IS no secret that Lanza refused to continue with *The Student Prince* last August because he could not see eye to eye with the studio on the way the production was being handled.

Mario felt that his fans as well as himself were entitled to the best not only in music but in musically experienced directorial personnel.

He just did not want to go through all the agony he had experienced in *Because You're Mine*, a picture he did not want to make.

People told him that he was being difficult, that he should "stop making it a Federal case," that he should "walk through" *The Student Prince* and not take it too seriously.

"What do you care about the director or even the assistant director?" he was asked. "Why eat your heart out about the script? The songs are great and that's all that counts."

Not in Lanza's book. He felt somehow that in *Because You're Mine* he had let his fans down, especially since *Because* was the film which followed *The Great Caruso;* and he was determined to make *The Student Prince* as great as it could be. Lanza knows more about his type of music, his type of singing, more about opera than probably any other man at MGM. When his suggestions were discounted, when his requests were dismissed, when he felt he had been treated like a wayward little boy who chronically had to be chastized, he declined to continue with the picture.

That is the story, pure and simple.

He didn't go crazy. He didn't suffer a nervous breakdown. He didn't leave his

Six-feet-four of fighting man -to tame a wildcat beauty!

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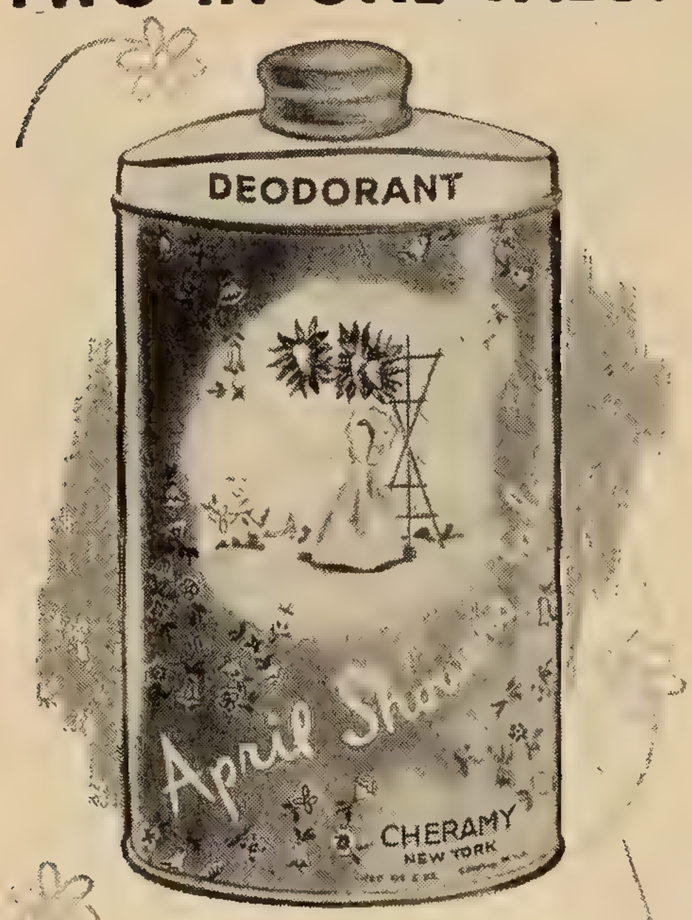
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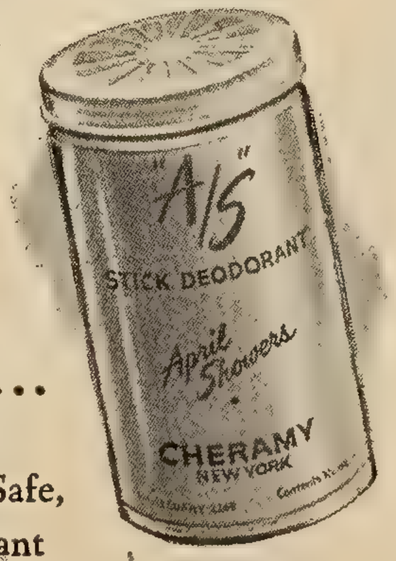
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by CHERAMY PERFUMER

wife. He didn't go to a sanitarium. He didn't do any of the ridiculous things ascribed to him.

He thought over his course of action, and on the day his first son and third child was born, December 12th, 1952, he decided that he was right. There would be no compromise. The picture would be done extremely well, or he wouldn't do it at all.

While the columnists reported that he was racing "all over Hollywood like a chicken with his head cut off," Mario spent the first three months of this year down at Palm Springs.

"It was wonderful for Damon," he recalls—that's what the Lanzas christened their son. "We had him sleeping outdoors every day, and I honestly feel the fresh air and the warm desert sun really built him up. You know, he's not one year old but still we have to dress him in one-year-old clothes. He's really a bruiser. That boy of mine when he grows up—well, you'll see. He's going to be a big one. A man of integrity too."

WHILE they were down at the Springs, Betty and Mario tried eating out one night. Lanza was mobbed by hundreds of fans, many of whom kept clamoring, "What happened, Mario? Why are you and the studio fighting?"

After that, Mario remained on the Francis Ryan estate which he had rented for $1,500 a month. At midnight when the village was asleep he and Betty would ride around town.

For a while Betty used to say, "You know, Mario, maybe you should make a statement. Maybe you should explain your side. They're saying so many awful things about you." But Mario would shake his head and say, "No, Betty. Recrimination is a boomerang. Name-calling is childish. Let them call me anything they want to. I'm going to remain quiet. Eventually we'll get everything worked out. Then there'll be no hard feelings."

Lanza who is supposed to have no public relations sense but has more than any other singer with the possible exception of Bing Crosby, proved that he was right.

Early in March he drove up to MGM and had a small conference with Eddie Mannix, the genial general manager. Mannix was surprised. "I've never seen you look so well," he spouted joyfully. "You look like a 16-year-old kid."

Mario said nothing about the fact that for weeks he'd been in crack physical and vocal shape, nothing about the fact that he had brought his own musical conductor, Constantine Colonicos, down to the desert, that together they had rehearsed 175 arias in 12 weeks. He said nothing about the fact that he had memorized *The Student Prince* script word by word and knew it letter perfect.

Mannix was so pleased at seeing Mario in such wonderful shape that he called to his secretary. "Get everyone in here," he said. "I want them to see Lanza."

Dore Schary came into the office and all the rest of the big boys. Everyone shook hands and it was agreed to let bygones be bygones. *The Student Prince* would start with a clean slate. There would be one

easy money!

"What is so rare as a day in June?" some long-beard poet wanted to know. MS has the answer—in greenbacks. A free dollar bill! Here's how you can get one. All you have to do is read all the stories in this June issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Lana and Lex (Lana Turner, Lex Barker)
- ☐ He Knows What He Wants (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ Has John Wayne Gone Again?
- ☐ Hollywood and Youth
- ☐ Our Rosie (Rosemary Clooney)
- ☐ At The Top and Quitting (Marlon Brando)
- ☐ Too Far, Too Fast? (Bob Wagner)
- ☐ Sex Is Not Enough
- ☐ Don't Blame Farley (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Hollywood's Youngest Mother (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ Bitter Triumph (Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ How Young Hollywood Lives
- ☐ Does Mother Know Best? (Debra Paget)
- ☐ Her Heart *Won't* Be Broken (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Love's Young Dream (Barbara Ruick, Bob Horton)
- ☐ Chance Of A Lifetime (Richard Burton)
- ☐ New Faces
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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My address is.....

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State..... I am.... yrs. old

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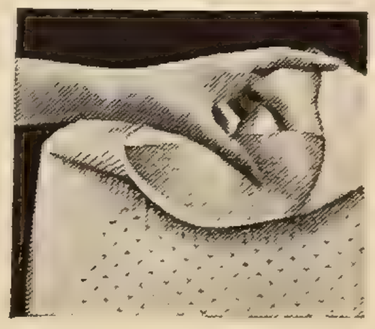
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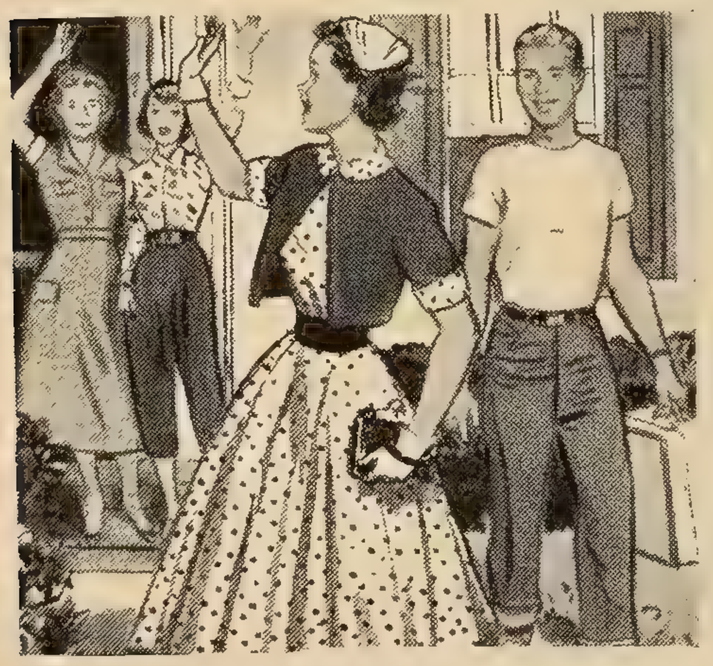
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To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

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Should this departing guest write a—

☐ *Thank you note* ☐ *Bread n' butter letter*

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was *devoon*"—But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are *some* "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex *prevents*. (Thanks to those *flat, pressed ends!*)

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What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to pat you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for *you*. And for *problem-day* protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive *safety center*.



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or two more conferences between the legal beagles, and Mario would go back on salary as of April 1st.

Everyone agreed that under the circumstances *The Student Prince* would have to be made with infinite care, and that whatever errors were committed in the past would not be re-made.

If, at this reading, Lanza is not working on *The Student Prince*, and there is a very good chance that he might not, the reason will be that Mario wants any musically experienced director, while the studio insists on one director and one director alone whose great forte is not music. Mario's representatives have advised him against accepting a certain director, and Mario will follow their advice even if it results in a long legal hassle and subsequent bankruptcy. His actions are always motivated by "what is best for the voice, and what is best for the public."

When Lanza returned to Palm Springs a day after that reconciliation conference, he was riding on cloud 69.

"Where's Damon?" he shouted, as soon as he rushed into the house. "Where's my son? He's got to hear the good news, too." Miss Brown, the nurse, brought little dark-haired Damon into the family conclave. Mario explained to his wife and three children—he was very guarded about this—that his chances of singing for the public again were very good. If the studio would just give an inch, he would give a mile. All he wanted to do was sing.

THAT'S all Mario Lanza has ever wanted to do. He loves to entertain, and he was born to sing, and if he can't use his voice for the public, a terrible frustration seizes him and he plunges into despair.

There are many actors and actresses in Hollywood who genuinely hate to act—no names, please—and they perform for only one reason, money. They take the money and buy television stations, motion picture theaters, oil wells, and magnesium mines. Their hearts are not in their work; they're in the loot their talent brings.

With Lanza it's different. He's not interested in money. If he had been, the state of his finances would not be in their current, sorry condition. His primary interest is in singing, in bringing good music to the world, in popularizing the classical and semi-classical. And fortunately for him, he has a wife who agrees with his viewpoint. She wants security for her children—what mother doesn't?—but under no circumstances will she permit Mario to jeopardize his voice or his career for "an easy buck."

Friends tell the Lanzas they're crazy. "Look at Ezio Pinza," one agent told Mario. "He's getting 10, 15 grand a week. Maybe you won't believe this, but I can get you $30,000 a week to sing at Las Vegas."

"I know," Mario said. "They've already called and made an offer, an even higher offer. I told them no. I just don't think the public would like it, not the people in Vegas, but music-lovers everywhere."

The booking agent was incredulous. "You got rocks in your head," he said flatly. "Nothin' but rocks."

MARIO Lanza is one man who knows what he wants; and it just doesn't happen to be money.

He wants the public's friendship and respect and following; and he knows he has earned that only through the proper use of his voice.

To mis-use that voice for the grasping of "the easy buck" either in gambling casino's or Grade B pot-boilers—well, as he says, "I'd sooner go bankrupt."

That's the attitude that makes Mario Lanza more than a rare talent—it makes him a rare human being. **END**



Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. *With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.*



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MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the month



The lady ambassador to Lichtenburg (Ethel Merman) and her press aide (Donald O'Connor), share a common ailment: they're both in love! She, with the tiny Duchy's Foreign Minister (George Sanders); he, with the Royal Princess (Vera-Ellen).



Decked in diamonds, rather than dignity, Ethel Merman discusses affairs of state . . . and the heart, with her guy.



Don and the princess dance away their troubles, end up happily married, as do the ambassadress and the minister.

CALL ME MADAM

■ If you missed seeing *Call Me Madam* on Broadway this Technicolor version will more than make up for it. Ethel Merman's personality bounces off the screen with all the vivacity that made her famous. Donald O'Connor and Vera-Ellen are ideal dancing partners and George Sanders sings in a mellow lyric bass. Add to this the comic touch of Walter Slezack and you have everything you could want in a musical comedy. Ethel Merman plays the Washington party-giver who becomes ambassador to the mythical kingdom of Lichtenburg. No ambassador was ever so decked out in diamonds and so loaded with wisecracks. Lichtenburg's ministers of finance expect her to be an easy mark. They're fishing for a huge American loan to facilitate the marriage of their princess (Vera-Ellen) to Prince Hugo of Mittledorf (Helmut Dantine). But Madam's no is pretty firm until she meets General Cosmo (George Sanders). By this time Miss Merman's press attaché (Donald O'Connor) has met the princess and would like to marry her himself. In the midst of all the diplomacy Madam Ambassador chats cosily with Harry Truman via long-distance, undergoes an hilarious presentation at court, attends the annual Lichtenburg fair and falls in love with Sanders. The color is riotous, the settings and costumes are magnificently lavish, the words are often witty and the songs you keep hearing were written by Irving Berlin. 20th Century-Fox. *(More reviews on page 30)*



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So much depends on whether your charm keeps on working. Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going great at half-past-eight, but by ten his girl was giving him the definite brush-off. And who could blame her? No girl wants to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath).

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4 times better than chlorophyll

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You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath... the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.* Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

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LISTERINE... the most widely used antiseptic in the world

THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

The title of this movie naturally refers to Liz Taylor who plays a proud young beauty, willful as the thoroughbreds they raise in Lexington, Kentucky, her home. Elizabeth's mother has long since died. Her father, successful lawyer William Powell, holds his liquor rather sloppily, and her boyfriend, Gig Young, is too well bred to be exciting. That's the set-up when Powell becomes counsel for rackets boss Fernando Lamas, who's ordered before a congressional committee. Lamas buys a mansion in Lexington to which he proceeds to lure Liz. Powell is shocked but he's a modern father and doesn't swing into action until it's too late. Liz decides to marry Lamas and help him evolve into a social butterfly. Marry my daughter, Powell finally says, and I'll tell the government about one or two corpses you've left lying around. Lamas retaliates with three or four rights to the jaw, then he turns to Liz and says, "You wanted a barbarian. Well, you got one, baby." True enough. This movie has an ending which you will have to see to learn.

CAST: Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando Lamas, William Powell, Gig Young, James Whitmore—MGM

SPLIT SECOND

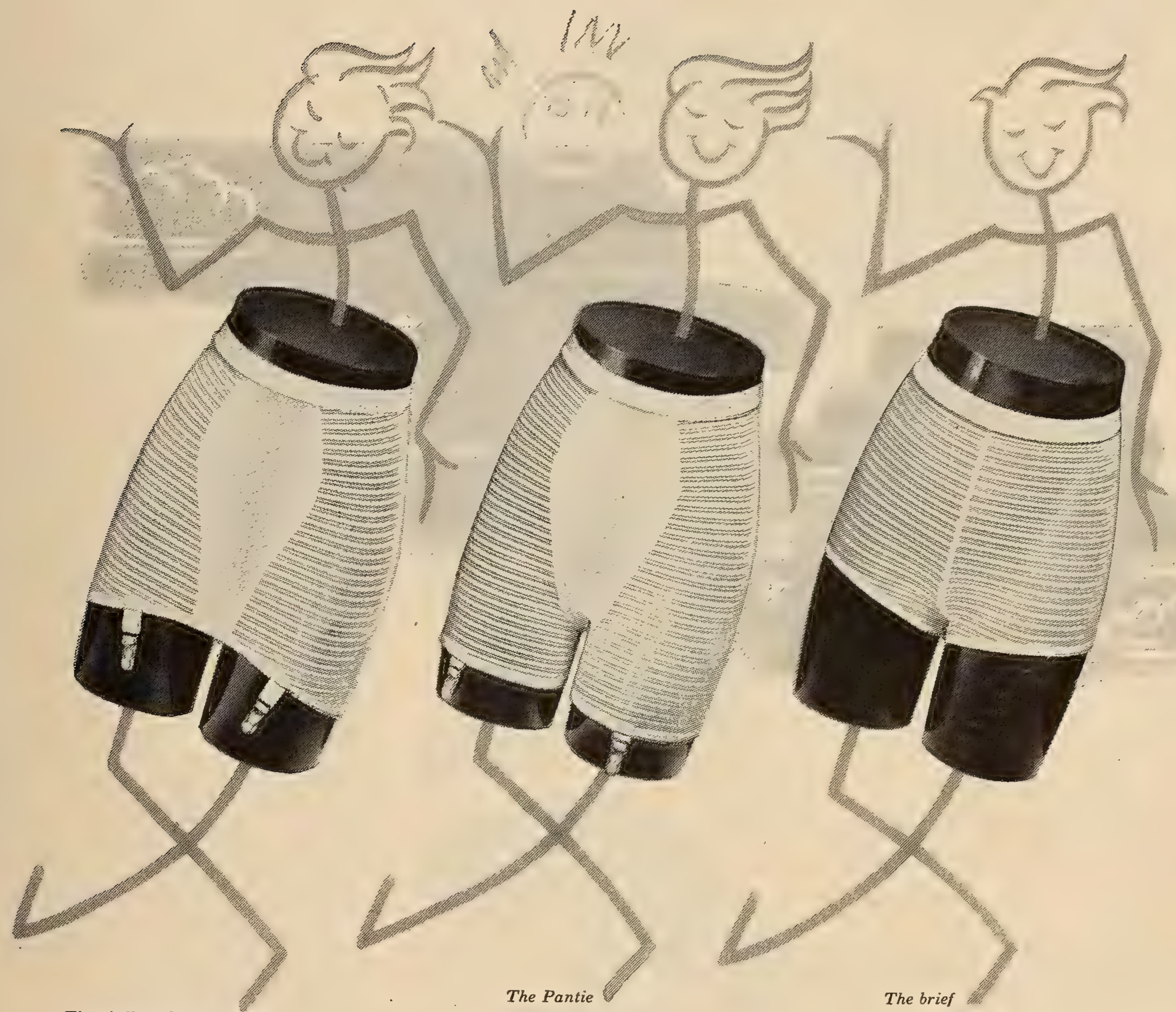
Here's a suspense film that really grips you. It's tense, it's intelligent and it manages to make generally stereotyped figures seem interesting. The scene is the Nevada desert where the Army plans to explode an atom bomb. The area, containing a ghost town, is cleared days before the blast, and everything's ready to rip. A couple of escaped killers (Stephen McNally and wounded Paul Kelly) unwittingly head for the danger area. En route they hi-jack Alexis Smith (she's on her way to Reno), her boyfriend Robert Paige, a newspaper reporter Keith Andes (he's looking for the killers) and Jan Sterling, a stranded nightclub singer he picked up at a diner. Once in the ghost town the suspense mounts. The bomb's scheduled to go off at six in the morning and it's getting late. While they wait they reveal themselves and one of the party manages to be murdered by McNally. In the morning the bomb goes off even earlier than originally planned. Some of the people escape, some don't. The ones that survive are treated to a pretty grim view of that mushroom cloud.

CAST: Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith, Jan Sterling, Keith Andes. Arthur Hunnicut, Paul Kelly, Robert Paige—RKO

JULIUS CAESAR

William Shakepeare's *Julius Caesar* is brought to impressive life in this beautifully staged, well acted production. When Caesar (Louis Calhern) returns triumphant to Rome the people want to make him emperor. Jealous Cassius (John Gielgud) spreads the fear to Caesar's loyal followers that too much power will corrupt him. The noble Brutus (James Mason) is swayed by Cassius and consents to Caesar's murder. (The murder scene is brutal but superbly dramatic.) In his stirring funeral oration Mark Antony (Marlon Brando) incites the populace against Brutus and all the other "honorable men" who did away with Caesar. More than a year later the small armies of Brutus and Cassius are defeated by Antony. James Mason is outstanding as a tragic hero motivated always by his conception of justice and truth. John Gielgud handles a less sympathetic role dynamically. And

♪♫ FOR SHEER PLEASURE ♫♪



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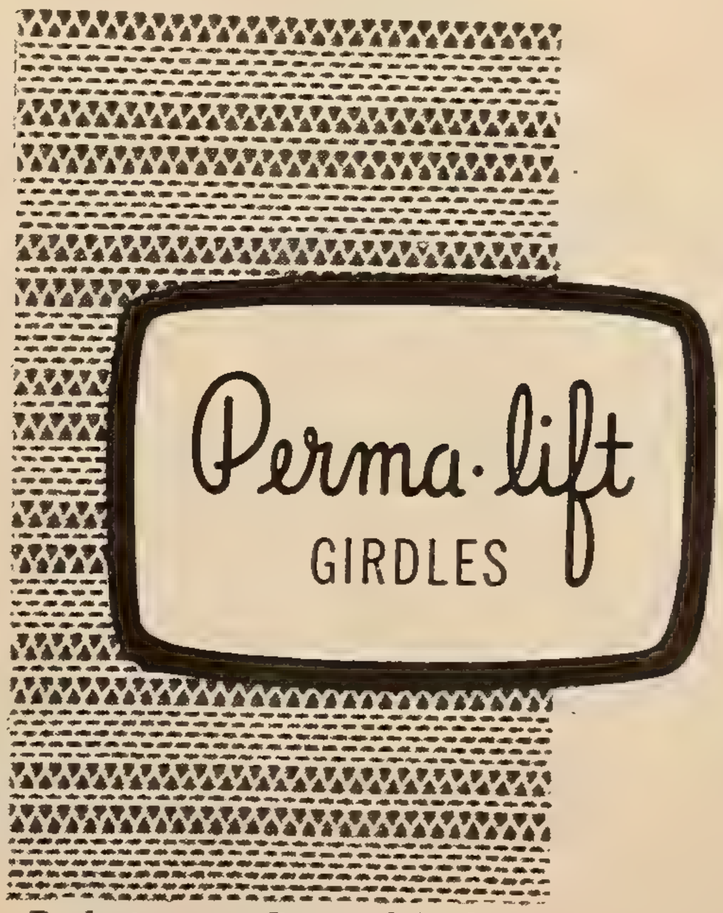
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The brief —$3.95

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EXCITING NEW MUTED SHADES
MUTED COTYROSE • MUTED BEIGE • MUTED SUN • MUTED BRONZE

Marlon Brando shows barely a trace of his *Streetcar* accent as the fiery ambitious Antony. Thanks to director Joseph Mankiewicz, cutting and changing of Shakespeare's original work was kept to a minimum.
CAST: James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, Louis Calhern, Deborah Kerr, Greer Garson, Edmond O'Brien—MGM

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE

Man On A Tightrope is a strange, powerful tale about people struggling to free themselves from the decay around them. These people belong to the Circus Cernik which was owned by Karel Cernik (Fredric March) until the Czechoslovakian government took it over. March is planning an incredible feat. He is going to lead the entire circus caravan across the well-guarded border into the American zone. He has to work fast since he knows there is a spy in the troupe. Aside from this, March has other problems. His second wife (Gloria Grahame) has become slovenly, indifferent, and flirts continuously with the lion tamer. His daughter (Terry Moore) has fallen in love with a handyman (Cameron Mitchell) whose origins and political leanings are unknown. Filmed in Western Germany, directed by Elia Kazan, the movie is always gray, always eerie, as if it were all a nightmare. As, indeed, it is.
CAST: Fredric March, Terry Moore, Gloria Grahame, Cameron Mitchell, Adolphe Menjou, Paul Hartman, Robert Beatty—20th-Fox

DESERT LEGION

Why doesn't Alan Ladd make more pictures like *This Gun For Hire* and less pictures like *Desert Legion?* In this one Captain Ladd is leading a patrol on the Algerian desert; he's ambushed by the notorious raider Omar Ben Khalif, otherwise known as Richard Conte. Ladd's patrol is wiped out and he wakes up in a fancy tent inhabited by gorgeous Arlene Dahl. Naturally he thinks he's dreaming. He hastens back to camp but the face of Arlene haunts him and with Private Plevko (Akim Tamiroff) he make his way back across the desert. Hidden in that arid waste he finds a kind of Shangri-La called Medara, city of peace. Only it's not so peaceful. Richard Conte, known here as Crito, wants Arlene Dahl and Medara all to himself. Well, I'm happy to report he doesn't get either, although he manages to create a large bit of havoc. What puzzles me is how so many bloodthirsty cut-throats ever settled in that city of peace in the first place.
CAST: Alan Ladd, Richard Conte, Arlene Dahl, Akim Tamiroff, Leon Askin, Oscar Beregi—U-I

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY

Charles Coburn, rector of St. Anthony's College in New York City, is informed by the higher-ups that unless he can raise $170,000 in six months, the college will be closed. It comes to Coburn that what he needs is a football team. He hires John Wayne, an ex-coach who has been kicked out of all the big college leagues. Wayne's flighty wife, Marie Windsor, left him with a daughter to raise (that's Sherry Jackson and a more precocious 11-year-old you'll look far to find). Now, said wife is trying to get Sherry away from Wayne and so she sets a Domestic Relations Court officer on his trail. The officer turns out to be Donna Reed. It's a complicated story, all right, but aimed directly at the heart.
CAST: John Wayne, Donna Reed, Charles Coburn, Sherry Jackson—Warners

has john wayne gone again?

(*Continued from page 16*) Chata hired the famed criminal lawyer Jerry Giesler to represent her, and Giesler almost went nuts trying to determine from Wayne's business manager, Bo Roos, just how much Duke is worth and just how much of his wealth is community property. Not even Duke knows that.

After a while things got so intricate that Giesler resigned from the case, and Chata hired another lawyer to obtain what she considers an equitable financial settlement.

The legal haggling in this divorce mess —and potentially it's a nasty case with a good deal of soiled linen that had best remain unaired—will go on for many, many months, at least until October 19th, at which time a trial is scheduled in the California Superior Court.

When a man has been married twice, he becomes a creature of habit, especially where feminine companionship is concerned, so when Chata flew the coop and winged from Hollywood to Mexico, everyone around town knew that sooner or later, Duke would find a new heart throb.

Some of his friends said the supposition was ridiculous. "Look," one of them told me last August, "Duke has had enough of dames and marriage for a while. His heart is broken. He really loved that Chata. Now, he's gone out of the country for a while. He's down in Peru, just taking it easy, scouting around for locations."

In a way that was true, but while Duke was scouting for locations, he traveled into the Peruvian jungle to watch the first full-length motion picture ever shot in that South American country.

The film was being produced by Edward Movius; it was entitled *Sabotage In The Jungle,* and it starred a buxom, gorgeous, fiery, insinuatingly beautiful Limeña (a native of Lima, Peru) named Pilar Pallete.

Pilar is 23 years old. She has the kind of figure men look at twice. They don't believe it the first time. She is the third of four sisters. Her father, who died three years ago, used to be a Senator in the Peruvian legislature. She is well-bred, well-educated, and well-traveled.

As a girl she was sent to a very swanky school, the Villa Maria, but her father, a worldly man, wanted her brought up so that she would know how to look after herself in a world of domineering men. He enrolled her in the Lima High School, and it was here that she learned how to speak English, a virtue which helped her when she met Duke and his friends, although Wayne does manage a pretty good sort of pidgin Spanish.

The first time I saw her she was a hostess for Panagra, the Pan American Airline subsidiary in South America, and she was even then a real beauty, on her way to full development, captivating most of the male passengers.

When Duke Wayne first saw Pilar in the jungle last August and got himself introduced to her, a sort of electric current of mutual attraction sprang up between them.

For some inexplicable reason, probably because opposites always attract, Duke has consistently chosen Latin-American beauties for his attentions. They arouse him.

His first wife, Josephine Saenz, is of Dominican ancestry. His second wife is Mexican. And now Pilar Pallette, the utterly delightful and charming actress, comes from Peru.

Duke Wayne is a pretty sharp *hombre,* and in his soft, unobtrusive way, he began making inquiries. Had Pilar done much acting? Was she really a professional?

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A PERFECT PAIR...ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO...CREME RINSE

by **RICHARD HUDNUT** *of Fifth Avenue*



They told Duke that two years before she'd done some work for Sol Lesser in a film called *The Lost Emeralds Of Illa-Tica.* She'd also studied and worked a good deal in the Lima Theater Workshop.

Duke then asked the all-important question. "Is she married?"

The answer came as no surprise. In Lima all beautiful young women are married.

"Yes," the informant said. "She's married to Dick Wedy, the fellow in charge of publicity for Panagra." Then the reprieve. "Only they're not doing so hot. Broken up like you and Mrs. Wayne, or about to."

Duke Wayne is an introspective man who rarely discusses his emotions. He feels things deeply, but the more profound they are, the less he talks about them.

Ask him, for example, how he feels about Pilar, and you get something like, "She's an extremely talented actress." Nothing more.

Ask him how he felt when he learned that his black-haired, heart-faced new discovery was on the verge of a break with her husband, and he'll shake his head and walk away from you. It's none of his business and none of yours.

He never trifles or talks lightly about women who mean something to him.

In the case of Pilar Pallete, he said nothing when he returned to Hollywood. But Pilar knew that if ever she came north she had a friend who would use all his influence to help her. And Duke Wayne has plenty of influence in Hollywood. So much in fact that when he checked in at Warner Brothers after his Peruvian junket and they asked him to play the lead in *The Iron Mistress,* he read the script and promptly said no, and Warners said okay but will you please do something else, anything else.

Duke read the script of *Trouble Along The Way,* a story based roughly on Slip Madigan, the football coach at St. Mary's College in California, and agreed to do the picture.

Later, he wasn't too happy about his decision. But no one knew at the time whether it was because he was disappointed in the film, he had a subconscious, unrequited yen for Pilar, or he was irritated because detectives were on his trail trying to unearth a little embarrassing data that might be exposed in a divorce court. Duke was also upset because he had received a good offer to rent his ranch house, only Chata wouldn't hear of it. Added to that was the fact that while he was worth a fortune, it wasn't too easy for him to liquidate his assets into cash.

Anyway, Duke Wayne was not the easiest man in the world to get along with during the filming of *Trouble Along The Way.*

Once *Trouble* was finished, however, Duke took off for Mexico where his own production company, Wayne-Fellows, Inc., was shooting *Plunder In The Sun.*

Now it so happens that when Duke pulled out of Hollywood, Pilar Pallete pulled in, ostensibly to do a Spanish soundtrack for *Sabotage In The Jungle.* Since she is still legally married to an American, Pilar has no visa difficulties when it comes to entering the country.

When Duke learned that the exotic, well-built Pilar was in movieland, he thought of a story named *Pagoda* which his company owns, and the more he thought of that yarn, the more he felt certain that Pilar should play the lead in the production opposite him.

It was just a question of a few days before Pilar and Duke were in front of the cameras in Mexico. This was Pilar's screen test, and needless to say, Duke went all-out in helping her. Johnny Farrow, a director, was supposedly giving the test,

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1953 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. COSTUME: JOHN-FREDERICS JEWELS: MARVELLA

but Wayne knows a good deal more about picture-making than most directors, and he took over.

He posed Pilar in the best angles, saw to it that she got the best shots, made her feel very much at ease, and the result, of course, was a foregone conclusion.

Wayne-Fellows, Inc., signed Pilar Pallete to a seven-year contract, permitting her the privilege of making one outside picture per year for Movius Productions, the Peruvian Company that had given her her first screen opportunity. All of Pilar's other films, however, will be released through Warner Brothers.

Just how successful Pilar will be, how quickly the public will take to her, no man can predict at this point. It is safe to say, however, that if she co-stars with Duke in his films, her popularity will be assured, because Wayne's name on a marquee means top box-office.

The screen test completed in Mexico, Pilar eventually came back to the movie colony, moved into the house of a friend in North Hollywood, and now definitely estranged from her husband, began seeing a good deal of Duke who had taken a house on Valley Vista Road, not too far away.

They went driving together, toured the glitter spots, showed up at formal film functions such as the annual dinner of the Screen Writers Guild, and it was just a matter of days before Hollywood began to realize that Duke Wayne was happy again, genuinely happy.

At the Screen Writers Guild dinner, for example, he roared at Georgie Jessel's jokes, cracked his own, greeted everyone with a big hand, proudly introduced Pilar to all the big shots, and carried on like the Duke Wayne of yesteryear. Smiling, exuberant, good-natured.

"Of course," one of his friends cracked, "he didn't know that Chata had flown in from Mexico that very night. But even so, I don't think that would've made any difference. There's absolutely no chance of a reconciliation. Duke wants a divorce as soon as he can get one. Then, I think he'll marry this Peruvian doll. That is, if she has her own divorce by then.

"Don't ask me why he goes for these Latin-American babes, either. He's Anglo-Saxon down to his very toes; you'd think he'd fall for some doll from Iowa. He just doesn't. Soon as a girl has blonde hair, his interest fades.

"He has a big yen for these black-eyed senoritas. With two of them he's struck out, at least marriage-wise. With Pilar, maybe he'll ring the bell. Anyway, he seems happier than he's been in a long, long time."

In Hollywood that's what counts. **END**

did you ever . . . ???

- *meet a movie star?*
- *see one doing something unusual?*
- *overhear one talking to another?*

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LANA'S OFF ON A MARRY-GO-ROUND AGAIN—BUT HOLLYWOOD'S BETTING SHE'LL ONLY WIND UP DIZZY!



Loving Lex Barker is fun for Lana, but will her usual bad luck louse up this romance, too?

LANA AND LEX

by Marsha Saunders

■ As of this writing, to the ever-growing list of lovers who have succumbed to the irresistible charms of Lana Turner you may now add the name of Alexander Crichlow Barker of Rye, New York.

Known to his friends as "Lex" and recognized by the movie-going public as "Tarzan," the handsome, six-foot-four giant is currently the number-one man in Lana's constantly changing love life.

Ever since the beauty with the convertible top—Lana has dyed her naturally brunette hair 16 different shades in the past 15 years—gave Fernando Lamas his walking papers, she and Lex have been virtually inseparable, in Los Angeles, in Palm Springs, in New York, and now in Europe.

Lana has claimed that "I'm unhappy unless I have someone to love." And in her case the necessary adjunct of love has always been propinquity, so that during the past six months she and Lex have spent practically all of their spare time together, and a good deal of their working time, too.

During the making of *Latin Lovers,* for example, in which Lana plays the richest girl in the world and Ricardo Montalban acts a wealthy young Brazilian horse-breeder, Lex was an almost daily visitor on the set.

Not only that, but he also brought his two children along, Lynne, nine, and Alex, five. Lana would bring her young Cheryl to the studio, and a folksy little group consisting of Lex and the three kids would stand on the sidelines and watch with childish awe while director Mervyn LeRoy sent Lana and Montalban through their paces.

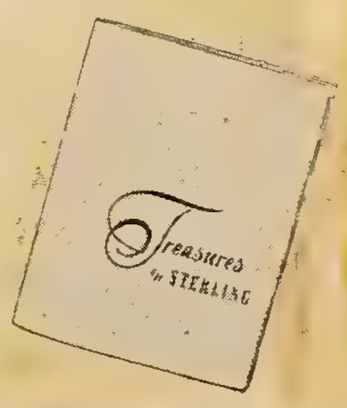
I was on the set one day and LeRoy was particularly anxious to have things go well. He had dined (*Continued on page 105*)

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Sir Christopher, created by famed designer William S. Warren, has all the sweep and splendor of its inspiration—the work of the renowned architect Sir Christopher Wren, one of whose masterpieces is St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This pattern displays grandeur in sterling, exemplifies variety in design . . . for some pieces are decorated with carved blossoms, others with graceful clusters of fruit, still others with a combination of both. Sir Christopher is truly magnificent sterling, for it is given the ultimate in silvercrafting—Wallace's full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty". . . beauty in front, in profile, in back . . . sterling perfection from every possible view.

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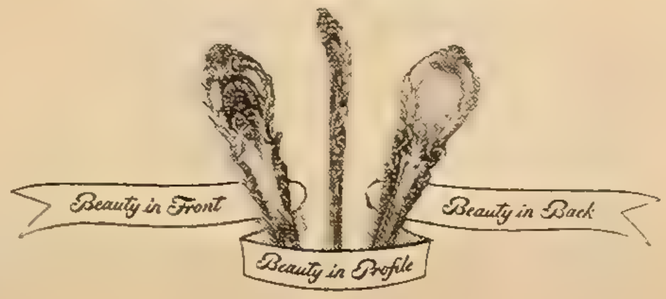




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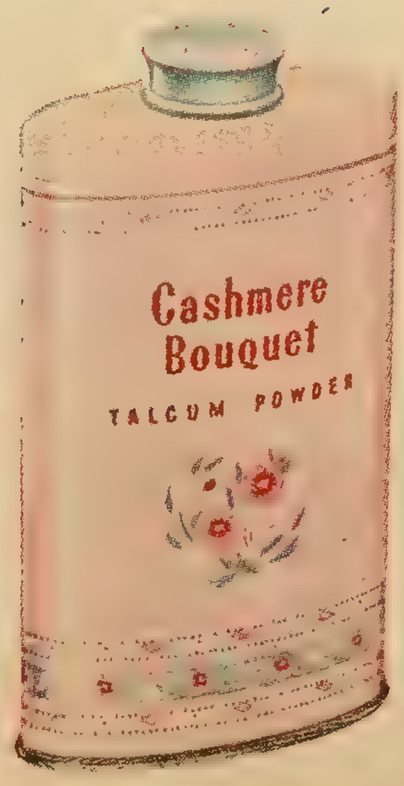
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FROM THE MOVIES

ANNA—title song by Silvana Mangano* (MGM); Paul Weston* (Columbia); Richard Hayman (Mercury); Three Suns (Victor); Ray Bloch (Coral). *I Loved You* by Silvana Mangano* (MGM).

BLUE GARDENIA—title song by Nat Cole** (Capital).

HOUDINI—*The Golden Years* by Tony Martin* (Victor); Paul Weston (Columbia); Russ Morgan (Decca).

RUBY GENTRY—*Ruby* by Richard Hayman* (Mercury); Lew Douglas* (MGM); Les Brown (Coral).
Richard Hayman, a gent of many talents, plays harmonica on this one, accompanied by a symphonic orchestra for an unusual effect. The Lew Douglas version (he's the fellow who provides Joni James with her musical backgrounds) is the only one with lyrics. They're sung here by a choral group and were added to the tune by Mitchell (*Star Dust*) Parish.

POPULAR AND JAZZ

ARTHUR GODFREY—*TV Calendar Show*** (Columbia).
If you happened to catch the Godfrey & Friends show on CBS-TV last Jan. 28 and were impressed by the ingenious month-by-month story unfolded musically that night, this 12-inch LP record is a must for you, for here's the entire program transferred to records.
Joan Edwards, formerly a big-time singer herself, and Lyn Duddy, reformed press agent, teamed to write the music and lyrics for these twelve tunes, one for each month, and they're well tailored to the requirements of the entire Godfrey family. Julius La Rosa, you'll be glad to note, is represented with *Everything That's Yours Is Mine,* done as a duet with Janette Davis, and *Summer's Symphony,* which he does solo. The Mariners, Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, Haleloke, the Chordettes, Lu Ann Simms and the Archie Bleyer gang are all there too. This is the first really comprehensive representation of Godfrey and Co. on records.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Ellington Uptown*** (Columbia).
Most exciting item in this 12-inch LP is Duke's Harlem suite, *A Tone Parallel To Harlem.* Louis Bellison is also featured in a drum specialty, *Skin Deep.*

DIZZY GILLESPIE, JIMMY McPARTLAND—*Hot vs. Cool** (MGM).
A novel album recorded at Birdland, New York's leading jazz club. The two bands, which we helped to assemble, both play the same four tunes, in contrasting Dixieland and bop styles. Buddy De Franco's terrific clarinet work on *Indiana* is the best of the "cool" numbers; Vic Dickenson's trombone on *Battle Of Blues* is "hot" highlight. Also heard: the first Dixie disc of *How High The Moon* and the first bop version of *Muskrat Ramble.*

Sensational

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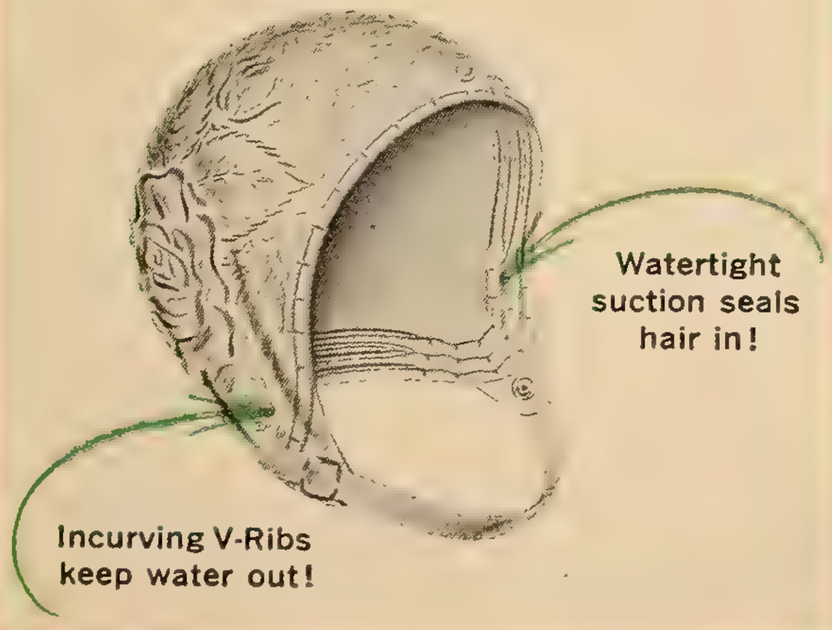
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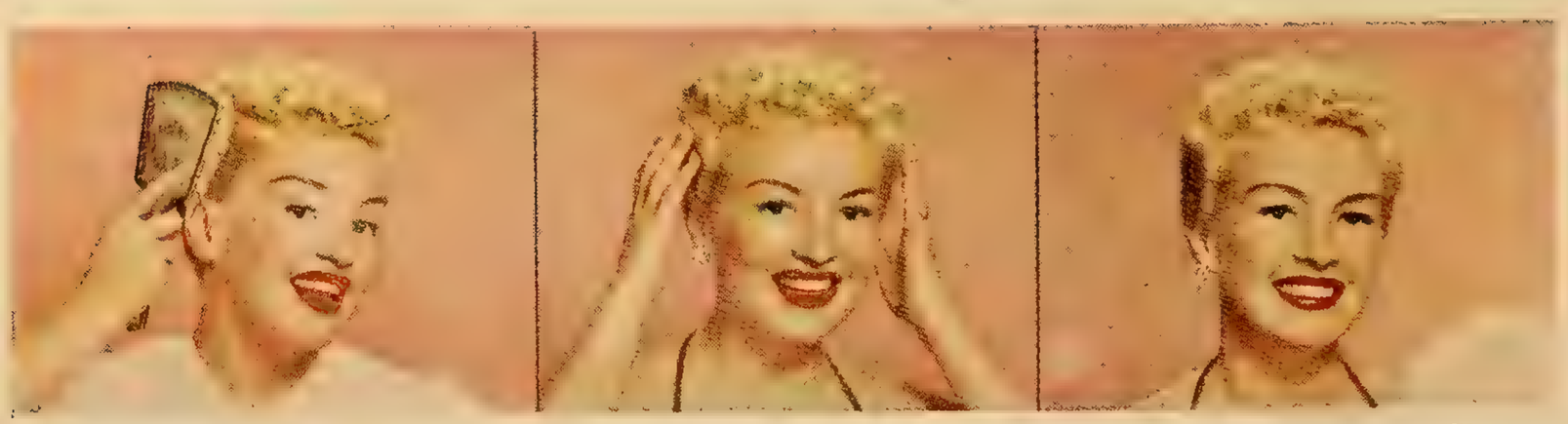
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- ★Hair has better fragrance!
- ★More economical to use!

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Special issue:

SPOTLIGHT ON YOUTH

Because today's brightest stars are Hollywood's youngest stars, the editors have devoted the contents of this issue to the lives, loves, successes and tragedies of filmdom's fabulous youngsters. For the real stories of how and why they live the way they do, MODERN SCREEN *has assigned its entire staff of reporters—Hollywood experts all—to the job. On the following 45 pages we turn the spotlight on youth!*

HOLLYWOOD AND YOUTH

■ A month before she gave birth to her chubby baby son, Elizabeth Taylor, the most beautiful young actress in Hollywood, ambled into the office of the Los Angeles County Clerk.

"I believe," Liz said politely, "that you've got something for me."

Harold J. Ostly, the tall, pleasant, bespectacled County Clerk, grinned. He opened the top drawer to his desk, took out $47,100 in Government bonds, and handed them to Liz.

"You could've picked these up two years ago," he said.

Mike Wilding, dressed in open collar shirt and wearing the navy blue yachting cap he uses to cover his receding hairline, shook his good-looking head in puzzled disbelief.

Liz turned and blew him a little feather of a smile as if to say, "I are a naughtly girl, aren't I?" Then she spoke to the County Clerk. "I've just been too busy," Liz explained, "to come down and get this stuff."

"This stuff" represented 15% of Elizabeth Rosamond Taylor Hilton Wilding's film earnings which a California Superior Court judge had ordered invested in bonds during her minority.

Under California law, Liz was entitled to manage her own financial affairs at the age of 18 if she were then married. She could have obtained her securities in May, 1950, after her marriage to Nicky Hilton, the semi-spoiled young son of a wealthy, capering hotel magnate—but no, she'd been too busy.

After Liz posed for pictures holding up her $47,100 in bonds, a $75-per-week photographer sidled up to a reporter. "This," the lensman said somewhat bitterly, "is what Hollywood's sense of values does to a beautiful babe. Too busy to pick up 47 grand. How do you like that?"

While Liz was giving out with her worldly, sophisticated, money-isn't everything attitude, another young married, a girl born in Portland, Oregon, who had changed her name from Suzanne Burce to Jane Powell, (*Continued on page 88*)

The Success Story of 1953! One song began it, one movie clinched it—and young Miss Clooney,

"OUR

BY JANE WILKIE

Gulping down coke between bites of a hot dog, a willowy blonde waited in the wings of a theater for her cue to go on stage. The show people around her were horrified. For years—for centuries—singers have been taught never to sing on a full stomach.

"Rosie," they pleaded. "Don't!"

"It's all right," she said, and the words worked their muffled way through a piece of roll. "But suppose you burp in the middle of your song!"

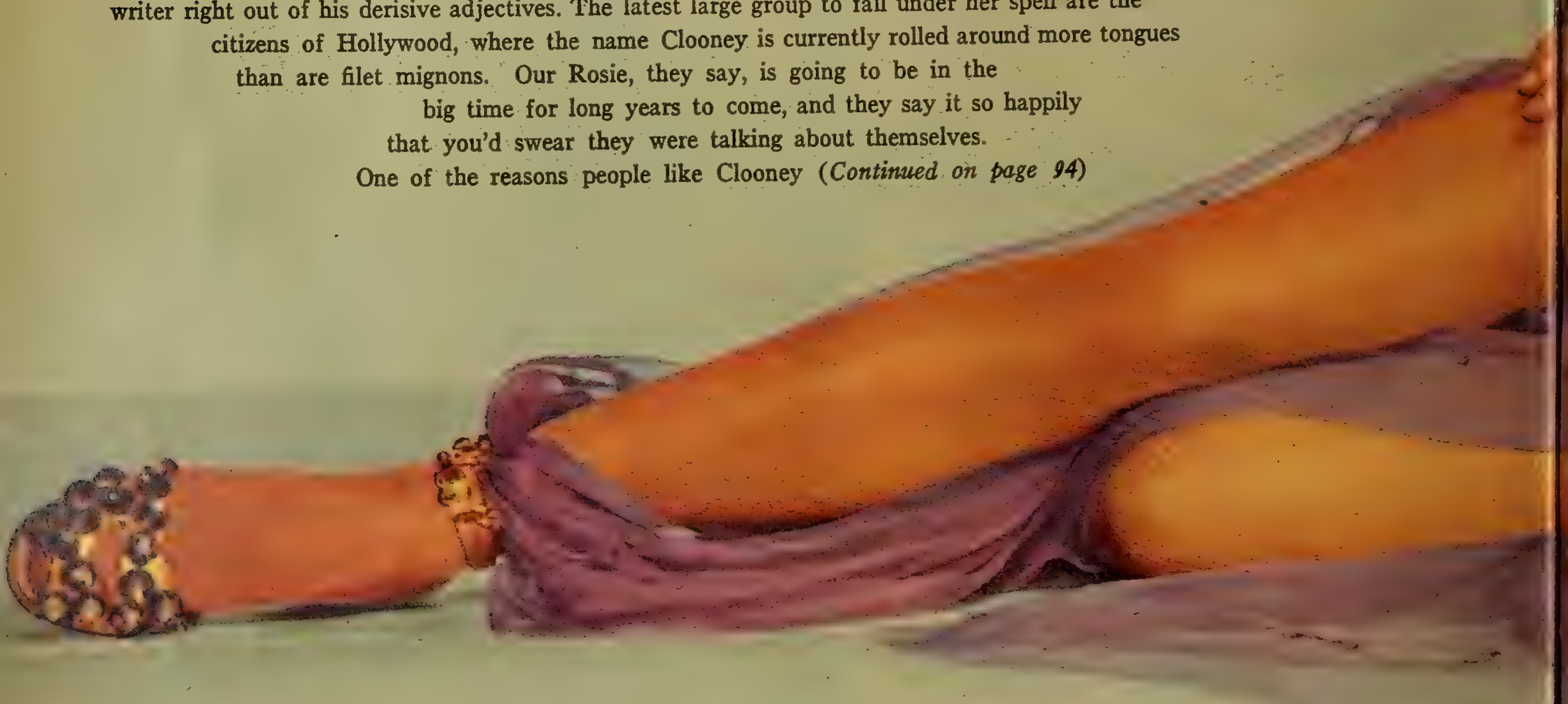
Rosemary Clooney shrugged. "S'all right," she said. "I'll just re-phrase it."

This is an anecdote that any movie star would prefer to put in their bottom drawer, and a procedure that most singers would shun like the plague. Rosemary Clooney, however, is not one to wrap hot towels about her precious throat and insist on a handy cup of hot tea, nor is she likely to hedge when asked a question, whether it be about her age (25), her appetite (prodigious). She treats life and people the same way she sings—tenderly, honestly, without affectation, yet with plenty of what is known politely as intestinal fortitude and impolitely as guts.

The all-around result is that wherever Clooney goes she is immediately referred to as 'our Rosie'. There is a warmth to her personality that seeps out and enfolds everyone she meets, and willing victims include an assortment of elderly ladies, schnauser dogs, small boys, millions of big boys, what's even more remarkable, women of all ages.

Rosie does not do this intentionally. She was born with the personality of the Pied Piper, an indefinable something that could (and did) charm a *Time* Magazine writer right out of his derisive adjectives. The latest large group to fall under her spell are the citizens of Hollywood, where the name Clooney is currently rolled around more tongues than are filet mignons. Our Rosie, they say, is going to be in the big time for long years to come, and they say it so happily that you'd swear they were talking about themselves.

One of the reasons people like Clooney (*Continued on page 94*)



record maker, was everybody's Rosie, record breaker!



ROSIE"

BY STEVE CRONIN

at the top and quitting

Brando has Hollywood gasping again! After less than three years in films, at the height of his popularity, the peak of his career, the "Do-what-I-want-to-do" lad is setting another precedent: He's retiring!



Marlon's current film, *Julius Caesar,* is his fifth; he has earned $400,000, enough for a lifetime.

■ Marlon Brando has had it!

After only five motion pictures, *The Men, Streetcar Named Desire, Viva Zapata, Julius Caesar,* and *The Wild One,* the 29-year-old acting genius from Omaha is kissing Hollywood goodbye.

"I came out to Hollywood for two reasons," the brooding, hawk-nosed eccentric recently explained, "loot and film experience. I've got 'em both, and there's no point in hanging around. Maybe I'll do *Pal Joey,* but right now I'm not sure.

"Only thing I'm sure of is that I'm getting out. I'm going to travel, maybe do some pictures in Europe. I want to go to the Far East, Siam, India, the South Sea Islands.

"Maybe later this year I'll blow back to New York. Maybe do a show for Cheryl Crawford. Maybe just keep going, just keep strumming that guitar.

"I've got nothing against Hollywood. It's been very good for me working here. It's broadened me socially. I've learned a lot about the business. But it *is* a business, and when you've made enough loot, the thing to do is pull out.

"I like to travel, and I'd just as soon spend some of my dough while I'm young and can enjoy it. I'm not finished with motion pictures. I'll make more of 'em, only maybe not in Hollywood. They make some pretty good stuff in Europe (*Continued on page 84*)







BY IMOGENE COLLINS

too far, too fast?

Bob Wagner hit the jackpot overnight, and strange things happened. Was it stardom . . . or stardust?

■ There's a standard gag about Bob Wagner that is going the rounds of the 20th Century-Fox lot: "I sure feel sorry for that Wagner kid. He's had to overcome an awful lot of obstacles in life. Do you know that when he was born he almost choked on that silver spoon in his mouth?"

The satirical reference, of course, is to the fact that young Wagner comes from a well-to-do family.

His father is a successful steel magnate who has seen to it that his two children have always had the best of everything—fine clothes, nurses, private schools, cars, country club memberships, the whole works.

Now this relatively high standard of living is the expected order in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, the Wagner home bailiwick, and no one gives it a second thought. But in Hollywood, for a movie star to be born into a wealthy family is an almost inexcusable error in tactics, an almost insurmountable obstacle in the obtainment of good public relations.

It is a tribute to Bob Wagner's warm and friendly personality that despite his background, he's managed to win the acclaim and interest of the movie-goers everywhere.

"I know it sounds impossible," one press agent really cracked, "but (*Continued on page 72*)



Bob squires starlet Barbara Darrow to a ball . . .

. . . chats cozily with Rodeo Queen Sandra Brott . . .



. . . relaxes quietly with Charlotte Austin



. . . exchanges dreamy-eyed looks with Susan Zanuck

Bob's a busy boy these days . . . and nights. He is acknowledged as the favorite escort of this season's crop of starlets, society debs and beauty contest winners.

Sex is not enough

by Jim Henaghan



Elaine Stewart, touted as MGM's answer to Marilyn Monroe, had a sizzling three-minute bit in a recent film. Whether or not she can act is still a moot point.

Fans go wild when Monroe appears . . . in person. But at the box office, they're more restrained. Studio execs learned it takes more than sex to sell a film.





Sex can do a lot for an ailing career. Terry Moore was getting noplace fast until her press agent gave her a sexy buildup. Now, she's hotter than hot.



Laurette Luez' career has been built exclusively on sex. With such a start, no body will be surprised if the "Flower of Delight Girl" withered on the vine.



Zsa Zsa Gabor, whose family makes a career of being female, may have mis-judged her talents. She draws as many laughs as whistles, could be a comedienne.



Already loaded with talent, Mitzi Gaynor is one of those rare individuals who just radiates sex appeal. She's even more attractive off than on the screen.

Monroe leads the parade . . . and every girl with a curve to her name is on the bandwagon. But they may learn the hard way that they've got to have talent, too.

■ The fat, white fingers of silver light, beaming from the cones of great searchlights, played tic-tac-toe in the night sky above Hollywood. Wilshire Boulevard, in front of the Ritz Theater, was a happy bedlam. Traffic was backed up for a mile, and in the glare of sputtering arcs sleek Cadillacs pullied to the curb and discharged elegantly appointed stars and movie-makers who made their way into the building through an avenue of ropes that held back thousands of breathless fans.

One by one the big names of the movies made the walk past the spectators and each got applause and cheers. (*Continued on page 97*)

Young stars like Farley Granger and Dawn Addams aren't falling . . . for phony romantic buildups!

don't blame Farley

BY PAMELA MORGAN



Shelley's married now, but she and Farley still get a kick out of kidding around. Their "romance" was only a joke to them, but it taught Farley to be careful with new friends like Dawn Addams (far right).

■ The studio publicity man was visibly upset. "Look," he said, "the photographers all shot pictures of Farley Granger and Shelley Winters at Donald O'Connor's party. We're asking everyone to kill the pictures. They just can't be published."

"Why not?" the MODERN SCREEN editor retorted. "What's to be so upset about?"

"Well, you know how it is. They used to go together. With Vittorio Gassman in Italy and all, it's liable to cause gossip; maybe even stories. You know the kind—'Is Shelley's Marriage Failing?' 'Will Farley and Shelley Get Together Again?' These pictures could cause everybody a lot of trouble."

Oh yes?

Give the publicity man credit for being alert on his job, certainly. But as for starting a rumor that the paths of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger may cross again romantically, well, that's the best laugh of the year. Any journalist with an ounce of mixed common sense and honesty will tell you that the "Shell-Farl" romance was one of the neatest little hoaxes ever perpetrated on the public.

No offense, though. It was harmless enough and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone until Shelley lost her sense of humor when a reporter asked her who she thought she was kidding.

"I don't need Farley for publicity," Shelley shouted, way back in August, 1951. "If we weren't on the level, we might have gone on with it for a couple of months. But two years! I'm crazy about Farley and I don't care who knows it. If I wanted to go with someone just for publicity, I'd go with Francis, the mule . . . just because we didn't get married in June doesn't mean we're not in love . . . we'll get married when we can, and not when a lot of busybodies think we should."

The reporter, well-disciplined to the ways of Hollywood in which an actress may one day declare deathless devotion and on the next file suit for divorce, took all this with a straight face. He knew, however, that the bombastic pro-and-con announcements were just a prelude to their well-chaperoned romp through Europe which was expertly tied up with publicity for their latest picture efforts.

Then, like a bombshell, came Shelley's marriage to Vittorio Gass- (*Continued on page 96*)



hollywood's youngest

Yesterday's Liz was Hollywood's No. 1 problem child, but her escapades helped make her today's

mother

model mother ■ *by* JACK WADE

On the late side of one morning, a few weeks ago, Elizabeth Taylor Wilding stretched out her five feet, four inches and 123 pounds on her oversize bed, clad mainly in a mass of turkish toweling from which her home-cut, black poodled curls protruded at one end and her pink toes wiggled protestingly from the other. Between those extremities a *masseuse* kneaded her tissues like a pastry cook attacks dough. Having vanquished 20 of the 40 superfluous pounds acquired bearing her baby, Mike, Liz was on the homestretch of a reducing campaign with 15 more to lose before she'd be fit for the cameras in her next MGM picture, *Rhapsody*.

At this interesting juncture, a slightly pixy-ish male face with quizzical eyebrows and a little boy's grin—belonging to her husband, Michael Wilding—poked inside the door, coughed discreetly, said, "Oh, excuse me!" and started to pull back out again. But muffled laughter smote its ears and the face popped through the opening again, like a turtle's.

"What's so funny, Mrs. Birdnose?" Mike inquired.

"Everything," chuckled his loving wife.

"Correct," Michael approved, "but philosophy aside, what's especially droll this morning?"

"I was just thinking," explained Elizabeth, "that here I am, married, now a mother, and already having weight pounded off me like a dowager—but as of today I'm just eligible to vote for the first time!"

"You can now also be sued, run for office, and be hanged for murder, if that's any comfort," advised her mate. "Happy birthday!" And when she was presentable, he gave her a big kiss and a small gold buckle ring to celebrate the majority attained by the girl he had married.

The date of that intimate scene (*Continued on page 86*)



Marriage to Mike started working miracles with irresponsible Liz, and motherhood completed the cure. Today, Liz is the competent one, Mike the scatterbrain. But both shine at caring for Little Mike.

The O'Connor home rang with love and laughter . . . until Don's career gave him less and less time for his family. Now, asks all Hollywood, will the O'Connors ever be reunited?



Little girls love a nightly romp with Dad; but will Donna ever be sure of hers?



Don's collection of foreign cars is a hobby his wife and daughter shared.



Bitter Triumph

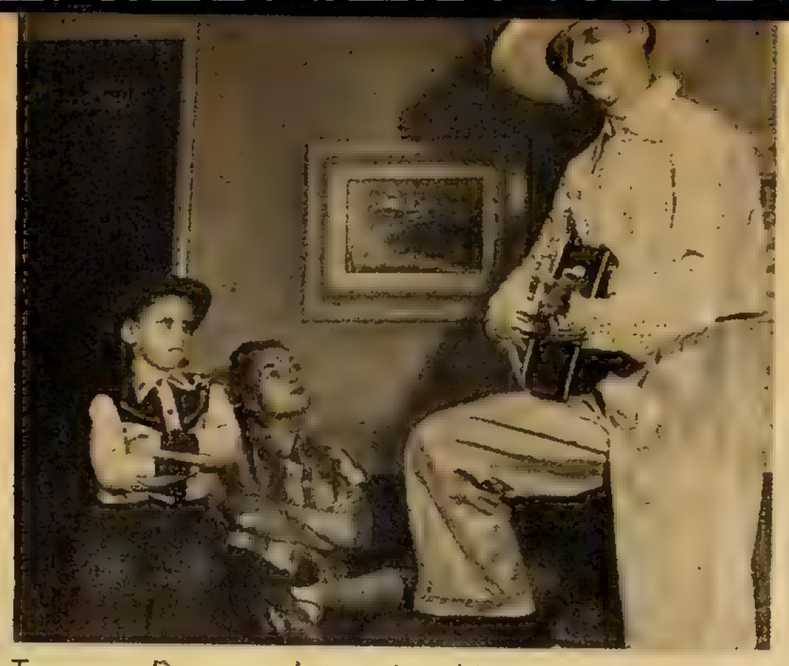
BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Donald O'Connor's success has been

■ "When is daddy coming home?" Sooner or later six-year-old Donna O'Connor had to ask that question, for in addition to looking like her famous father, she is the apple of his eye, and they love each other very much. Donna's mother, Gwen O'Connor, was prepared with a reply that she knew would be temporarily satisfactory.



But the ladies never got too excited over Don's antics . . . they were pretty used to them!



Trooper Don used to give his best performance for the critical eyes of Gwen, Donna.



When one O'Connor collapsed another was always ready and willing to take over.



In happier days, Don and Gwen enjoyed parties together. First thing, Don always whipped out his wallet to show his snapshots of Donna. Here, Don's ready to give Mel Torme a look . . . but finds he left his wallet home!



Immediately after the O'Connors separated, rumors spread that Gwen was dating Dean Martin. Pictures like this helped keep the reports alive, but Gwen, in tears, phoned Dean to say she had nothing to do with it.

won with hard work and brilliant talent . . . but three young lives are paying for it with heartbreak.

Daddy had so much work to do at the studio that he was staying in his dressing room for a few days.

All children of show business parents can understand their moms and dads being away for periods of time, but both Gwen and Don knew that sooner or later they would have to tell their daughter the real truth. Children somehow have a way of knowing the secrets their parents try hardest to cover up, and Donna O'Connor is brighter than most.

Still, the heartbreak of separation was kept from their only child as long as possible. Gwen and Don had been through battles before. They always patched them up. But this time Gwen was determined to force the issue. For the first time, she sought out an attorney and Don was served papers. He may have known what was coming, but the actual blow so stunned him that for the first time in his life he begged off from work on his newest co-starring picture, (*Continued on page 102*)

Mansions and imported butlers are as passé as Theda Bara's eyebrows. Good taste and good fun



ROBERTA HAYNES' sleek bachelor-girl apartment is gay with her own brand of contemporary, plus home-made, furniture. Wood, wrought iron, foam rubber are mainstays of her three-roomer.



Her box-spring and mattress were Roberta's first purchase. She had to wait for her next pay check before completing the bedroom! Roberta made the "cafe" curtains, her mother, the spread.

how young hollywood lives

by Marwa Peterson

are the keynotes of today's generation.

■ Tourists who visit Hollywood are constantly amazed by the large number of signs on fabulous Wilshire Boulevard that advertise auctions.

"TONITE—AUCTION OF LAVISH FURNISHINGS FROM THE MANSION OF MISS JOAN CRAWFORD . . . NEXT TUESDAY AUCTION OF FABULOUS POSSESSIONS FROM THE MANSION OF MISS BARBARA STANWYCK . . . FROM HEDY LAMARR'S MANSION, COMPLETE FURNISHINGS TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION."

One visitor from the East, after observing all these auction advertisements, turned to a friend of hers, a long-time resident of the movie colony, and said, "Surely, there must be *one* Hollywood star who *doesn't* live in a mansion?"

The truth is that there are dozens of actors and actresses who live simply, reasonably, and normally; and with few exceptions, practically all of these are under the age of 30.

The day has long since passed when an actor, on being signed to a contract, raced to a phone, (*Continued on next page*)





JOYCE HOLDEN believes one can be modern and still not lose the charm of antiques. The living room (*top, above*) of her two-bedroom apartment is comfortably contemporary—with practical leather chairs and shag rug. Quaint old prints spark up the dark walls. Her bedroom (*above*) goes definitely old-fashioned, however. It houses her collection of antiques, including four-poster bed and old-fashioned marble-topped washstand.



RORY CALHOUN and his wife, Lita Baron, hit the Hollywood jackpot with their home! Rory bought this eight-room Colonial house in Beverly Hills, *then* learned a swimming pool came with it, free!



The paneled bar in the Calhoun home is an example of Rory's skill as a cabinet maker. His other hobbies are ranching, gun collecting, foreign cars. Currently he's remodeling the garage into a playroom.

MORE

how young hollywood lives continued



JOAN EVANS, a bride of one year, believes this three-room furnished apartment is perfect for a novice housekeeper. It leaves her plenty of time to concentrate on her cooking. Joan planned the soft monochrome green decor.

JERRY LEWIS and his wife Patti adore their new playhouse, the most complete party room in all Hollywood. The 30 by 60 foot building cost over $25,000. But Jerry, who earns about half a million a year considers it well worth it.





JOANNE GILBERT, like lots of young actresses, lives at home. Her parents are separated so she shares an apartment with her mother, visits her father often.

rang up an important real estate dealer, and shouted, "I've just signed a contract at Metro. Get me a house befitting my position. You know, gardens, swimming pool, the whole works."

The reason these days have passed is that starting salaries in the motion picture industry aren't very large. Janet Leigh began at $43.80 a week, Debbie Reynolds at less than $100, the same holds true for Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner, Debra Paget, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, and so on down the line.

It takes anywhere from five to ten years before a star begins earning a four-figure weekly salary; so that for the most part they spend their early working days living in small but well-furnished apartments or in small but modest rented houses.

When they hit the big time and have proven themselves great box-office attractions, their salaries boom, and they begin to live accordingly.

Jane Powell has just bought herself a beautiful new home in Westwood. In addition to her large Metro salary, Jane averages $8,500 a week when she goes out on personal (*Continued on page 107*)



URSULA THIESS chose watermelon couch and drapes, and green walls to set off her dark-haired beauty. Wilshire Boulevard, a popular neighborhood for young stars, is right outside her door.



A poodle named "Pappy" shares Ursula's three-room apartment with her. She maintains that every bachelor girl should own a pet—if only as an incentive to cooking a meal at home each day.

DAWN ADDAMS has plenty of ups and downs in her home life. Her apartment has three levels: three steps up to the living room, two down to the dinette, and a whole flight up to the balcony bedroom. A jumble of mementos gathered along the way (Dawn's traveled all over the world with her father, an English Army officer) add to the colorful effect. Other bright touches are home-made pillows.



does Mother know

The Movie Mother is an ever-present problem. Today a new team of inseparables brings up the

■ You should watch Debra Paget's eyes sometimes when anyone suggests that she is still a mama's girl. They can slant down to the thinnest, unfriendliest tilted slits you ever saw. She might say a few cold words in denial, or, even more likely, do it with an even colder silence. She particularly resents such insinuations from boys. One such fellow talked along this line when trying for a date the other day. Not an effusive girl anyway, Debra gave him a look that told him exactly what to do but he refused to drop. He managed to stay on his feet, and alive, while she marched away. He wouldn't have gotten the date anyway, very likely, but if he had been more diplomatic there might have been an invitation to join the gang at her home some evening.

It is difficult to picture Debra as a meek and obedient daughter when you study her full-blown beauty, catch the flaunting fling her curvacious figure can achieve when she walks down the street in a bright ballerina skirt, (*Continued on page 111*)



Unspoiled by fame, or fortune (her salary is $500 a week) Debra lives in this small rented house. She receives no allowance; Mom handles all pocket money.

best?

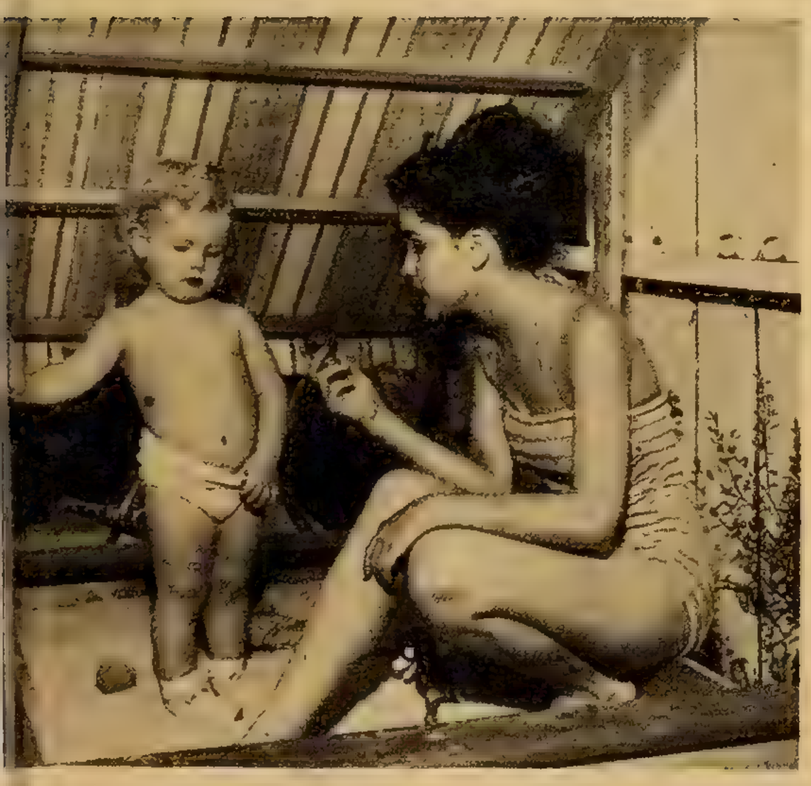


Whether it's work or play, Debbie's mother, Mrs. Frank Griffin, is right there by her side. They attend premieres and parties together, and, on set, Mrs. Griffin is just an inch or two out of camera range.



Is Mrs. Griffin living her own life over again, in Debbie's career? Once a successful vaudeville and stage star herself, she seems to glory in the attention and excitement surrounding her beautiful daughter.

old Mother-Daughter riddle: Is it good for Debra . . . or her mother? ■ **BY ALICE HOFFMAN**



Babysitting with 2-year-old Meg is Debbie's favorite chore. She spends her free time with her sisters, brother and, of course, mother.



Nobody's a pampered movie star in Debra's house! She has to take her turn with the dishes just like younger sister Lezlie who also wants to be a star.



Handsome brother Frank and Debra are close pals. They frequently appear in little theater plays together. Frank's an actor, too.

Her heart won't be broken!



Hollywood's young set loves to dabble in romance . . . but innocent pastimes for two often lead to heart-







Big-name movie stars, and next-door neighbors gather at Debbie's house often. As long as they like to laugh, and love to eat, they're welcome!



Debbie doesn't have much time to devote to just plain relaxing. Busy with her girl scout troop, French horn practicing, and her career, she has few minutes for her poodle "Tursey."



Burned once, Debbie's determined to guard her heart more carefully next time. She has many dates, won't go steady. Tom Morton gets the same attention as her other beaus.

"If you see my darling with somebody new,
Keep it a secret whatever you do,"

■ The misty, California spring night had given way to grey, early morning fog when a young girl, a small and pert young beauty, stepped out from the Los Angeles Airport waiting room onto the passenger loading apron. She wore a light, tailored suit, a gay, knitted cloche on her head and fingered an icebox-fresh corsage pinned at her throat.

With her came a middle-aged couple. The three stood for a few minutes in a fond, close grouping and then with a last, quick embrace for each of them the girl turned and ran for her plane. Motors roared. The DC-4 taxied slowly away. Debbie Reynolds was leaving Hollywood for an extended tour . . . leaving with a saddened heart.

There should have been another there, a tall, darkly handsome boy, but he wasn't . . . unless you count the memory of him which filled her mind. Once they had been close, once she would have had a right to expect him there, once his hand would have been the last to touch hers before she left. But that had been once. Now it was not like that. Now you hear of him being with others . . .

"Why should you tell me and break my
poor heart?
Then foolish pride would just drive us
apart."

Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner were never engaged. He never gave her a ring. They never announced that they were going steady. They were young and like the young made a lot of their independence. It's just that for almost three years they were a pair; they liked each other better than anyone else, they had regular Saturday night dates and many spur-of-the-moment weekday dates, they met each (*Continued on page 82*)

break. Buoyant Debbie Reynolds is learning that there is safety in numbers! ■ BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

Lyrics of "Keep It A Secret" quoted by permission of copyright owners Shapiro, Bernstein and Co., Inc., Publishers.

Too many talented young people put off love for a rainy day. Not Bob and Barbara, who

Love's Young Dream

by SUSAN TRENT



know the way to face the future is together.

■ Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton are one of the brightest young couples on the Hollywood horizon. She is the daughter of radio actress Lurene Tuttle and radio actor Melville Ruick, and her two-year-old contract with MGM has put her in such pictures as *Above and Beyond, I Love Melvin* and *The Affairs of Dobie Gillis.* Barbara herself has put even more into her movies than was expected in the wildest dreams of studio executives, and as a result she is slated for the big time on that lot. A star dressing room is also waiting for Bob, whose portrayals in *The Arena* and *The Bright Road* mark him as an unquestionably fine actor.

Come August, all this talent is going to be lumped into one family, when Barbara and Bob exchange their vows in front of what they both agree will be a "small altar."

There has been plenty of time to discuss the wedding, the kind of house they want, and whether or not they'll install a garbage disposal unit, keep parakeets and have children. Long engagements versus short engagements make a frequent subject for debate, and Barbara admits she would have been willing to marry Bob 24 hours after Cupid let go with his arrow. Twenty-four hours, she figures, would have been more than sufficient (*Continued on next page*)



Barbara Ruick paid a visit to fiancé Bob Horton when he was on location in Arizona for MGM's *The Arena.* First thing Bob did was give his girl a trot around camp.



Livestock penned in a corral, to be used as "extras" in the film, make a local point of interest for Bob to show Barbara. She became so excited over the cattle she almost fell into the corral with them.



Time out for lunch. Food on location isn't as fancy as the Brown Derby's, but there's plenty of it. Barbara never liked cooking until Bob became a steady customer for dinner. Now she thinks it's fun.



Anybody looking? The engaged pair duck behind Bob's big-brimmed hat for a kiss. They've been planning to marry for almost a year, but must wait until August; Bob's divorce becomes final then.

MORE ➤



Back in Hollywood after his location trip to Arizona, Bob celebrates by taking Barbara out for dinner. But, it's home early for them . . . both have 6 A.M. calls at the studio the next day.



Barbara, who shares an apartment with her mother, gives Bob a good night kiss at the door. The night she got her engagement ring (below) was one of the most exciting in her whole life.



to gather up her wedding dress, the license and the dime for her shoe. But because Bob's interlocutory divorce decree will not be final until August, Barbara has been forced to endure an engagement period of almost a year.

"And you know, I've decided it's a good idea," she says. "It gives us time to iron out the kinks."

None of the so-called kinks are very serious, as their temperaments seem admirably suited to each other. They agree on many things, including the fact that the least likely way to spend an evening is a siege at a plush nightclub. If you really wanted to find them after working hours, the best bet would be any little restaurant where there is a torrid piano player. Barbara would be the brown-eyed blonde who is so engrossed in the music, and Bob would be the handsome man with red hair, the one wearing the patient, puzzled expression. The pianist comes to a highly stylized phrase, and Barbara half rises from the chair in her excitement.

"*Now* what did he do?" says Bob.

"Didn't you hear that?" she says. "About two bars back. Those were the licks I've been telling you about."

Bob shifts in his chair. "Now, go over that once more for me—lightly. You mean when he hits the keys in sort of an off-beat way—"

"That's it—that's it! Now, listen and see if you can tell me when he does it again. I'll make you a jazz fan yet!"

If you wanted to find them during the day, look around any sports stadium. Baseball, football, basketball, it doesn't matter—if it's a good game, they'll be there. Barbara is the one who is either staring intently at the field or plying Bob with questions about technical points of the game, which he answers as fast as she asks them.

Since last fall, when love bloomed between them, they have had a liberal education concerning each other. Bob wants desperately to be a hipster so that he can share her enthusiasm for jazz, and Barbara has discovered that he has an excellent singing voice which she thinks with a year's training could be slightly sensational. Bob has found out that his future bride can whip up an excellent dinner, and Barbara was pleased to find that while she never enjoyed cooking for herself, it developed into a pleasure when she was doing it for Bob. She likes Chinese food, which he loathes, and he likes Mexican food which sends Barbara's digestive system into a snit, so they compromise at Italian restaurants. They have discussed at length the affect of their combined careers on their coming marriage and feel they understand the other's work so well that they will be able to iron out any possible wrinkles.

The attraction that has grown between them has been a gradual thing. They first met more than a year ago in the office of MGM dramatic coach Lillian Burns, and it was a matter of "How do you do, Mr. Horton?" and "Quite well, thank you, (*Continued on page 100*)

chance of a lifetime

Here are tomorrow's top twenty-two! On this and the following four pages MODERN SCREEN *lifts the curtain, turns the spotlight on the newcomers Hollywood has been grooming for big-time. Now it's up to them—and to you.*



at the sneak preview—they all said Burton!

■ A neighborhood movie house was the scene of a 20th Century-Fox preview some months ago. It was what is known in the trade as a "first sneak," which means the first opportunity the studio executives have to examine the picture with an unbiased audience. The movie was *My Cousin Rachel,* and during the screening the house was very quiet. As a matter of fact, you could tell it was obviously a little too quiet to suit the taste of the nervous producers.

When the picture was over the audience filed into the lobby and dutifully walked to the temporary desks provided for the purpose and began filling in the comment cards. There was still little conversation, and none of the usual gayety audiences express at such a screening. When the last of them was gone the producers (*Continued on page 109*)

chance of a lifetime

continued

Four brand new stars found the key to



KEEFE BRASSELLE



ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI

a press agent's brain-storm came true

■ Keefe Brasselle was pretty blue the day he dropped by the office of his old friend, the publicist, Glenn Rose. He wasn't getting parts; he feared his option would be dropped. As he recited his miseries, Glenn suddenly pointed a finger at Keefe. "You are going to be Eddie Cantor." Keefe told him he'd lost his mind. "I don't look like Cantor; too many other actors are after the part." But Glenn's eyes were glazed with an idea that wouldn't let go.. Keefe went home. Glenn grabbed a phone to tell Sidney Skolsky to stop worrying about a lead for *The Cantor Story*. Meantime the idea began to bother Brasselle. He had some pictures of himself made up to look like Eddie. Glenn hunted up a girl named Barbara Donahue, who worked for an optical company. Contact lenses were needed to change his blue eyes to dark Cantor color. He called Keefe and announced, "Boy, I got your eyes—for nothing." Then they button-holed producer Skolsky in the back room at Schwab's drug store. Miraculously, Brasselle had the part of his life. This is the true story of how one man's idea secured the future of a star. The talented boy from Elyria, Ohio, who clerked in a Hollywood shoe store, and sold automobiles to support his family—Keefe Brasselle—has clicked for good!

talent scouts watch television

■ It just seems that every time Anna Maria Alberghetti opens her pretty mouth to sing, she gets moved. It happened on her home Island of Rhodes, before she was 12. She had concert engagements in Italy, and won passports for herself and her war-exhausted family when she sang her lucky song, "Cara Nome" for the military governor. A high C in Italy won her contracts in America at Carnegie Hall. One trill in that famous auditorium and music-devotee and celebrated MC, Ed Sullivan had her on his TV program. The camera had just focused on her golden throat when she was spotted by Adolph Zukor. She was whisked from New York to Hollywood to sing in a picture with another tune-hummer, Mr. H. L. Crosby. To complete this fairy tale that came true, Anna Maria got a contract at Paramount. In *The Stars Are Singing*, Miss Alberghetti proved she could act as well as sing. She'll be teamed with Rosemary Clooney again in her next, *Red Garters*. She never sings a note before 12:00 noon. Her father, a fine musician and her teacher, says because she is so young, not yet 16, it would harm her voice to sing before her body is fully awake. Once having heard her, nobody, not even the neighbors, can wait till she's old enough to sing all the time, from morning to night.

success like a present under the Christmas tree — one morning there it was. Just like that . .



JOANNE GILBERT

✳ all it took was a pair of scissors

■ Joanne Gilbert is as flabbergasted as anyone else over her amazing leap from obscurity to movie fame without having appeared in a single picture. This newcomer, who's set to star with Donald O'Connor in *The Big Song And Dance* says, "I've had nothing but luck!" Part of that luck is the fact that although her parents are separated, her mother sensibly allowed her to see a lot of her dad, Ray Gilbert, Academy Award winning song writer. One day, tired of her 5-year career of modeling, Joanne told him, "I've got an idea. Would you write me some special material?" "Sure," he replied. He wrote. She sang. He listened. His eyes popped wide open. Then Joe Pasternak of MGM suggested she put on a charity performance at the Mocambo. Owner Charley Morrison was enthusiastic until she showed up in a man's white blouse and long black trousers. All was saved, however, when someone in a fit of genius produced a pair of scissors, snipped away the pants legs and behold! There were legs that would make Marlene Dietrich think twice. The results were startling. The sultry, emotion-filled voice, the big hazel eyes knocked Hollywood for a loop and Paramount for a contract. One critic said, "That voice—those eyes—the legs that never stop. WOW!" And Hollywood thinks fans will agree.



TAB HUNTER

✳ who's the tow-head in the tenth row?

■ Tab Hunter is a lad who never bled to be an actor. As a matter of fact, he was plucked off the bleachers at an ice-show, and thrown into the arms of Linda Darnell. He was a spectator at an ice show the night Henry Willson, a top talent scout, spotted him all a'gog at the figure eights. Willson has picked people like Linda Darnell, Rory Calhoun, and Lana Turner before they knew the front end of a camera from the back, and helped them develop into stars. He wanted the same thing for Tab. And Tab didn't mind a bit. His first role was in *Island of Desire,* with Miss Darnell. Now he's slated for *Steel Lady*. Tab is the boy-next-door type, an ex-San Franciscan who doesn't believe that his profile is heaven's gift to movies. He works hard to keep in trim, riding and jumping horses; studies acting and singing diligently. He lives with his mother, but call him "Mama's Boy" and you'll collect a good sock on the nose. At 22, he's a bachelor and an ex-Marine. He ran away from home at 15 to join the Leathernecks. Now that he's home again the situation is still well in hand—including the social life of Hollywood. This boy gets around with the best—Susan Zanuck and Debbie Reynolds, for instance—and Hollywood predicts that Tab Hunter will stay around for a long, long time.

chance of a lifetime continued

Tomorrow's spotlight will shine on these new faces—17 youngsters hand-picked and ready for the big break.



ELAINE STEWART and Marilyn Monroe have something in common: Marilyn was married to a policeman, Elaine is the daughter of one. Something else, too—of all the girls in Hollywood, Elaine is Marilyn's closest sex-appeal competitor. She's in *Young Bess.*



RICHARD ALLAN majored in music at college till World War II came along. Drafted, he ended up in an overseas laundry unit. His first film break came when he doubled for Monty Clift's swimming scenes in *Place In The Sun.* His latest (same old water!) is *Niagara.*



PHYLLIS KIRK has been given a fast shuffle by Hollywood . . . but it looks like the time has come for a "new deal" for her, now. Under contract for a while, first to MGM then to Warner Bros., at last Paramount gave her a break in their *Iron Mistress.*



PALMER LEE's been called everything under the sun by casting agents: too short, too tall, too handsome, too ugly. But, like the patient Norwegian-American that he is, he stuck it out till U. I. took a second look and signed him up. His next: *The Cimarron Kid.*



KATY JURADO used to be such a tomboy she beat up all the boys in the neighborhood. She still floors 'em, but with her flashing dark eyes, now, instead of her fists. A native of Mexico, where she was a top star, she made a name for herself here in *High Noon.*



TOM MORTON's one chorus boy who made good. (Van Johnson's another.) Tom had the audacity to hire a press agent while still in the chorus. Paramount teamed him with another unknown (Rosemary Clooney) in *The Stars Are Singing;* has big plans for him.



LORI NELSON had to give up Hollywood at the age of eight. Rheumatic fever cost her a job in *King's Row.* But she lived in the movie neighborhood, and pretty soon the gal down the street was on the screen in the *Ma and Pa Kettle* series. At 20, Lori's on her way.



KEITH ANDES' best breaks have come with a germ. He met his beautiful nurse wife while sick-a-bed. Alfred Drake's illness in *Kiss Me Kate* gave Keith a chance to sing the lead 22 times. RKO scouts heard him, cast him in *Clash By Night* and *Split Second.*



SUSAN CABOT was born in Boston and raised in the Bronx. She's as American as a hot dog—but, oddly enough, until she was teamed recently with Audie Murphy in *Roughshod,* she played nothing but native girls and Indian princesses in her movie roles.



TOUCH CONNORS has been shooting for a screen career right along, but he's studying law on the side . . . just in case! He is registered under his real name, Joy O'Hanian, at Southwestern University. But, if his role in *Sudden Fear* means anything, he'll forget law.



BETTA ST. JOHN licked a serious speech impediment and went on to become a child actress at the age of eight. At 16, she danced herself into the chorus of *Carousel* on Broadway; next, she landed a job in *South Pacific.* You'll be seeing her in 20th's *The Robe.*



BYRON PALMER's performance in *Tonight We Sing* netted him such glowing notices that Darryl Zanuck signed him to a contract when studios were dropping, not hiring, actors.. If "By," as his friends call him, ever tires of movies, he'll try newspaper work.



ROBERTA HAYNES' father used to be an electrical engineer . . . so maybe that accounts for the sparks that start flying when she's on screen! Her first bit role, in *High Noon,* wound up on the cutting room floor, but she made out better in *Return To Paradise.*



CRAIG HILL's big ambition is to buy a boat that will carry him away on a cruise to South America someday. If his screen career keeps zooming the way it's doing, he'll have the money for the trip in short order . . . but no time! He'll be too busy making movies.



POLLY BERGEN is about as different as you can get. She dances with a Southern accent; attended 45 different high schools; once got fired as a singer because she was "too sexy." She's still something special as a wife to Jerome Courtland—and a star in *The Stooge.*



HUGH O'BRIAN was the youngest drill sergeant in the history of the Marine Corps. Except for some amateur magic, his aptitude for acting seemed almost non-existant. But Hugh looks good, talks sense, and comes across the screen big in *The Man From The Alamo.*



AUDREY DALTON hails from Dublin, where she was schooled at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She has more poise than the average 18-year-old, sparkling blue-green Irish eyes, and a smouldering temper she's never used. She's in Paramount's *Pleasure Island.*

too far, too fast?

(*Continued from page 47*) the fans like Bob even though he did come up the easy way."

Dale Robertson who has played opposite the 23-year-old star and knows him well, says, "Wagner's a regular guy, very likeable and down-to-earth, no airs or anythin', that's why everyone goes for him. A swell kid."

Debbie Reynolds' mother, who saw a good deal of the tall, brown-eyed Wagner when he was going more or less steadily with her daughter, generates the same sort of enthusiasm when she discusses Bob. "He's a wonderful boy," she explains, "well-bred and well-mannered, the kind of boy a mother knows she can trust her daughter with. He is every inch a gentleman and a wonderful reflection of good, substantial upbringing. He's always welcome in our house."

These quotations are typical of the high regard in which Wagner is held in Hollywood.

Throughout the country he rates similarly—that is, if his fan mail is any indication—and it always is.

When *Titanic* is released, and Wagner finishes *Twelve-Mile Reef* with Terry Moore down at Tarpon Springs, Florida, it is highly probable that his fan mail will double. All of which leads us to the vital point of discussion—is this friendly, good-looking young actor with the money-eyed background and the winning smile becoming too famous too fast?

LIKE on every question in Hollywood there are two schools of thought on this one. Those who believe that Wagner should be held in check and those who think the boy is doing just fine and should be given his head.

Students enrolled in the first school claim that young Bob is feeling his oats, that fame has gone to his head.

A girlfriend of Debbie Reynolds says, "Debbie still thinks R.J.'s a dreamboat, but I'm not that gone on the boy. As soon as he got a little successful what happened? He bought himself one of those fancy racing cars, a low slung MG. He started seeing less and less of Debbie, more and more of Susan Zanuck and girls like that, you know the boss' daughter.

"He cracked up his car, bought a new one, moved out of his folks' home in Bel-Air. He started making the rounds with Dan Dailey, even got an apartment next to Dailey's. One of those bachelor setups where you can be alone and play records and show etchings.

"I like R.J. Don't get me wrong. He's a swell fellow, but I honestly feel he's reacting to success the way any other young man would.

"He doesn't want to get married, and he makes no bones about the fact. He's playing the field, and he's giving his career everything he's got—and that's plenty.

"I'm sure he's got enough background to keep both feet on the ground, and I certainly hope he's not going to move into Dan Dailey's league.

"Dailey's an operator, you know. He came to Hollywood out of burlesque, and he's strictly show business, and fellows like that—well, they're tough on girls. Look at what happened to Liz Dailey and Beetsy Wynn, and then there was Dan's first wife back in New York.

"I don't want to sound like one of those females who dips her tongue in sulphuric acid each morning, but I don't feel that the combine of Dailey and Wagner is such a hot combination.

"Dailey himself needs an older well-adjusted man to guide him, maybe a psychiatrist, and R.J.—I know he thinks the world of Dailey. They go up to Arrowhead and Water-ski and all that—but let's face it, Dailey isn't the same basic type that Wagner is—in age, background or upbringing.

"I don't know if I'm making myself clear, but just want to go on record as saying that to me Bob Wagner is no young god. He's got all the foibles and weaknesses of other young men. I guess that's why we girls love him.

"I think fame has hit him in the head, and while he's trying awful hard not to let it run away with him, still, it's showing.

"Another thing. I'm no expert in the movie business; but I think it's best to go slow with a guy like Bob. Just because the public likes him, don't push him into too many pictures. Dale Robertson, he's another pal of Bob's—well, I think he's been put in one movie after another. I think he should be paced. I guess the studio's got to take advantage of an actor when he's hot, but the public is very fickle and tires very quickly.

"I hope R.J. won't make ten pictures in two years which is just about Robertson's record."

That particular opinion of Bob Wagner is biased and unobjective. The girl who gave it very much resents the fact that Debbie Reynolds and young Wagner aren't as close as Debbie would like.

The British censor of public entertainment has for some time been issuing what are known as "X" certificates, denoting that a specified film may be viewed only by persons over 16 years of age. Last week, an exhibitor found a way to capitalize these limiting restrictions. He advertised a double-feature of French films as "The X-iest show in town . . .

Maxwell Droke in Quote

Women gang up, even in Hollywood, and it comes as no surprise that a female press agent at MGM, Debbie's home studio, recently exclaimed to a writer. "Oh! That Bob Wagner! How could he break that little girl's heart! I'm telling you when he threw Debbie over, he broke her heart, broke it right in pieces. And what for? Just so that he could buzz around from one girl to the next. I thought he had more sense than that. I really did. He didn't know when he was well off. Well, I guess, he'll just have to grow up."

The simple truth is that Bob Wagner has already grown up. He has a pretty good idea of what he wants in life and how to get it.

WAGNER knows just where he's going. He's always wanted to be a movie star and now that he is, he hopes to work hard, maintain his popularity, level off eventually into an actor like Clark Gable or Spencer Tracy.

"I don't think I've gone any place in the industry yet," he says. "I've just had some lucky breaks. The studio took me three years ago and signed me, $150 a week. By April I'll be making $350, and I'll have been in nine, ten pictures.

"I'm glad I've caught on with the public, but there again, luck's had a lot to do with it. The movie magazines have been real socko to me. They've given me one break after another, and I sure am indebted to them; columnists have been great, too.

"Maybe I'm wrong but it seems to me that I'm the same guy I was ten months ago. I can't control how much or how little the public likes me. I just try to go along with the tide.

"I figure if I work hard, and mind my own business, if I continue to get good pictures then I've got a fair chance of amounting to something in this game. If I goof up, then it's my own fault.

"As for getting my own apartment, heck I'm not a kid anymore. I'm 23. I'm earning my own living, and it's only right that I should be self-supporting and not living off my folks. That's why I have my own place. Also it's very convenient. Only a few blocks from the studio. Nothing to write home about, just one of those bachelor jobs.

"When am I going to be drafted? There again I've been lucky. I was in the Marine Reserves but I transferred out. Now I'm with the 311th Logistics outfit, part of the National Guard setup. When they get called up, I go along. Nothing I can do about it.

"As to the effect my little success has had on me, I can honestly say I'm very grateful for my luck and for all the help the people at the studio have given me. I'm working harder than I've ever worked before and loving every minute of it, but on $250 a week—and you know movie contracts call for employment in only 20 out of every 26 weeks—after I get through paying my agent, taxes, insurance, rent, food, car upkeep, and the rest of it, I give you my word, there's not enough left to be any kind of a playboy."

WHERE Wagner is concerned the truth really is that he lived more of the Hollywood routine *before* he got into the business than he does now.

During those years he dated girls like Virginia Reed, Sue Moir, Melinda Markey, Gloria Lloyd, Michele Farmer, the daughters of wealthy industrialists, or famous movie stars. And he took them dancing and playing tennis at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs or any of the swanky hotels around town.

He was sent to one private school after another, Urban Military, Fairburn, Black Foxe Military, Harvard Military, Cal Prep—in all of which he was an infinitely better athlete than scholar. He also attended a few public schools, Emerson Junior High and Santa Monica High where he was elected President of the senior class.

He also went through the hot rod stage, buying a souped-up Channelled roadster with a high-powered motor. "Later," he recalls, "I bought a Chrysler from my dad—it was a '46, and I traded that for a '50 Ford convertible." It was in this particular car that Wagner and Susan Zanuck, daughter of Darryl Zanuck, chief of 20th Century-Fox, were riding when it was crashed by another car on the Pacific Coast Highway two Easter Sundays ago. Luckily, neither of the kids was seriously hurt.

Bob's next motor outfit was an old Cadillac convertible which he turned in for an MG, then wrecked the light little British car.

You can see from this that our boy has had it, that he's really been around, that $250 a week hasn't changed him from a shy, underprivileged, callow youth into a jaded, rah-rah playboy.

BILL Wellman, the director who gave Bob his first chance in a picture, says, "This kid's got too much character to be spoiled by money. Money usually spoils those youngsters who've never had any. This kid has had enough all his life."

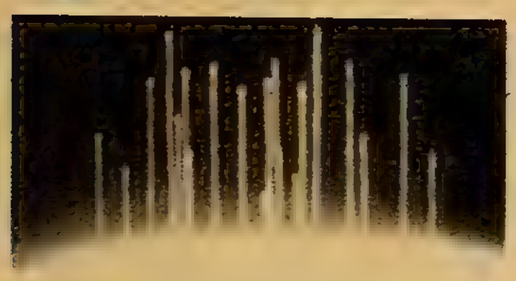
The prevailing opinion in Hollywood is that young Bob Wagner has enough common sense to take anything in stride—work, women, fame, and money—no matter what their rate of speed.

In the words of Clifton Webb who acted with him in *Stars And Stripes Forever*, "This young man has both feet on the ground. In such circumstances he can't ever get into any serious trouble." END



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hollywood approves your 1953 swim suits

"Mother may I go out to swim?
Oh, yes my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hick'ry limb
But don't you go near the water."

With a lush pool steps away, not a swimsuit model plunged into the cool, clear water but—rather, suits concealed, they paraded swathed in mink coats and smothered with rhinestone jewelry before MODERN SCREEN's delighted Hollywood Fashion Board and guests. At the M.S. Summer fashion luncheon held on the estate of James and Pamela Mason, the models surprised all as they slipped the mink coats off to reveal the season's outstanding swimsuits. From the vast collection of swimsuits modeled, the stars on the board (see photo page 79) voted their favorite styles.

The orchestra played sweet, mellow music during the gala luncheon and fashion show. Hit dance tunes and request numbers by the stars were played later.

Esther Williams emceed the swimsuit show from the sidelines. While the models paraded before members of the Board, Esther pointed out the beauty and swimability of each suit. (*Continued on page 76*)

1. Guests Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Rod Cameron and Dress Designer Elois Jenssen open party gifts—favorites among them were Seven Test nylons in very pretty turquoise boxes (see table foreground).

2. Ann Miller: Catalina's California Hand Print swimsuit of soft dull satin (Lastex). *About $18.**

3. Anne Baxter: A smart pearl-trimmed faille (Laton) *Form Control suit by Surf Togs. About $17.**

4. Corinne Calvet: Sea Nymph's suit of doeskin (Lastex)—*embroidered in lazy-daisy motif. About $15.**

*5. Helene Stanley: Cole's cotton print inspired by the Tartan Suntan Lotion label. About $13.**

**For details of these swimsuits turn to page 80*

BEACH ACCESSORIES BY
BILL HAWES OF CALIFORNIA

modern screen fashions



2



1



3



4



5

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80

All fashion photographs by John Engstead
Casual shoes by Risqué: of St. Louis



Board Member Rory Calhoun chats with his wife and Pamela Mason.



Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston are fascinated by the ultra satin corset suit modeled for them.



Fernando Lamas adds more glitter to model's jewel trimmed suit—Ledo's rhinestone necklace.

hollywood approves your 1953 swim suits continued

Swimsuits a-glitter with jewels and tulle drew ooh's and ah's from the glamor-conscious Board. Esther convinced the bedazzled MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board Members that these glamorous suits were just as successful in deep water as on the sea-shore. All the pretty bathing costumes—all-over embroidered, sophisticated stripes and plaids, ornately jeweled or cunningly printed—were deftly designed for active sports as well as for their rightful place in the sun.

In between the time the models passed before the Board and returned to the dressing room, waiters carried large trays of gift packages beautifully wrapped. They served each Board Member a surprise package. Wrappings were quickly disposed of and boxes and boxes were opened revealing the surprise gifts of Dana 20 Carets perfume and cologne. Cole of California swimsuits, Ledo rhinestone jewelry, Holeproof hosiery, Tartan Suntan Lotion, Luxite lingerie, Rose Marie Reid dolls with gift certificates, Volupté compacts, Seven Test nylon stockings and Risqué casual shoes. All gathered around June Haver to watch her unwrap her gifts—to wish her happiness in the new role she chose. This was June's last Hollywood party before entering the convent.

See the stars who reviewed your 1953 swimsuits in the following films: Jan Sterling and Charlton Heston, Paramount's *Pony Express*; June Haver, 20th's *The Girl Next Door* (in Technicolor); James Mason and Leslie Caron, MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves,* (in Technicolor); James is also in 20th's *The Desert Rats*; Rod Cameron, Republic's *Ride The Man Down*; Virginia Mayo, Warner's *Sulu Sea* (in Technicolor); Mona Freeman, RKO's *Angel Face;* Elois Jenssen, Academy Award Dress Designer; Michael O'Shea, now in 20th's *Bloodhounds Of Broadway.*





Above: Zsa Zsa Gabor in Gantner's glamorous princess-line satin *Lastex* swimsuit of bold black and white strips called *Carousel.* Sizes 32 to 38. Colors: Black, flame or marine blue stripes on white—or pink stripes on black. About $15. Zsa Zsa is appearing in MGM's film *Lili;* also U.A.'s *Moulin Rouge*—both in Technicolor.

Left: Esther Williams, fashion commentator of the M. S. party, poses in Cole of California's siren suit fashioned of striped cotton. Deep plunging front, low cut back and *Matletex* shirring. S. M. or L. Black, red, blue or green stripes on white. About $11. Esther stars in MGM's new Technicolor film *Dangerous When Wet.*



Anne Francis poses in *Black Beauty*—a swimsuit of nylon and acetate *Lastex* faille that features Spanish-type lace panels with startling contrast lining beneath. Sizes 32 to 38. Black with lime or coral lining. About $9. By Surf Togs. Anne will appear in the Warner Bros. production *A Lion In The Streets*.



Figure flattery is assured with this *Lastex* faille Sea Nymph suit worn by Penny Edwards, now in 20th's *Powder River*. Sizes 32 to 38. Black, red, navy, yellow, green, fuchsia, pink or turquoise. About $9. Penny is sure to keep her hair glamorous while swimming with a U. S. Rubber swim cap.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.

MORE →



Guests June Allyson and Deborah Kerr exchange their ideas on swimsuit trends.



Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas compare ballots on favorite styles.



Dancing after the fashion show—lovely Anne Francis and husband Bam Price.





Above: Feminine and breath-taking, Elaine Stewart in Rose Marie Reid's Hourglass suit of elasticized Antique satin. Styled with a flatteringly draped bra and bloomer, it is accented with a sculptured long-boned bodice. Sizes 10 to 16. Pink, blue or gold. About $25. Wedgies by Risqué. Elaine is in the MGM film *A Slight Case Of Larceny.*

Left: Hayride—Catalina's clever one-piece swimsuit of Sanforized Fuller cotton bandana print posed by Mona Freeman. It has an elastic shirred front, *Puckerette* back—polka dot trim. 30 to 38. Navy background with red and white print or white background with navy and red print. About $11. See Mona in RKO's *Angel Face.*



Glamor is the order of the day as models parade swimsuits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board—l. to r.: Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston, June Haver, James Mason (M.S. host), Leslie Caron, Rod Cameron, Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Dress Designer Eloise Jenssen and Michael O'Shea.



Above: Janet Leigh, currently in MGM's *Confidentially Connie,* poses in a halter-neck swimsuit of plaid acetate cotton and rubber. The smart deep plunging neckline and low cut back (with zipper closing) give a very new look to this classic style. Sizes 32 to 38. Available in black and white plaid only. About $19. By Jantzen.

Right: Leslie Caron, star of MGM's Technicolor film *Lili,* chooses a light-weight denim *Plastique* print swimsuit by Maurice Handler of California. The back of this suit is elasticized for snug fit—piqué trims the bra cuff. S. M. or L. Available in light rose, blue or green—also charcoal or brown, all with white. About $9.



If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

where to buy

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CATALINA Page 78

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Newark, N. J., Kresge's-Newark
Omaha, Neb., J. L. Brandeis
Pasadena, Calif., Bullock's-Pasadena
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Seattle, Wash., The Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo., Famous-Barr
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Fla., Maas Bros.
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Co.

COLE OF CALIFORNIA Page 75

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Scheisner's
Boston, Mass., Morton's
Chicago, Ill., Fashionette Shop
Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
Detroit, Mich., Crowley-Milner
Indianapolis, Ind., Wm. Block
Los Angeles, Calif., Robinson's
New Orleans, La., Gus Mayer
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel's
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris

COLE OF CALIFORNIA Page 76

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Scheisner's
Boston, Mass., Jay's
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
Detroit, Mich., O'Greene's Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif., Robinson's
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
New Orleans, La., Gus Mayer
New York, N. Y., Saks Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel's
San Francisco, Calif., Saks Fifth Avenue

FORM CONTROL Page 75

Albany, N. Y., John G. Meyers
Baltimore, Md., May Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y., J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Federal Dept. Stores
Ft. Worth, Texas, The Fair
Galveston, Texas, Rob. I. Cohen
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
Newark, N. J., Bamberger's
New Orleans, La., Krauss
New York, N. Y., Best & Co.
Omaha, Neb., Goldstein Chapman
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
South Bend, Ind., George Wyman
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury, Conn., Worth's
Westchester County, N. Y. Genung Stores

GANTNER & MATTERN Page 76

Baton Rouge, La., Bart Weill Co.
Boston, Mass., Plotkin Bros.
Charleston, S. C., Efird's
Charlotte, N. C., Three Sisters
Dallas, Texas, Hunt's Dept. Stores
Erie, Pa., Benson's
Joplin, Mo., Christman D. G. Co.
Lima, Ohio, Madison's
Long Beach, Calif., Walker's
New York, N. Y., Macy's
Providence, R. I., Outlet Co.
Raleigh, N. C., Virginia Crabtree
Salt Lake City, Utah, Whipple's
San Francisco, Calif., City Of Paris
San Francisco, Calif., Emporium
San Francisco, Calif., I. Magnin & Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Pembrook's
Tucson, Ariz., Jacome's
Washington, D. C., Julius Garfinkel & Co.
Wilmington, Dela., Crosby & Hill Co.

JANTZEN Page 79

Louisville, Ky., Zellner's
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Salt Lake City, Utah, Auerbach
San Antonio, Texas, Joske's

MAURICE HANDLER Page 79

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Beverly Hills, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Boston, Mass., E. T. Slattery
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio, John Shillito
Cleveland, Ohio, Wm. Taylor Co.
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Dayton, Ohio, Rike-Kumler
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky., Zellners
Miami, Fla., Burdine's
Newark, N. J., L. Bamberger
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa., Bonwit-Teller
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
Sacramento, Calif., Hale's
San Diego, Calif., Ballard & Brockett
San Francisco, Calif., The White House
San Jose, Calif., Hale's
Seattle, Wash., Bon Marche
Tampa, Fla., O. Falks
Washington, D. C., Hecht Co

ROSE MARIE REID Page 78

Baltimore, Md., May Co.
Bloomington, Del., Arthur's
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mabley & Carew
Dayton, Ohio, Elder & Johnston
Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros.
Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Texas, Battlestein's
Lincoln, Neb., Hovland Swanson
Louisville, Conn., Stewart Dry Goods
Newark, N. J., Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
Oakland, Calif., H. C. Capwell
Omaha, Neb., J. L. Brandeis
Philadelphia, Pa., Sachs
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel's
Phoenix, Ariz., Goldwaters
Portland, Oregon, Chas. F. Berg
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Salt Lake City, Utah, Z.C.M.I.
Wichita, Kans., Innes Co.
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

SEA NYMPH Page 75

Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn
Bridgeport, Conn., D. G. Howland
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Buffalo, N. Y., Sample Shop
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cleveland, Ohio, Bailey Co.
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Detroit, Mich., Kline's
Evansville, Ind., De Jongs
Little Rock, Ark., N. M. Cohn
Milwaukee, Wis., Milwaukee Boston Store
New Haven, Conn., Gamble Desmond
New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
New York, N. Y., Hearn's
Philadelpha, Pa., Wanamaker's
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
Springfield, Mass., Forbes Wallace
Syracuse, N. Y., Chappel & Sons
Syracuse, N. Y., L. A. Witherill
Worcester, Mass., E. T. Sherer
Worcester, Mass., Filene's

SEA NYMPH Page 77

Albany, N. Y., John G. Myers, Co., Inc.
Allentown, Pa., Hess Bros.
Baltimore, Md., Hecht Co.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y., Namm-Loesser
Chicago, Ill., Chas. Stevens
Cleveland, Ohio, Halle Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Klines
Evansville, Ind., Salms, Inc.
Ft. Worth, Texas, Monnig Dry Goods
Hartford, Conn., Sage Allen
Milwaukee, Wis., T. A. Chapman
Mobile, Ala., C. G. Gayfer & Co.
New York, N. Y., Russeks
Oakland, Calif., H. C. Capwell
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's
Providence, R. I., Cherry & Webb
Rochester, N. Y., F. W. Edwards
San Antonio, Texas, Joskes
Toledo, Ohio, Lamson Bros.
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury, Conn., Howell & Hughes Co.

SURF TOGS Page 77

Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Stewart's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y., Wm. Hengerer
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Dayton, Ohio, Rike Kumler
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Paul Steketes
Harrisburg, Pa., Worth's
Hartford, Conn., G. Fox
Houston, Texas, Foley Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
New Orleans, La., Krauss Co.
New York, N. Y., Famous Fashion Shop
Peekskill, N. Y., Genung's
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va., Thalhimer's
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Toledo, Ohio, LaSalle & Koch
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop
Westchester County, N. Y., Genung Stores

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74— DESCRIPTION OF SWIMSUITS SHOWN ON PAGE 75.



Ann Miller—Catalina: Sizes 32 to 38. White, pink, green or blue with contrast Hand Print leaves. Suit is styled with high zipper back. Ann's next is MGM's Small Town Girl, *a Technicolor film.*



Anne Baxter—Form Control: Sizes: 32 to 40. Black, purple, coral, peacock blue or lime. This suit features the built-in Phan-tum *girdle. Anne is next in* Blue Gardenia, *a Warner release.*



Corinne Calvet—Sea Nymph Sizes 32 to 38. White, fiery red, palm green, pink, all colors with black embroidery. Corinne, a Ha. Wallis star, is now in Paramount's Thunder In The East.



Helene Stanley—Tartan bloomer swimsuit by Cole of California: Sizes 32 to 38. Yellow, navy or red. Helene is in Allied Artists' Roar of the Crowd. *On the step—sunglasses by Grantly.*

"WHEN YOU POWDER YOUR NOSE, THINK OF YOUR LEGS,"

says VERA-ELLEN





"Kleig lights often cast ugly highlights on shiny stockings," says Vera-Ellen, star of M-G-M's THE BIG LEAGUER. *"So we make sure our legs look as freshly powdered as our faces." And that's what Bur-Mil Cameo nylons can do for your legs, too!*



• "A woman powders her nose to eliminate unflattering shine," says alluring Vera-Ellen. "And, in Hollywood, we know a shiny stocking can be just as unglamorous as a shiny nose."

• That's why, on the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like lovely Vera-Ellen, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish to assure their legs of a soft, misty dullness that keeps them Leg-O-Genic at all times.

• ***Sheerest of them all! Bur-Mil Cameo's new, fabulously sheer 12 denier nylons in full-fashioned or seamless styles.***

BUR-MIL

CAMEO

STOCKINGS

WITH EXCLUSIVE

face powder finish

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95

A PRODUCT OF
BURLINGTON MILLS...
WORLD'S LARGEST
PRODUCER OF
FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION

her heart won't be broken

(Continued from page 63) other's folks and approved of each other's folks and were in turn approved by them. All of this, you might say, building in their lives . . . and then, nothing.

Maybe it hurts more than it should because Debbie, before she met Bob, was a laughing bubble of a girl; too happy about being just young to be bothered about being young and wanted. Debbie was the kind of miss who wouldn't give you a plastic penny for all the lovey-dovey in the world. She preferred to talk bop through her gum and park herself in any position she liked and the heck with lady-like decorum or much-minded escorts. She used to insist that as far as boys were concerned, "I can go along with a good-night kiss but, frankly, it doesn't do a thing for me."

She used to have a way of saying she wouldn't think of marrying, then, after a pause, adding, "Not until I'm at least 24, at least." Life was too full of movement to hold still for mooning. There was dancing—that really "stoned" her. There was swimming—she "flipped her lid" about swimming. There was volley ball and playing her French horn and leading her girl scouts and camping and making pictures and, for that matter, just the big kick she got out of talking and eating and sleeping. "Anything's fun if you give it a chance," she would say, meaning it didn't have to be boys.

The Debbie of those days? Well, there was the time her brother, Bill, prevailed on her to go out with a buddy of his. Bill had been after her to do this for a year because this friend was "real gone" on her.

"Well . . ." said Debbie, skeptically, and finally went. That night she didn't come home until near midnight. She stamped into the house angrily, walked over to Bill's room and banged the door open.

"Ah-h-h! What a shmo!" she cried. "What a shmo your pal is! So I've been sitting in his car for an hour. So he's been breathing in my ear and kissing the back of my neck. I hope you're satisfied!"

But then she met and began dating Bob. They mostly did the things Debbie liked to do. They went bowling on those Saturday night dates. They went dancing . . . but rarely to those intimate, night spots; Debbie liked well lit halls. Generally they had a ball and Debbie began to change her tune—as if her old ideas were beginning to clash with new dreams. She let it be known that she might marry at 23; and only last year, while she and Bob were still dating, she announced that maybe 22 would be a nice age for wifehood. But that was the last remark on the subject. Quietly, very quietly, it began to be evident, not too long ago, that she and Bob weren't seeing each other any more. Almost everyone who knew them felt badly and hoped otherwise. But it was true.

The ending, it is pretty well established, was Bob's idea. Debbie, it is quite clear, didn't make a fuss about it. And it is Bob who has seemed able, more easily, to pick up with a new life . . . and with new girls. (*For the full story of Bob Wagner's "new life" read* Too Far, Too Fast? *on page 46*) And wherever he goes with them, dancing at the Mocambo with this one, cutting up at a Beverly Hills party with that one—so often on the Saturday nights that used to be Debbie's Saturday nights—there is always someone who has to make sure it reaches Debbie's ears. As if she wants to know. As if she doesn't repeatedly plead that she would much rather not know.

" . . . If you see my darling in some rendezvous,
Painting the town with a girl he once knew . . ."

Those who know Bob refuse to believe that he isn't still crazy about Debbie. They say that when Rory Calhoun and his Lita Baron gave a birthday party for him last February and he learned, on arrival, that Debbie had volunteered to be a co-hostess, he was deeply touched. It was a surprise party. Bob came alone. When he entered Debbie was there with a trumpet and blowing him a fanfare salute. Lita was unrolling the red carpet. Bob and Debbie quickly paired off and talked for a long time. But after the party was over . . . nothing had changed. Bob went back to his new ways. They spoke again only a few times, and these times over the telephone. When Bob went out it was again with someone else.

Hollywood always has to explain things to itself in down to earth terms, and in Bob's case there are any number of stories to account for his defection, some of them perhaps more vivid than accurate. More simply it could be said that at 23 Bob is beginning to find the social level of his dates with Debbie (a level which she set), too immature for him . . . or thus it seems to him. He feels he is growing up past the dancing at the Palladium, the jitterbugging (which she taught him), the weenie roasts at the beach, the picnic jaunts to the mountains, and the whole round of bobbysox cavorting. Spending more and more time with such comparatively blasé companions as Dan Dailey Jr., and Dale Robertson, even to the point of getting a new apartment near them, his tastes are said to be changing.

read the hollywood love story of the year in the **july** issue of **modern screen** on sale **june 9** with the beautiful bride, **ann blyth** herself, on the cover.

Dan and Dale, and others of his older friends, are supposed to have kidded him for "playing with little girls," and Bob is reported to have suffered the mortification of the young male whose maturity is questioned by his seniors. He was caught between two outlooks on life; with Debbie he could not be a man of the world, with his more sophisticated pals it was uncomfortable, let alone unsuitable, to be anything else.

That Bob felt such a thing may be inferred from some of his more recent activities. How else could you explain such an extreme departure from normal routine for a 23-year-old boy as to go night clubbing with a 45-year-old woman . . . grey-haired Barbara Stanwyck? If this illustrates his inner compulsion to escape the brand of juvenility, breaking with Debbie seemed necessary for Bob.

In justice to Bob it should be admitted that this is a challenge that all youths face sooner or later. In Bob's case it has been intensified, not only by his position as a star, and a darn good looking one, but by another personal involvement. He may be called any time now to go soldiering for Uncle Sam. The prospect of having to go to war has sharpened the appetite for life of many a boy before him. Manhood is like that.

Even more than a year ago Bob was giving evidence of wanting to spread himself as an eligible bachelor around Hollywood. Debra Paget began to be conscious of his attention during the shooting of *Stars And Stripes Forever*. Bob sought for her favor with a line that was half kidding and half serious. She resented it on two counts: he knew she never dated, and also, as far as Debra was concerned, Bob was Debbie's boy friend and she valued Debbie's regard. Eventually Debra got so angry at Bob's persistence, particularly at columnist's reports about them that she attributed to Bob, that she wouldn't talk to him for a week.

Debbie is 21 now. She was 21 last April Fool's Day she will tell you with a smile that, maybe has a little bitterness to it. She never talks about Bob as a rule unless someone else brings up his name.

" . . . Pay no attention and just let it be,
But keep it a secret from me."

Once, when someone asked why they aren't seeing each other any more, tears were reported to have come into her eyes and she replied, "Well, I guess he doesn't like me any more."

What worries her friends more than this is the kind of talk that makes them think Debbie might fall for someone on the rebound, words like this which she spoke not long ago: "I know my family and my friends would be happy if I fell in love—and they would trust my judgment. But until I can announce my engagement and get married within a few months I'm not even going to go steady."

Debbie is not unaware of Bob's thinking, his motivations. She understands him because she has an older brother, after all, and is not unacquainted with the thinking of the young male when he becomes of age. And as her mother has told her, she is still young: "There is always time for love when you are 21." Bob may want a change now but her best bet is to stay herself—by no means the old thoughtless and frivolous Debbie, but the kind of girl she is intrinsically, in contrast to the kind of girls he may be discovering in his new quests. For one thing she can't help being herself, for another thing her instinct tells her this is the right thing to do.

But in the meantime Debbie is out to forget Bob. There may come another day but it is silly to count the minutes, the hours.

That was why she thought it wise to leave Hollywood for a series of radio and personal appearances. As a matter of fact, she planned two jaunts. After a three week trip through the east she was to be back in Hollywood—but only for two days. A South American tour with Pier Angeli and Carleton Carpenter was to follow. And after that, Debbie might not be adverse to more travel—if needed. But in the back of her mind as she took off from Los Angeles was perhaps a strong hope; deeply hidden, but nevertheless there.

By the time she returns to Hollywood (and she will have been back some time when this is being read) Bob may have done with his "traveling" too. And maybe he'll be "back" . . . back where he belongs. **END**

(*Debbie can be seen in MGM's* I Love Melvin *and* The Affairs of Dobie Gillis.)



Anne Baxter, star
in Warner's I Confess
and Helene Stanley, last seen in
20th Century's Snows of Kilimanjaro,
make their choice of
Risque shoes.



hollywood stars award Risqué the fashion Oscar!





. . . and you'll say, "no wonder,"
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exciting Risques for daytime, for playtime, for
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And remember, every Risque is soft as down,
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8.95

at the top and quitting

(Continued from page 44) and I wouldn't mind working over there. Also wouldn't mind taking a crack at directing.

"I just don't dig this Hollywood routine any longer. When I first came out here, I was very shy, didn't know what gave. Bunch of people started asking me wacky questions. I didn't tumble to 'em. I just mumbled or kept quiet. Right away, they pegged me a screwball. Made up the most preposterous stories about me. A bunch of scuffling hucksters, nothing else.

"All that stuff about my clothes, blue jeans and T-shirts. Must be a million guys in this country wearing blue jeans. They're nice and comfortable. I've got suits, ties, shirts, things like that. I'm not the screwball they write about. I'm not out of this world. Just because I keep a raccoon. What's wrong about keeping a pet? What's wrong about playing with a raccoon? I just happen to dig animals."

In three years of film work, young Brando has managed to save approximately $200,000, a sum prudently invested for him by his father in a holding company aptly named Marsdo, Inc. (Marlon's dough).

This company has interests in several Indiana oil wells plus owning outright 800 head of class A cattle in central Nebraska. It is estimated that Brando's dividends will now bring him an annual income of $10,000 which is more than enough "loot" for the most unHollywood-like actor in existence. Thus, if he never works again—and for him this is an impossibility since acting is really the great passion of his life—Marlon will still have enough of the green stuff to get by comfortably.

Brando has been able to amass this financial nest egg by being honest, sensible, thrifty, frank, earthy—and you may not believe this—but completely unaffected. This boy believes in the essentials—nothing else.

Brando's opinion of the "glamor life" is unprintable, and he saw through the glitter of Hollywood at once. He recognized immediately what a perfect environment this was for a fool to be quickly separated from his money.

First thing he did was to move in on his aunt, Mrs. Betty Lindemeyer, who owns a two-bedroom bungalow in a small community called Eagle Rock. He slept on her sofa.

Now, oddly enough, many Hollywood actors wear blue jeans and T-shirts and dress most informally—Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, Dan Dailey, John Derek, many others—but the Press typed Brando "a wack" very early in the game and never let up on him; and as evidence of what they termed a strange behavior pattern, they pointed to his scanty wardrobe, also his incommunicability.

None of the reporters who first interviewed Brando entertained the possibility that he might be afraid. After all he was so broad-shouldered and masculine. He seemed to generate so much animal sex. But the truth is that he was plenty afraid.

"One columnist started to talk to me," he recalls. "She was very nice but she chattered so much I couldn't follow her, so I just didn't say anything."

Then, there was the time Brando was playing in *Streetcar Named Desire*. A friend brought another Hollywood columnist, backstage to meet him. At the time Marlon was busy taking his make-up off. Catching only a quick glance of the newswoman, he turned to his friend and said, "Your mother, Jesse?"

The reporter is far too young to be the mother of a 30-year-old son, but on this particular night she looked worn, and Brando hadn't gotten too close to her. As a result of his offhand remark, Brando is not one of these ladies' favorites in print.

Actually, Brando is so honest he's amazing. He says many of the things most people wish they had the courage to say. A few years ago, for example a newshen began to interrogate the young actor about his sex life. Brando was so genuinely shocked, this seemed like such a flagrant invasion of his privacy, he could call to tongue only one answer. "None of your damn business," he rightfully said. Whereupon the writer next day described him as "a strange, withdrawn mental recluse."

A studio chauffeur once called for him in a limousine, offering to drive him from the railway station to his residence. Brando looked at him quizzically. "Been sitting a long time," he said. "Rather walk." He detests any ostentatious display of wealth.

What many people don't seem to realize—it doesn't fit into the build-up and they refuse to accept it—is that Brando is blessed with a highly imaginative and romantic sense of humor although basically it is more adolescent than adult.

When he was making *Viva Zapata* he



Mexican actress Movita typifies Marlon's choice of Hollywood girls; she's forthright, intelligent.

told one of the crew, "You know when I was in the Belgian Congo I used to eat gazelle eyes everyday. The natives mash them up into a paste. Very good."

Brando has never been in the Belgian Congo but he was secretly tickled when members of the crew fell for the story. Later he admitted, "I just made that up."

In New York, very early in his acting career, when he played the role of Nels in *I Remember Mama*, he was asked for some biographical notes to be printed in the program. Brando thought for a while, then announced that he'd been born in Calcutta, that his father was an itinerant geologist, that he'd been educated in India.

Later, when he acted in other plays, he changed his birthdate, altered his birthplace to Bangkok, spun a romantic story of how he had lost a passport in France and had been compelled to earn a living disguised as a Turkish beggar.

"Reason I did it," he explains, "is that those programs are always so dull. Wanted to jazz 'em up a bit."

Dozens of stage actors have long confided that they, too, hoped one day to fabricate romantic autobiographies; but to date, Brando is the only one with sufficient courage to be seduced by his impulses.

Reporters cannot understand other facets of the Brando behavior. Why, for example, does he steer clear of the Hollywood beauties? Dozens of glamor girls have tried their best to date him. They've worked through intermediaries and friends of Marlon, but the boy won't give them a tumble. He is more interested in the mind than in the body.

He goes with the actress, Movita, more than he goes with any one movie star, but that's because he doesn't consider her the typical product of the Hollywood beauty belt-line. He likes simple, forthright girls and is more interested in their manner and attitude than in their fame or beauty. Also, he cannot abide publicity-seekers, male or female.

"He always used to go with a cross-eyed girl or an ugly-duckling in school," his mother recalls. "He's a boy of great sympathy and rare compassion." And this is no maternal exaggeration, either. Brando is inherently kind.

Actresses who have worked with him say that he gives every scene his best, never essaying to steal a scene with a clever little distraction or to block someone else out of the camera. He is completely devoid of deceit or narcissistic thinking.

Teresa Wright, who played opposite him in *The Men*, says, "Marlon is one of the finest, most thoughtful actors in the business. I love to play opposite him."

Elia Kazan, who's directed Brando both in New York and Hollywood, describes him as, "the greatest young actor in a century."

Mary Murphy, his leading lady in *The Wild One*, claims, "He's the tops. He'll do anything to help you. In this whole picture I have yet to hear anyone say a single bad word about Marlon. He's cooperative in everything."

The girls who speak in derogation of Marlon are usually those he's spurned. Before she got married to Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters was sweet on Marlon. For a long time he refused to look at Shelley because he felt she was putting on. A few weeks later when they met at Motion Picture Center and Shelley came down to earth, Marlon took to her very nicely.

A few months ago, Brando was at a party where one young actress—she's popularly referred to as Hollywood's newest sex queen—tried to attract his attention by showing more and more of her neckline. Brando has a powerful sense of concentration, the result of studying Yogi, and he refused to flatter the doll with even a sideward glance. Later, the offended sex queen described him as, "the most insufferable prig I've ever met." To this very day, Marlon doesn't even know she was at the party.

When he likes a young woman, however, he makes no secret of the fact. During the making of *Viva Zapata* which was shot on location in Del Rio, Texas, he got on famously with Jean Peters. To show exactly how fond he was of this beauty, he climbed a treetop and serenaded her at three A.M.

Brando is a free soul who has always believed in obeying his impulses. He was expelled from school because he felt he simply had to wire the classroom doors with explosives. Next morning his teachers were duly shocked. His classmates, however, thought so much of their quixotic colleague that they signed a petition demanding his immediate reinstatement.

By this time, however, Marlon was fed up with school and took a job north of Chicago digging irrigation ditches. A few weeks later he moved on to New York where his sister Frances was studying art in Greenwich Village. He decided to become an actor and enrolled at the New School for Social Research where his dramatics instructress was Stella Adler.

After a year at the New School and a season of summer stock on Long Island Brando was signed for *I Remember Mama.* Four plays later he was cast as the lead in *Streetcar* and after that, Hollywood beckoned and he came.

Brando was paid $45,000 and ten per cent of the profits for his work in *The Men.* In *Streetcar* he got $65,000. *Viva Zapata!* was good for $75,000. *Julius Caesar* and *The Wild One* brought him $100,000 each.

In five pictures, Marlon has grossed close to $400,000, approximately half of which he's given to the government in taxes.

When Marlon is working, all of his salary is sent to his father in Chicago. His father, in turn, sends him $100 each week. Added to this, Brando gets $50 a week from MCA, the talent agency that represents him.

"On 150 bucks a week," the actor says, "I get along very well. I have everything I want in the way of food, shelter, and entertainment. When I want to travel that's when I dig into the big loot. In Hollywood I try to rent a place, a house or something, that gives me a little privacy. In New York I have an apartment on 57th Street near Sixth Avenue. Nothing very big."

Actually, Marlon comes from a fairly well-to-do family. As a child in Omaha, Evanston, and Libertyville, these last two cities in Illinois, he always lived in large homes—there were never less than two in service—and he was sent to Shattuck, an expensive military academy.

With this sort of background it's a tribute to his sense of values that he understands the worth of a buck in this world. He believes more in the luxury of the mind than in luxurious material possessions of which he has practically none.

A FRIEND who's known him for many years says, "They can call Bud a wack, a screwball, a bum, anything they want to, but do you know any youngster in Hollywood who's handled himself better? In three years this kid has been starred in five of the best films. He's won all sorts of critical accolades. They gave him an Academy Award nomination for *Zapata,* and I predict he'll get another one for *Julius Caesar.*

"In three years he's earned enough dough to take care of himself for the rest of his life. He's never been mixed up in the slightest scandal. He's never been arrested for drunken driving or slugging a cop or any of the mistakes young guys are more or less expected to make.

"His head hasn't swelled one-eighth of an inch. If anything, success has made him more kind, more thoughtful, more considerate. He's been a good son to his parents, a good brother to his sisters and a good friend to his friends. The only people who dislike him are reporters he refuses to see on the grounds that they're 'scuffling hucksters'.

"I'm not saying he's perfect. He's got a lot of blind spots. Like he's death on movie magazines, hates them, but not without reason. A lot of them have made him look like a silly jerk, and the truth is that he's not.

"In a town of sophistry and sophisticates and snow-job artists, he's managed to hold his own by being honest, frank and outspoken. By being Brando, nobody else.

"If you know any other kid who's got a better record than Bud, who's made a better showing than him, I wish you'd speak up.

"This guy doesn't miss a trick. He's got all the right instincts. He's leaving Hollywood exactly at the right time. He's 29, and he's on top. That's the time to pull out—when you're on top." END

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Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask *tonight*. You'll see encouraging results *right away*.

"Young skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A sheer touch of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a *fresh*, un-shiny powder base.

hollywood's youngest mother

(*Continued from page 53*) was last February 27th, at which time Elizabeth Taylor turned 21 years old and became at long last officially, legally and irrevocably an adult. Later in the afternoon she slipped into her latest Amelia Grey dress and snapped on her pearls. Michael Wilding poured a round of very special champagne cocktails for his wife, himself, and Liz' brother, Howard and wife, Mara, who strolled in from the pool house where they've been staying ever since Private Taylor came back from Korea last Christmas Eve. After special toasts were drunk, they all set out for a special evening—Mrs. Wilding's first one out since her baby arrived and her first appearance in public.

They went to Romanoff's in Beverly Hills and as they entered, the tables buzzed. They buzzed again as the quartet strolled out, after Liz had gorged herself on a lean lamb chop, a spoonful of unbuttered peas, melba toast, tea and a reckless slice of high caloried birthday cake.

THE prevailing myth about Elizabeth Taylor is that she's the helpless, flighty, spoiled, beautiful-but-dumb child bride of a sophisticated, worldly wise British actor who knows all the answers.

People are funny that way. Often they prefer outworn fiction to current fact. But the up-to-date truth about Elizabeth Taylor Wilding's present existence is twice as interesting as her lingering legend—and that truth is that at an age when most girls are still toying with fraternity pins and chanting rah-rah songs, Elizabeth is already a purposeful and mature young woman running her own house, caring for her baby, making herself and the man she married ecstatically happy, and continuing her adult screen career. In the face of doubts, relentless publicity and head waggings ever since she flew to England to marry Michael Wilding, all Elizabeth has done is to record the most personally successful, fruitful and meaningful year of her entire life. As such she rates a 21 gun salute from MODERN SCREEN—not only as Hollywood's youngest mother, but its most triumphant young mother. Because Elizabeth's victory has been won against odds and under harrassing fire, with the weapons of courage, confidence, good sense, and the native wisdom and sure instincts of her sex. And with the help of a husband who as a close friend puts it, "is the first man Liz ever knew who treated her like the woman she was instead of the kid she was not."

"Liz has always wanted a home and children," says another girlhood friend. "She always mothered everything that came her way, whether it was birds, mice, kittens or puppy dogs. She was a little woman in a lot of ways before she ever had a date. Nobody ever called her domestic or mother's helper, because she was raised with servants, she's still untidy in a lot of ways and has no idea whatever of time. But emotionally she was prepared for motherhood the minute that was possible.

"As for Nicky Hilton and his complaint that he wanted to have kids but Elizabeth didn't, that's probably right. But the reason Elizabeth didn't was because she didn't want to have Nicky's children. She knew only too soon that her marriage couldn't last. She discovered her mistake on her honeymoon. Nobody in the world could have guessed that Nicky wasn't the nicest, steadiest, most sincere boy in the world before Elizabeth married him. Then almost the minute he shook the rice off his collar, he changed into a wild Indian whom Liz didn't recognize. But you notice what happened when she met a real man and married him, don't you?"

"It was hard for us who'd watched Elizabeth grow up the petted darling of the lot," says Helen Rose, her close friend and studio dress designer, "to believe that she was having her first baby. She acted as if she'd already had six."

But there was one thing Liz was particular about at that point—a home for her baby. Until Mike joined her in Hollywood she stayed with her secretary, Peggy Rutledge, in a furnished Beverly Hills apartment and Mike replaced Peggy when he arrived. The minute he did, the house hunt began. "I'm not going to bring my baby back to any furnished flat," Elizabeth stated. "I'm going to bring him home." But the search went on until a spare two months before the big event. They didn't find the right place until last November.

The reason was that in this project Elizabeth exhibited a surprising new trait. She set a strict price limit, very modest by Hollywood standards, from which she refused to budge, and she amazed brokers and Mike as well with her shrewd sizeups of properties which as any young couple knows, are deceptive to figure, unless you've had tons of experience or are an expert. For example, at the same time that they spotted their mountaintop eyrie, Elizabeth and Mike discovered another place for sale right on the beach at Santa Monica, a beautiful house with the right rooms and a front yard running down to the waves. Both the Wildings are beach bugs, especially Mike who looks on Southern California as the next best thing to his favorite spot, the French Riviera. Actually, both preferred the ocean front site, and besides the price was appreciably less. But Elizabeth thought beyond the seaside lure and shook her head.

"No, sir," she decided, "we can't afford it," which statement didn't make sense to the broker. "I *know*," explained Elizabeth. "We had a summer beach house once. You have to paint every year. Everything rusts. Your clothes fall apart. The linen mildews. The sand ruins your carpets. Too expensive."

She was just as sure-footedly practical about the prospective arrival of her son. Much to the confusion of her dithering mate. "Before, during and after her baby none of us worked up a wrinkle over Liz," smiles Barbara Thompson. "But we've had a few anxious moments about Mike."

That's always the way it is with first fathers. Michael Wilding was no exception. On the other hand, having babies is what little girls are made for and very obviously Elizabeth is not styled inadequately there, although she had the bad luck of a Caesarian delivery. Before that news broke however—three weeks before little Mike was due—his prospective dad had things meticulously figured out for the hospital dash. He'd already made a dozen speed trial runs up and down the twisting road, but there are some turns with sheer drops on the steep descent for which Liz's Cadillac had to slow down. He wasn't quite satisfied. One day Mike burst in with an inspired look on his face.

"I've got it," he cried, "the Jaguar. It's tiny, it really holds the road, and I can whiz you down with that in no time!"

"Have you figured out how you're going to squeeze me *in* the Jaguar?" inquired Liz.

THAT's how impractical husbands can get in the emotional stress of approaching fatherhood, and that's the way it was with Mike Wilding—nervous as a witch while Liz stayed relaxed as a tabby cat. When the doctor summoned her for X-rays at last and announced that the baby was

turning, that a dangerous breech-birth might develop, that a Caesarean seemed wise, Mike almost had to be carried out of the place, while Liz stayed as cool as a cucumber and the only complaint she made was, "I wanted five children and now my limit's three!" As if to comfort her, her poodle, GiGi, had the same trouble and had to have a Caesarean first.

Caesarean sections, of course, are no joke; in every respect they're a major operation. But while Mike rented a special room next to Elizabeth's for himself at the hospital saying, "I don't want him in the nursery. You know, they do mix up babies at hosiptals now and then," (once in maybe 500,000 times!), Liz travelled for her *encouchement* as if she were going out to a party. Besides her own family and Mike, their good friends Michael and Maggie Rennie, and Barbara and Marshall Thompson gathered festively in her hospital room to wish the stork a happy landing. At that time, Elizabeth was scheduled for her delivery the next morning at eight. But at ten o'clock the doctor came in, shooed out the guests and rather apologetically asked if Mrs. Wilding would mind having her baby an hour from then. "Some emergency cases are coming in tonight. Tomorrow the operating room will be busy," he explained.

"Sure," said Liz, without batting an eye. So at 11 o'clock Michael Howard arrived, got obstetrically spanked and let out his first protesting squawk.

He's emitted plenty of those since then, you can bet, and 99 per cent of them his

Marilyn Monroe is always late for appointments. The Monroe was like this before she became a star. One day Marilyn arrived late on a set and the assistant director reprimanded her, ending with: "You know, you can be replaced." Marilyn replied: "You can be replaced, too, but they wouldn't have to reshoot you." *Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat*

mother has heard. She had him right in the bed with her the morning after he was born, even though groggy with sedatives for the pain. "She really shouldn't have her baby yet, you know," the maternity nurse told Sara Taylor when she peeped in. "I've seen lots of mothers in my time, but I've never seen one so in love with her son as this one. I just couldn't deny her."

But while Liz is indeed foolish about Little Mike or "Boy," as his dad still calls him (from the lettering beads 'Boy Wilding' on his identification bracelet) she's not foolish with him. Not half so much as his Old Man is, and has been ever since he carefully steered the Cadillac with the bassinette inside back up the hill and home. Until recently he hadn't missed the awesome sight of a feeding. Recently when Liz and Mike started to get back in circulation, they were asked to an early dinner at the Thompsons one night and showed up at a quarter to six. But no sooner had they stepped inside the front door than Mike shot a look at his wrist watch, gasped, "I forgot—say, I've just got time!" and whirled again out the door to leap in his gray sports car. Politely, he yelled back, "Sorry, but he's getting his first solid food tonight at six. Can't miss that, you know. Be right back," and roared off. Liz watched him go with a smile—but she stayed where she was.

"Having both Mikes, Junior and Senior, is the most constructive and developing experience of Elizabeth's life," her best friend, Barbara Thompson, believes. "In different ways they both rely on her completely and need her. This has given Liz a confidence she used to lack and wiped out her long-standing inferiority complex better than a squad of psychiatrists could. Elizabeth has always been wanting the chance to prove she's more than a beautiful face and now she has it."

"I know this may be a hard opinion to sell," says one of their best pals, Marshall Thompson, "but between the two, Elizabeth actually seems more grown up to me than Mike—a funny thing to say maybe about a chap who was raised in the biggest city in the world, has lived all over Europe, and looks as sophisticated as Leslie Howard used to on screen. But Mike's so disarming, ingenuous and naive in his manner that sometimes, even I have almost a paternal feeling toward the guy."

The key to Michael Wilding's Ponce de Leon personality perhaps lies in what Stewart Granger said about his pal: Mike's an artist, not only in temperament but in fact. He was a professional artist before he ever turned actor, as he states blithely, "to make an easy living." He admits he doesn't like acting, he loves painting. Artists are notoriously young in heart and ageless in outlook.

Mike paints beautifully (he's done a knockout oil of Liz) when he isn't drinking in the view from the terrace through a spy glass which Liz' Uncle Howard gave him, a view that takes in half of Southern California including Catalina Island on a clear day. Or dipping every hour on the hour in their new pool. In her first chance to catch up on leisure hobbies in years Liz has cleaned up her brushes, too, and started some canvases. This mutual art kick, oddly enough, is what brewed the lone spat between the Wildings since they made a team. One day, when Mike left the unfinished portrait of Elizabeth lying around, Liz, lonesome and bored, grabbed a brush and finished it. Coming home that night Mike really hit the low roof of their home. "Don't ever do that again!" he raved, and Liz hasn't. Artists are funny that way—loving husbands or not. Your most devoted pup will bite you if you grab his bone.

Of course, their idyll is over by now and both Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding are back in circulation and in movie make-up, Liz happily, Mike comparatively so. She's making *Rhapsody* at MGM, he's there in *The Scarlet Coat*. Whether that first Hollywood starring job will make Michael Wilding the standout success in America that he was in England, no one yet can say. Nor at this point can anyone accurately predict what two active careers in one household will do to a marriage which hasn't run into that hurdle before. But the smart Hollywood money is betting on continued bliss.

Elizabeth, of course, is really just getting started on that adult career and the only thing which seems likely to slow her down is what did last time—another baby. This, she says, is exactly what she intends to have soon, maybe next year, if the Good Lord wills it, so little Mike won't grow up a lonely, only child. And anyone who knows Liz is pretty sure she's not just popping her pretty lips on the subject, career or not.

Meanwhile, Mister and Mrs. Wilding are sitting pretty in a pretty little nest over which the Hollywood magpies don't fly much any more—or the mocking birds, either.

Maybe in time the scatterguns will stop rattling birdshot on the window panes of the girl who has everything—for the love of Mike. In only a year she's proved pretty satisfactorily that if she had any pin feathers left, they're gone by now and her wings are spread to match her mate's. **END**



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hollywood and youth

(*Continued from page 41*) was inspecting an apartment house with her insurance agent husband.

Jane knows something about apartment houses. Her parents, before they were separated, used to manage one, and Janie has a good idea about overhead, expenses, the cost of linen, and taxes. As a girl she had to be careful with money. There was never any to throw around.

She and her husband looked at this apartment house in North Hollywood.

"Let's buy it," Jane said after a while. "It's good income property."

Geary Steffen, son of Willie Ritchie, the lightweight boxing champion of the world, 1912-1914, nodded. "I think you're right," he agreed. "We'll sign the papers."

Now, these two incidents, involving two young actresses of equal fame and popularity, point up the difficulty in dogmatically charging Hollywood with any definite, irrefutable effect upon the lives of young actors and actresses. For while it will pervert the sense of values in one player, Hollywood will strengthen it in another; so that it becomes specious to level a finger at the movie Mecca and accuse it with sweeping, denunciatory, all-inclusive charges.

It may well be, after all the circumstances are considered, that Hollywood is no worse for young players than New York, Chicago, London, or Peoria. In one sense it is certainly better, for it consistently provides young men and women with an unparalleled opportunity to acquire money and success, two factors which in turn, provide them with the opportunity of revealing their true characters.

If a young actress has enough strength of character to resist the temptations and pitfalls which are an integral part of show business, she will lead a good and substantial life.

If she doesn't, she will find herself tumbling from one marriage to another, from one love affair to another infatuation, from neurosis to neurosis, and finally into a state of perpetual wretchedness.

Over the years, however, it has become *de rigeur*, it has become fashionable to blame Hollywood for all the crimes, indiscretions, misdemeanors, and excesses of its constituents rather than blame the individuals themselves.

A few months ago, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

In Hollywood, however, when John Agar was arrested once again for drunken driving, people said, "Poor guy! Look at what Hollywood has done to him."

When Judy Garland, after falling in and out of love a dozen times, nicked her throat with a broken glass in a childish attempt at suicide, Hollywood was again charged with "lousing up that poor kid's life."

Actually, Hollywood is a loud, changing, tradition-less, exhibitionistic community which beckons to its bosom, no questions asked, any personality or talent who can help fill the coffers at the box-office.

In trying to determine what Hollywood does to youth, certain basic questions must be answered.

Would today's young stars have developed the same behavior and character patterns had they not come to Hollywood?

Is the motion picture industry responsible for perverting their sense of values, aging their minds, jading their lives, and incontrovertibly corrupting their morals?

Is it true that for years now Hollywood has taken impressionable and malleable young players and moulded them into narcissistic neurotics who have little regard for the sanctity of marriage and the stability of the family?

Is it true that Hollywood consistently spoils young actors and actresses?

To answer these questions intelligently—and by their sociological nature none of them may be answered with finality—it is best first to divide the players into two groups: those young stars whose formative youths were lived in Hollywood and those stars whose adolescence was spent elsewhere.

Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Liz Taylor, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Judy Garland, Jackie Coogan, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Mitzi Gaynor, Peggy Ann Garner, and possibly one or two others belong in the first group. These are Hollywood-bred products.

The vast majority of contemporary young stars, however, were not raised in Hollywood. Doris Day, Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, Rock Hudson, Scott Brady, Van Johnson, June Allyson, Ava Gardner, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Leslie Caron, Esther Williams—even though one or two of these attended school in Los Angeles—they were reared away from the motion picture business and did not go to school on the studio lots.

Hear about the tourists in Hollywood who asked for a tour of the cemeteries? They wanted to visit the stars they've been seeing in old movies on TV.

Erskine Johnson

Is there any appreciable difference between these two groups? Is one happier or better adjusted than the other? Is the divorce rate higher in either of these two categories?

You will discover that with half a dozen exceptions, practically every well-known Hollywood actress has been divorced at least once.

Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, Mona Freeman, Marilyn Monroe, Esther Williams, Shelley Winters, Terry Moore, Rita Hayworth—the list is endless.

Many of these young stars were divorced long before they came to Hollywood, but Hollywood is still blamed for the relatively high divorce rate these players have established; and yet as we know, Janet Leigh, Dale Robertson, Dan Dailey, Doris Day, Esther Williams, and Shelley Winters were all one-time marital losers before their movie careers really began to get underway.

What Hollywood has done—and it is in the nature of the business to do it—is to mature its child stars too quickly and to spoil them rotten in the process. This is unavoidable.

When Liz Taylor was a child at MGM, she was being fawned upon by adults who catered to her slightest whim.

When she attended classes at the studio school her classmates were other precocious children. In her workaday world she had little contact with the normality other girls of her age were living every day. Wherever Liz went she was surrounded by adults. Scarcely in her teens she was playing love scenes with Robert Taylor.

Whether constant contact with adults, particularly adult males, hastens the maturation process in young girls this writer doesn't know, but it is a statement of fact that practically all Hollywood child stars bloom physically at a relatively early age.

When Lana Turner was 15, she looked so physically provocative that Mervyn LeRoy cast her in highly seductive "older" parts.

As for Liz Taylor, she always had more boyfriends than girlfriends. Vic Damone, Stanley Donen, Arthur Loew, Jr., Bill Pawley, Glenn Davis, Montgomery Clift, Tom Breen, Jerome Courtland—these are just a few who come quickly to mind. She has always been the Queen Bee from whom the men have wanted some honey. She has always been a classic example of beauty, glamor, and sex appeal, Hollywood's three outstanding marketable commodities.

Had Liz Taylor never come to Hollywood, had her mother, a frustrated actress in her own right, never put the child in movies, the chances are that Liz would have developed more normally, in a slower tempo.

She might have gone on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boys in her life, for after all, she's irresistibly beautiful, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.

Gary Cooper once said, "It's darn hard kissing a beautiful woman 20 or 30 times and not feeling anything, even though it is play-acting." And Coop was a grown man when he said that. Take a 15-year-old girl and let her play tempestuous love scenes with handsome, well-developed leading men and you're going to stimulate her whole glandular setup and change her whole outlook on life. To her, love and sex and men and marriage will soon become the beginning and the end of all existence.

The simple truth is that you cannot introduce a young girl into the motion picture business and expect her to lead a normal life. (The same holds for young men.)

It was tried with Shirley Temple who fortunately had intelligent, well-balanced parents; but even they failed. They put Shirley in an exclusive finishing school after she had made a million as a child star. But it was the same old story. Shirley was physically and mentally precocious. She was anxious to become a part of the adult world that had for years revolved around her.

Obsessed by the great goddess, Love, spoiled and long-accustomed to adults and their ways, she fell quickly in love with a schoolmate's brother, John Agar.

Her parents tried to delay the wedding. They knew Shirley was too young for wifehood. But Shirley had earned a fortune. Studio employees had pampered and petted her for a dozen years. Hollywood had made her financially independent of her parents.

She wanted to marry Agar, and come hallelujah or high water, that's exactly what she was going to do. Neither Shirley nor Agar knew what marriage was all about. Neither of them had been prepared for the compromise, the give-and-take, the mutual consideration involved in a partnership. The divorce was inevitable.

The same thing happened to Lana Turner, Betty Grable, and Loretta Young. They entered the motion picture game at an early age. They all were very beautiful. Men old enough to be their fathers—agents, casting directors, cameramen—flattered their egos, made passes, whispered sweet nothings. At an early age the sex instinct was aroused.

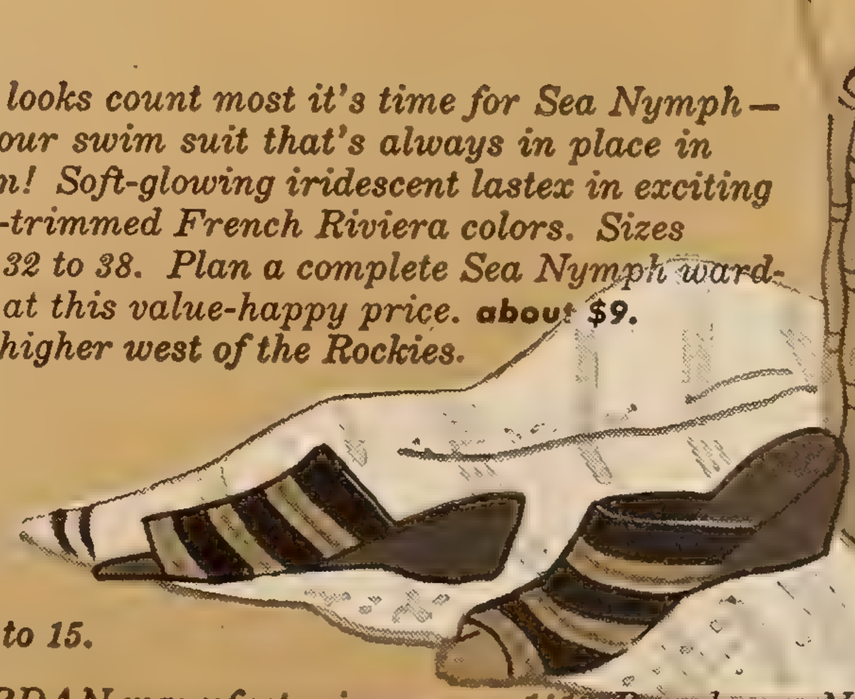
A year or two of this, and a girl is sure that she's become an authority on men, that she can discriminate between the real thing and the phony.

Loretta Young's mother advised Gretchen—that's Loretta's real name—not to marry Grant Withers. Only Loretta felt at the time that she knew much more than



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mother. Later, she had the marriage annulled.

Lillian Grable was dead set against Betty's marrying Jackie Coogan and her later escapades with fighting George Raft. But Betty was the breadwinner, and she was determined to lead her own love life, and she loused it up considerably until she found real happiness with Harry James.

Mildred Turner had many a spat with daughter Lana about love and men—in fact, she moved out of their apartment—but impetuous Lana went right ahead marrying Artie Shaw and Steven Crane. "I asked for it," she said later. And she got it, too.

Ava Gardner when she first arrived in Hollywood, was warned from many sources about Mickey Rooney. She wouldn't listen. As a result she wound up with $25,000 and a broken heart. Also a master's degree in disillusion.

ONE of Hollywood's shortcomings is that it throws young actresses into contact more or less exclusively with show-business characters. Unfortunately, actors and entertainers make the world's worst husbands. They are interested too much in themselves.

When Ava was going with Frank Sinatra, she was asked if her intentions were honorable. "Do you think I'm nuts?" she cried. "Marry Sinatra? Why should I do a thing like that? I've learned my lesson. I've been married to two guys in show business." A few months later the doll from North Carolina became Mrs. Frank Sinatra and has been fighting with the Thin Man ever since. It is popular to say that Hollywood ruined Ava Gardner. The truth is that Ava has always been her own worst enemy.

A director who has been in Hollywood 25 years and therefore prefers to remain nameless, says, "It's been my experience that parents and especially mothers, do more to ruin young players than Hollywood ever does. These movie mothers are career-crazy.

"Who puts a young girl into the movies in the first place? Usually it's the mother. Why? There are two reasons. One is money. The other is that the mother wants to enjoy stardom vicariously. Usually she's loused up her own life and now wants another chance through her daughter.

"Talk to Betty Grable. She'll tell you that she never wanted to become an actress. It was her mother who planned it for her. Betty has a sister who lives in the valley, happily married and all of that. Doesn't have as much money as Betty but never had her sad experiences, either.

"Take Peggy Ann Garner. Her mother wanted Peggy to become a movie star so badly that she passed bad checks, did everything in the book, finally wound up in the clink.

"With Judy Garland, it was the same bit. Her mother wanted the girl to get ahead, to become a big movie star. All of these cases follow a pattern. Mother takes daughter and puts her in movies. Daughter is besieged by men who like her looks, like her figure, like her youth. The mother becomes alarmed. She tells the young girl to stay away from men. They're heels. They've got bad intentions. By now that daughter is supporting the mother, so she tells the old lady to go whistle. Next thing you know mother and daughter are fighting, and the daughter runs off and gets married.

"Right away Hollywood's to blame. That's a lot of bunk. We're not here to build character for young actors and actresses. That's a parental job and an educational job. We're here to build and develop and exploit talent. Our primary purpose is very simple—to make money.

"You get a young actress who's been reared well, who comes from a good family—not a broken home—who's had a little religious training—girls like that never go wrong. Jane Russell, Jeanne Crain, Leslie Caron, Susan Hayward, Debbie Reynolds, Esther Williams. These kids have character.

"I've been around this town a long time, and I've yet to see one young girl of character corrupted by this environment. The bad girls have been corrupted long before they got here.

"I remember how Esther Williams was once propositioned by a big executive who promised to make her a great star. 'If I've got what it takes,' Esther said, 'I'll be a success. If I haven't, you're not going to help me.'

"In the final analysis, it's the public that makes the star. A girl who is willing to relax her moral scruples may encourage some unscrupulous producer into giving her a picture. But if the public doesn't go for the girl, she's out and there's nothing the producer can do about it. He can't afford to lose the stockholders' money in order to satisfy his own love-life.

"HOLLYWOOD, despite its many detractors, is a very wonderful place. Nowhere else in the world do youngsters get the opportunity we give them out here. What we're looking for is talent and personality. We're not interested in background or family connections. The salaries we pay are higher than in any other line of business. Those few stars who've ruined themselves out here would've ruined themselves anywhere. Never forget that!

"Every man carries the seed of his own destruction. If he plants it in fertile soil—and I concede that Hollywood is fertile soil—it will burgeon. If through proper parental training he is taught to lead a clean, decent, upstanding life, you can place him in a den of thieves, and he will emerge an honest man."

It is a mistake, of course, to try to pass judgment on Hollywood youth by employing the yardstick applied to residents of the average community, for Hollywood is an atypical district peopled by ambitious, self-centered, emotional, exhibitionistic youngsters who crave and hunger for the immediate recognition of their talents.

Under the circumstances, it is remarkable that in the past ten years only two or three of these youngsters have irreparably muddled their lives. Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Betty Grable—all these headline-makers are currently living in wealth and happiness, which goes to prove that Hollywood isn't such a bad place after all, not even for *les enfants terribles*. **END**

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Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

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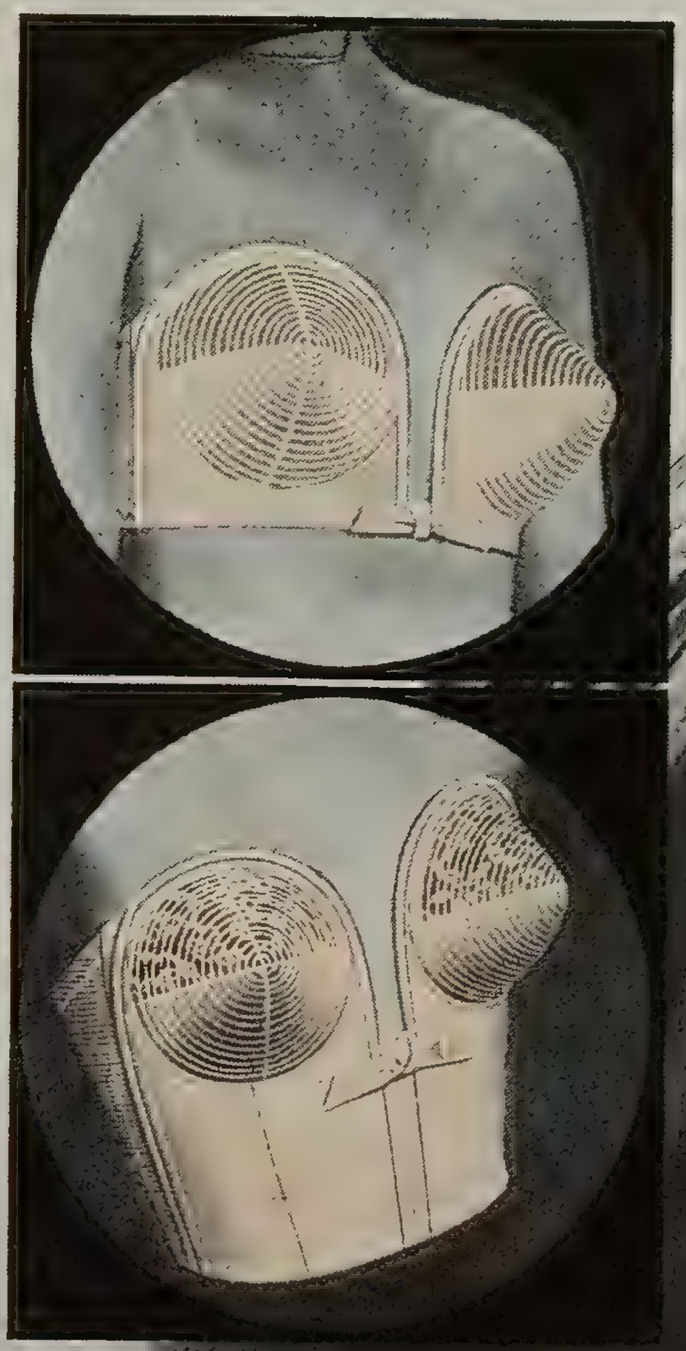
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TV TALK

(*Continued from page 14*)

Myron accused Milton of slighting him when Miltie was in Miami and went to all the local night clubs except the one featuring Myron . . . NBC officials are sore at Paulette Goddard, for walking out of a TV show and claiming she had the flu. Then she confided to columnist Earl Wilson that she wasn't sick at all. She just didn't like the script given her. Joan Blondell, who substituted, had no trouble at all with the same script!

RENDERING UNTO CAESAR: *For the past few years, Sid Caesar has been quietly collecting his $10,000 a week for his work on "Show of Shows" and commuting to a modest middle-class apartment on the outskirts of New York City. But with his recent raise (to $14,000) he and Florence have decided they can afford to move—to an eight room suite on Park Avenue. It's a cooperative apartment building, and Sid explains that the $13,000 purchase price could easily be reclaimed if he wanted to sell.*

He's given up collecting guns since killing his first deer in the Catskills and turned to golf and collecting modern paintings. The whole family has the art bug—Sid browses through the 57th St. galleries whenever he has an off afternoon and Florence and five-year-old Shelley—short for Michelle—are taking a mother-daughter course in water-colors at the Museum of Modern Art.

The new apartment has an unlisted phone, and the address is carefully protected. Sid gets off from daily rehearsals in time for a typical businessman's homecoming at 6:30 every evening, practices putting in the living room (as does Shelley with her midget clubs) and even Robert (now one, and a hefty 34 pounds) swings a mallet.

Two years of psycho-analysis has made Sid a little more secure and calm, but he still isn't able to really relax and enjoy vacations. A few summers ago he and Florence planned an easy-going eight week tour through Europe. They sailed on the SS Liberté, spent three days in Paris and took a plane back home. "We missed the kids," Sid explains. "There was no one to talk to." During the winter Sid and his brother Dave tried it again at a mountain lodge in the Catskills. Sid lasted a week. "I went crazy! Too much quiet," he says. "I went home, lay in bed for four days sleeping and got up only for consommé and steak. Greatest vacation I ever had!"

Imogene Coca and her husband, Bob Burton, are close friends of the Caesars; the foursome went to Florida together last March for the most recent attempt at a Caesar rest cure.

DENNIS JAMES' NARROW ESCAPE: I went up to New Rochelle to see Dennis James' "dream house." It's a 10-room $150,000 granite house on Echo Bay, and Dennis bought it for his bride, the former Margaret E. Crawford of Newcastle, Pa. He tells me how, one day, as he was working in the garage, the overhead door collapsed on his head and sent him reeling across the garage and into the kitchen entrance. He was found later in a pool of blood, and rushed to a hospital, where 16 stitches were required on his head. Dennis has since installed an electronically-controlled garage door that lifts when he presses a button in the car, as it approaches the garage.

JIMMY BOYD SEES THE STATUE: *Jimmy Boyd,*

whose recording of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" brought him a fortune, went to New York for TV work. And there he realized his life's ambition: to see the Statue of Liberty. When he got to the Battery, to take the boat to the Statue, he wanted to swim it. He insisted he could have swum it easily! But he was persuaded to go the normal way.

Jimmy tells me he is already accustomed to being interviewed about his life. "But when I'm with kids my age, I want to play. And when they want to talk about my records, then I know they're not real pals."

THE MEN: Tom Ewell, a big hit in *The Seven-Year Itch,* is selling his farm house in New Hope, Pa., and renting a New York apartment. Busy with his new TV show, he relaxes by playing poker, and confesses, "I always lose. Sometimes when a poker game is going and I don't have much time, I just push my money under the door and leave. Save time that way." . . . Roger Price, recently divorced from actress Anita Martell, has rented an apartment in New York and is finishing his second book, a satire about an ape that's mistaken for a human . . . Paul Winchell is the latest TV personality to come down with a stomach ailment that's the result of tension. Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, and Eddie Cantor have had similar troubles. There's no doubt that TV is a killing medium . . . The hot rod craze is sweeping TV. Robert Montgomery, Herb Shriner, Dave Garroway, Ernie Kovacs and Herb Sheldon have gone in for foreign speed and odd-shaped cars. Not only that, but Shriner has become a promoter of motor car shows. . . . Jackie Gleason organized an orchestra and went into La Vie En Rose, for a much-publicized two weeks, as a favor to an old pal, Monte Proser. Jackie, who can't read music, drew union scale of $225 a week. It was fun the first week, with all the other comedians coming around for laughs. But, during the second week, the kicks were gone and Jackie got bored with the whole affair. So he just walked out.

THE WOMEN: *Marguerite Piazza, whose second husband died suddenly Christmas week, seems to have recovered her good spirits. She's brought back her sons, Gregory, 4, and Graves, 1, from New Orleans, where they were staying with Marguerite's mother. And she has gone on a jewelry binge. She has switched to rather severe dresses so she can wear the maximum number of heavy bracelets, huge rings, jewel-studded leather belts, charm chokers, and cameo brooches . . . Gale Storm was hospitalized with flu the same day that Hollywood was flooded with heavy rains. Local papers carried a story headed, "New Storm On Way," with a picture underneath of Gale in hospital. Friends who read the papers hurriedly came to the wrong conclusion and started sending her congratulations on her new "baby." . . . Joan Davis has been sending 16 mm films of her TV show to her parents near St. Paul because their TV reception is poor. So many neighbors dropped in to see the films, however, that now Papa Davis runs the films in the local school auditorium, for all to see . . . Because so many fans believe Marie Wilson is, in real life, what she portrays in My Friend Irma—a stenographer—CBS has had to hire two stenos to decipher fan letters written in shorthand. Marie, of course, knows nothing about steno. . . . Lucille Ball, busy with the new baby, relaxes by playing the Hammond organ that Desi gave her when their son was born. So far, she has mastered only, "Home On The Range."*

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"our rosie"

(Continued from page 42) is that Clooney likes people. She isn't truly happy unless she is surrounded by at least three other human beings, and when she first arrived on the Paramount lot she asked rather shyly if she could have the corner dressing room. This particular 10′ by 30′ space is assiduously avoided by other actresses, as it is situated at the junction of two studio streets that must be passed by everyone who enters the lot. This is precisely why Rosie wanted it and nowadays if it contains Clooney it also contains a round dozen other people. They pass by in countless numbers and every one of them yells, "Hey, Rosie!" And Clooney always bellows, "Come on in!"

When she walks down a studio street the windows go up as though a Manhattan parade were approaching. Seamstresses, cutters, carpenters, messenger girls—all of them have to call a greeting, and Rosie grins wide and roars, "Hi, Dad!" to the men and, "Hi, Mother!" to the women. The expressions are typical of Clooney who is amusing when she talks. Her conversation is sprinkled with such ticklers as, "I was out of my skull", referring to a headache, and, speaking of a dramatic role she had done on a radio show, "I was pretty awful. You may consider that I am no longer the Mary Pickford of song."

Rosie likes to kid herself, and it is the firm opinion of those who know her that she will be the absolute last to lose her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs for Columbia that consistently missed being hits. Then came the famous "Come On-A My House" and the Clooney craze began. Despite the raucous jiggle of "Come On-A My House" it was suddenly discovered by her new fans that Rosemary could spin a ballad with such heart that listeners were mesmerized into utter adoration. Disc jockeys began talking about her in their sleep, theater managers clamored for her presence on their stages, and the kids who were lucky enough to be given her records for children included her in their prayers. More than a year ago the manager of a large record shop said, "There's an awful lot of popular junk we have to stock all the time. People buy it—I don't know why—but even though I've studied music seriously for years, after listening to this stuff all day long I'm happy to slip in a Clooney record. That girl is a real artist, and remember when I say that I'm pretty jaded where singers are concerned. For my money, she's the only one worthy to record a song. And she can sing *anything.*" Then Rosie hit Hollywood, via Paramount Studios, and when her first picture *The Stars Are Singing* was previewed, audiences knew a star had been born.

There has been an overpowering storm of adulation, yet Rosie remains untouched by it. She has not even bothered to keep a set of her own records for herself. She takes the success, particularly the Hollywood part of it, with a great deal of sense, for she knows that a movie career is a lot more consistent than that of a recording artist who is only as good as his or her last release.

She also accepts Hollywood much in the spirit of a wide-eyed kid, and with two pictures behind her and two planned for the future (*Red Garters* and *White Christmas*, the latter with Crosby), still goggles at other celebrities. The first time full movie make-up was applied to her face she was as delighted as a kitten with a ball of string, refusing to wash her face until the last minute before she climbed into bed that night. "I only wished I could have had eight recording dates that day." The first time she met Bing Crosby, who is the idol of other singers as well as run-of-the-mill citizens, she stood speechless and unable to move. Bing made a stab at conversation. "I understand we're going to do a show together soon." Rosie nodded dumbly and Bing tried again. "What's the date of that show, anyway?"

By now Rosie's eyes were glazed over. "Oh, sometime in the 20's," she said.

Later she explained to him that she was not a complete idiot, that she had only been stunned, for later Rosie was to learn that nothing embarrasses Bing quite so much as people who refuse to relax in his presence. It was after she had learned to talk with him easily that Bing dealt Rosie her favorite compliment. "I think you're the best singer in the business," he said.

It has remained her favorite because it can't be topped, for according to Rosie's lights, singing a song well is the best thing that can happen to her. She does it constantly in a busy schedule of perpetual personal appearances, guest spots on radio and television shows, recording the tunesmiths' products, and making movies. She is busier than the old woman who lived in a shoe, yet always takes time to talk to people.

Last February she left for New York after finishing *Here Come The Girls* with Bob Hope, then returned to Hollywood for a week of engagements which included a premiere in her honor, four radio programs, assorted TV shows, interviews, posing for art and taping two radio shows with Bing. There was plenty to think about on the plane winging its way toward Hollywood, but as we've already stated, Rosie likes people. She sat down next to a young girl and immediately started a conversation. "What's your name?" Rosie wanted to know.

"Rosemary," said the girl.

"Honest?" said Clooney. "So's mine!"

The girl smiled and said, "I know." It came out that she was flying to California to be married to a trumpet player in Hildegarde's band. It was her first plane ride and her first trip to the west coast.

Clooney bounced happily in her seat. "Tell you what—why don't you and your Jerry have lunch with me the day I'll be spending at Paramount? I think it's Tuesday."

That was to be the couple's wedding day, but they weren't going to miss Clooney. They took their blood tests at 11 o'clock in the morning and were told to come back for their marriage license after a two-hour period. So they hotfooted it to Paramount where they had lunch with Rosemary, and then slipped into the retinue of people who follow her around the lot. At four that afternoon they were still in the gallery and watching Clooney pose for a barrage of cameras. In a free moment she galloped over to where they sat, seemingly more enchanted with her than with each other. "Hey, today's almost lost! When are you kids going to get married?"

The other Rosemary beamed. "I've waited three years—what's one more day? We'll get married tomorrow."

The compliment might well have sailed unnoticed over the head of another movie star, but not Rosie. She put her arms around the reluctant bride and said, "That's the nicest thing anybody ever said to me." And Clooney meant it, every word.

If Rosie is warmhearted toward strangers she is naturally more so with her own family. The telephone wires hum between Rosie's current location and the dress shop managed by her mother in Wilmington, Delaware, her younger sister Betty who records for the Coral label, and her still younger (19) brother Nicky who is a disc jockey on a Wilmington radio station. Recently Nicky went to New York to spend a week-end with his now famous sister, and in the process of conversation showed her a clipping about himself. It stated that Nicholas Clooney, disc jockey, aspired to writing the whole book, music and lyrics of a musical comedy. Rosie whooped at her kid brother. "The lies you tell!"

"I'm serious," he said. "Here," and he took from his pocket the music and lyrics of a song he had written, among others, for his planned show. At this point Rosie can pick her own songs for recording, and she considered that she would drop an atom bomb into Nicky's lap.

"This is nice," she said. "You know—I just might record it."

And Nicky threw a hydrogen bomb back at her. "Uh-uh," he said. "It would break up the score."

The Clooney family is Irish, pure green on both sides, and there ensued an argument that any Englishman would have steered clear of. The Clooney kids never argued about anything except music, and when that happened they made up in quality for what they lacked in quantity. Each one of the three was blessed with a good voice, a fact which is slightly mysterious as none of their forebears could trill anything more complicated than "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Pop Clooney did all right according to Rosemary, but, "Mom is a stylist—she sings out of tune." Back in Maysville, Kentucky, when the kids were little, they'd latch on to a new tune and learn to sing it and from then on it was considered solely his or her property. If either of the other two sprouts dared to sing it, he or she was promptly clobbered by the proprietor.

At any rate, Rosie won this particular tangle, and her latest record release is "It Happened To Happen To Me"—composer, Nicholas Clooney.

Music—popular music—just comes naturally to Rosie. She is frank to admit that she knows little about classical music. "I've just never been exposed to it," she says in understatement. From the beginning her life was filled with ballads and blues, and there wasn't a symphonic recording in the house. From the time she began to sing in public there has been no time to do anything except sing some more. Mitch Miller, top tune picker at Columbia, has given her a fine library of classical recordings, and when Rosie has had a half hour in between engagements or planes she has spent the period lis-

WE SAW IT HAPPEN



Two days after Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were married, we were looking out of the window of a dress shop close to the famous "Club 21" in New York. A young couple passing down the street stopped to kiss.

We realized it was Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis and when they finished kissing they looked up and saw us watching them. Tony whispered something in Janet's ear, they both smiled, and waved at us before walking on.

Jean Rothstein and Elaine Zuriff
Bronx, New York

tening to Brahms or Sibelius. "You know," she says, wide-eyed with the pleasure of discovery, "it's beautiful. I hope I have time to learn more about it."

Rosie's honesty is no small part of her charm. "People are always asking me whether I prefer golf or tennis. I can't do any of those ladylike things. I can't even swim—not a stroke. But ask me about baseball or football. I was a whiz at those. Back home I played shortstop on the local nine." She flatly declares she's tired of seeing *The Stars Are Singing* (seven times for various business functions), and says she hated school. "I dodged math all the way through high school and finally had to put up with it in my senior year." She speaks candidly about her attempts to charm the 3,600 disc jockeys in America. "I phone and write about 150 of them, I guess. The poor guys get 64 new releases in a week, and you can't expect them to play yours unless there's a personal touch somewhere."

Her appetite has already been chronicled by dozens of writers who are happy at last to find a girl who's willing to admit that she loves food and lots of it . . . and who states she has to be careful about weight. Most movie stars exist on half-hearted salads and black coffee, and would sooner lose an eyelash than confess they gain weight at the drop of an hors d'oeuvre. Not Rosie. She pats her imaginary paunch woefully and says, "I've got a singer's diaphragm, and if I'm not careful, that's where the spaghetti goes." She has a penchant for Italian food, created in the days when she sang with Tony Pastor's orchestra. Most of the boys in the band were of Italian parentage, and whenever they hit a home town the resident musician would invite Rosie over for Mom's lasagna or fettucinni. Rosie hasn't been able to resist Italian dishes since, and tells gleefully of the time she was foiled.

"You know how, when photographers take pictures of you with food, they just half cook it so that it looks fresh? Once during my ignorant days they put a bowl of lasagna in front of me and I couldn't wait until the picture was finished so that I could dig in. Well, I dug in. And, Mother, they had to pry my mouth open."

ROSEMARY even acknowledges the fact that she smiles at a lot of people at times when she couldn't feel less like smiling. "When you're on the way up they make excuses for you, but when you've arrived you're expected to be Miss Enchantment of 1953. It's hard sometimes—very hard."

She was amazed at the shrewdness of her grandmother on this score when she talked with her recently back in Maysville. Grandmother Guilfoyle has never been closer to show business than the local movie house, yet she put her finger on the burden that is hardest to bear.

"You're working too hard, Rosie," she said.

"Poof," said Clooney. "I like it this way. You know that."

"Rosie . . . how many people have you been nice to today when you were too tired to be nice?"

Perhaps she gathered the idea from the reception given Rosie by Maysville when *The Stars Are Singing* was premiered there. The town's normal population of 6,600 was swelled to 20,000, and the streets (one of them named Rosemary Clooney Street) were festooned with flags and banners. There was a parade, and there were speeches and it was one of the biggest days in Maysville's history. Rosie was the heroine and wherever she went there was a crush of people, all of them shouting hello and trying to grab her hand. For Rosie it was the thrill of her life, and her smiles that day came from a grateful heart.

Maysville was the only home she has ever known. Since childhood it has been a series of one night stands, graduating to weekly engagements, and by now she is harder to pin down than an ounce of mercury. "Home" to Rosie is either her apartment in New York, which she used to share with best friend Jackie Sherman, or the Beverly Hills home she has rented. Unfortunately, the friendship between Jackie and Rosemary has cooled considerably, because Jackie could never get along with Rosie's favorite beau, José Ferrer.

Between the two homes are 3,000 miles, and she covers them continually. When she makes it to Beverly Hills she is greeted effusively by her cocker spaniel Sam, who for no particular reason is a man hater. Sam will make up to anything in skirts, but disdainfully ignores any male who enters the house, a mental habit that will have to change with a girl as adorable as Rosie.

She seems to have captured the country, from the farmer's daughter to the tycoon's son and including the editors of Time Magazine. The cover portraits painted for the magazine of statesmen, royalty and scientists inevitably stay with the artists, who prize them for their own showings each year. To our knowledge this has been the fate of every painting except that of Rosemary Clooney, for which she sat from 9:30 one night until 2 o'clock in the morning, the only time she could wiggle out of her schedule. That one was bought by Time Magazine, who paid painter Boris Chaliapin the sum of $2,000 for it, and then proudly presented it to Clooney.

If love and affection, professional respect and admiration are music to our Rosie's ears, it looks very much as if she shall have music wherever she goes. **END**



don't blame farley

(Continued from page 50) man. What the press knew all along now became painfully apparent—that, whether by accident or deliberate intent, Shelley and Farley had parlayed a fast friendship into a romance that really was a mirage.

All of this was fine for Shelley, but mighty embarrassing for Farley. Stuck with all the promises of undying devotion between them, some of which were thrust into his mouth by irresponsible columnists, Mr. Granger made a few terse statements congratulating Shelley. Then he withdrew into silence. He was not heartbroken by any means, although a great portion of the public looked upon him as a defeated warrior being carried off the field of romance on his own battered shield.

Many months passed. Apparently Farley had come to the realization that he must use considerably more restraint. At least, he carefully avoided public appearances with numerous little starlets who had in mind becoming Farley's next "big moment" for the sake of hitting the headlines. One flashy little number told this reporter: "If I can get this guy to date me a few times I may wind up with a nice studio contract. All I have to do is tell my boy friend to get lost. I'll date Farley for dinner and meet my guy later." Unfortunately for her grandiose plans, and fortunately for Farley, her plot didn't work.

STILL more time swept across the calendar. Then, as in a well-written play, the curtain came up again. On stage came the lissome figure of Dawn Addams, pert, blonde and looking a lot like Janet Leigh. The first time Farley Granger appeared with her in public no one paid any attention. Then, after the third date, photographers began to take notice. "This," they told their editors, "looks like a romance."

Wires flashed across the country. Magazines went to press with an odd assortment of stories. Dawn Addams was the girl who would cure Farley's broken heart. Dawn Addams was going to give Farley the publicity romance a romantic movie star needs. Dawn Addams was a clever little girl who was going to do a lot for Dawn Addams.

It so happens that none of the stories were true. Like Shelley Winters, Dawn might shout, "I don't need Farley Granger for publicity!" Unlike Shelley, she might add, being a highly intelligent girl, "If I wanted publicity Farley would be about the last man I'd date to get it." No offense to Mr. Granger, a wise girl would know that the public probably will never again really believe a romance in his name unless he should suddenly elope and show up the next day in Hollywood with a bride.

Frankly, the situation is one that can reflect considerable undeserved talk about Dawn Addams. True, she is fond of Farley. She openly admits it. What is more to the point is that Dawn Addams is a good friend of Shelley's. They are so close that Shelley, after she married Vittorio, suggested to Dawn that she start seeing a little of Farley, who was getting very lonesome.

Shelley and Dawn are such good friends that just before Mrs. Gassman's baby was born, Dawn borrowed some of Shell's luggage for a trip to New York. They first became friends during the now-lamented jaunt Shelley and Farley took to Europe. Dawn, an English actress, was engaged at the time, and was working in a picture called *The Hour Of 13,* with Pete Lawford. She liked Farley very much, but not romantically. And that's the situation as it stands right now.

"To be truthful," she says, "I don't know or care what anyone else thinks of Mr. Granger. I like him because I believe he is a sincere boy. You know, I frequently have people come to my home for an evening. Frequently they'll say, 'What are we going to do?' If I say, 'Oh, nothing much—maybe we'll just sit around and talk,' they seem disappointed. I don't know why Hollywood is a place in which everyone has to be 'doing' something every minute, but that's the way it is.

"Farley is different from most young men. He enjoys a group of people who may sit around until six A.M., just talking about anything that may come to their minds—poliics, religion, acting, sex. His company is always stimulating."

On the other hand, Farley has this to say about Dawn: "I love to take her to parties because she's resourceful and self-sufficient. I don't have to dance constant attendance upon her because she enjoys others at affairs as well as she enjoys the group she's with."

All the elements of romance seem to be present; yet anything you may read in columns or magazines about blossoming love between the two is strictly for the birds.

Joe E. Lewis was asked what the "E" in his name stands for . . . "I took it," he gagged, "from Lizbeth Scott."

Walter Winchell in The N.Y. Daily Mirror

Sure, they date two or three times a week and their activities are a little reminiscent of the old days between Shelley and Farley. For instance, one night Farley arrived to call for Dawn, impeccably attired in black tie and tux. Dawn came racing downstairs in blue jeans, all set for the Venice Pier Amusement Park.

"We made every shooting gallery and rode on every dizzy contraption in the joint," Farley says. "Dawn in dungarees and I in full dress. Believe me, I never had such a terrific time before in my life."

Right here it would be very easy to twist the facts. If he never had a more terrific time, that could mean that he has more fun with Dawn than he ever had with Shelley. And if he had it bad for Shelley in the romance department, he could be about ready to get down on his knees to Dawn.

THAT'S not going to happen for a couple of big reasons. In the first place, Dawn is not naive, nor is she an opportunist. True, she has had enough difficulty gaining recognition in Hollywood to make a publicity romance with a star of Farley's proportions an attractive temptation. But this is one mistake she is not going to make, unless over-zealous editors make it for her.

When she first came to Hollywood, and signed a seven year contract with Metro, she thought she was on her way. "Do you know what a seven year contract can mean?" she asks. "Almost nothing. When the first option comes up in six months you may be 'dead.' At first, I was all excited. I played a couple of small parts; then I discovered that almost everything that was ideal for me was also ideal for Janet Leigh. We don't really look alike, but we're the same type. I haunted the casting department. A wonderful part came along in *Ivanhoe*. People stopped me on the studio streets to congratulate me on my test. Someone else (Joan Fontaine) got the part. Another fine opportunity went to Diana Lynn. I'm not blaming the studio. The things I could do were turned over to people with 'names.'

"Then I went on a personal appearance tour. When I came home, I was called into the office of Mr. Big and congratulated on doing a fine job. A few days later came the news that I was being dropped. It was tough to take at the time."

Shelley Winters helped to bolster Dawn's spirits. She could have told her: "Look, I have a swell idea. Since they want people with a name, why don't you get yourself one by having a hot romance with Farley Granger?" She didn't. But she did help Dawn meet people who could help her. One of these was the publicist, Russell Birdwell. They had a long talk. Dawn told him many things, including the fact that when she first went to Metro, she felt that she wanted to develop strictly on the basis of her talent alone. For instance, when the studio press agents asked her to give them a bathing suit sitting, she demurred. "I don't want leg art," she told them.

For Mr. Birdwell and the outstanding photographer, Johnny Engstead, she climbed into a bathing suit. The results were gratifying. She did other things that previously had been on the order of "revolting." People began to pay attention. Not only did this girl have talent. She was real gone in the sex appeal department. This, plus a good job of pounding by her agent, Charles Feldman, produced results. Author F. Hugh Herbert, in writing the stage play, *The Moon Is Blue,* had included a character named Cynthia, who was talked about by the whole cast, but who never appeared in the flesh. When he did the movie version, he wanted to bring Cynthia to life. He and Director Otto Preminger conducted a long search for just the right girl to play the pixy-ish, wanton Cynthia. One good look at Dawn Addams convinced them, with the result that the public will get its first real look at this promising actress when she hits the screen, playing the lusty temptress.

Then, free of a forbidding contract, Dawn was signed to play the role of the bank president's daughter on the new Alan Young Sunday CBS television show. But, the most important thing that has happened to Dawn Addams—considerably more important than being Farley Granger's girl—is her assignment to play a small but potent part in *The Robe.*

ALL these things have come about without the knowledge of those who may start accusing her of "doing a Shelley Winters" with Farley Granger. As anyone can plainly see, the trend of events can do a grave injustice to this 23-year-old girl who very apparently has every opportunity to reach the popularity proportions of a Piper Laurie or a Janet Leigh in another year's time.

But don't blame the "romance" on Dawn Addams for just one more important reason. She happens to be in love. Not with Farley Granger, but with the terrific French actor, Claude Dauphin, whom you may have seen in *April In Paris,* with Doris Day, and certainly should see with Bing Crosby in *Little Boy Lost.* Claude is in Paris now. When he returns, this romance might suddenly end in marriage.

It might end another way, too, unless Mr. Dauphin is wise enough to discount the things he may be reading in the papers these days about Dawn and Farley.

Perhaps Farley Granger is aware of all this. Perhaps he isn't. One thing, however, is certain. If he wants to keep the friendship of Miss Addams as she most certainly wants to keep his, he'll have to take a leaf from his past experiences with Shelley Winters and make it very plain to everyone that this is only companionship.

The Shelley Winters-Farley Granger romance is now a legend, almost as ancient as the brief Greta Garbo-John Gilbert affiliation of a generation ago. May both rest in peace. And may the Dawn Addams-Farley Granger friendship remain exactly that as proof to the rest of young Hollywood that honesty *is* the best policy.

(Farley Granger can be seen in MGM's Story Of Three Loves.) **END**

sex is not enough

(*Continued from page 49*) Some signed autograph books and others hurried inside self-consciously. It was a gala night, for it was the world premiere of 20th Century-Fox's *Call Me Madam.*

The picture was scheduled to go on in a few minutes and the electricians were just about to cut off the lights when a long studio limousine pulled up and Marilyn Monroe, alone, as usual, got out and stood uncertainly on the curb. She was dressed in a white gown, cut just a little below the accepted level, and as tight as the skin on a sausage. She carried a white fox stole casually, none of it covering her bare shoulders and back; and with her blonde hair glittering, her eyes doe'd to the fashion and her parted lips luscious-red, she was a sight to behold.

Well, the fans went wild, not just mildly or politely wild but crazy wild, boys and girls alike. And rightfully so, for we were there and must admit that Marilyn made the girls who had preceded her look like hens next to a peacock. As she posed for pictures, her chest high and heaving, one knee pushed provocatively forward and her lips quivering gently, she was just about as sexy a picture as even Hollywood has ever seen—and the fans threatened to riot in their tumultuous appreciation of the moment and the girl.

An executive from another studio stood just inside the lobby chewing an unlit cigar and glowering. He turned to an aide.

"Son," he said, "why can't we find somebody like that. Sex is what they want in the movies now-a-days. Sex with a big S."

"Yes, sir," the aide said, "sex."

IN the calm light of the next day, however, an executive at 20th Century-Fox had an entirely different point of view. He had on his desk figures on the business being done by *Niagara,* and he was almost weeping.

"I can't understand it," he moaned. "We're top-billing Monroe. I was afraid they'd close down the picture in some places because we played her so sexy—but the picture's flopping. How do you figure it out?"

His immediate superior sat with his feet propped up on the desk. "There's only one way to figure it," he said. "Sex is not enough."

And it isn't. It might sell pictures to newspapers and magazines. It might make a star better known than Eisenhower. It might drive fans mad at public gatherings. But sex alone has never, in the history of Hollywood, been enough of an attraction on its own to fill movie theaters or keep a star's name in lights.

There is at the moment a fresh crop of sex queens being readied in Hollywood, presumably to steal some of Monroe's thunder, and all are expected by their studios to make the companies rich. But they won't. Not, that is, unless they have something more on the ball than the ability to create desire—and are handled as actresses rather than attractions.

The most promising new sex queen, most Hollywoodites admit, is Elaine Stewart of MGM, whom you may have seen as the ambitious bit player in *The Bad And The Beautiful.* Elaine is, photographically, everything that could be desired in a screen beauty. She is a tall, willowy five feet-six inches. She has copper-auburn hair that falls to her shoulders seductively, and velvet-brown eyes. She weighs 118 pounds, and it is allotted elaborately in the proper places. Elaine also has that intangible that might be



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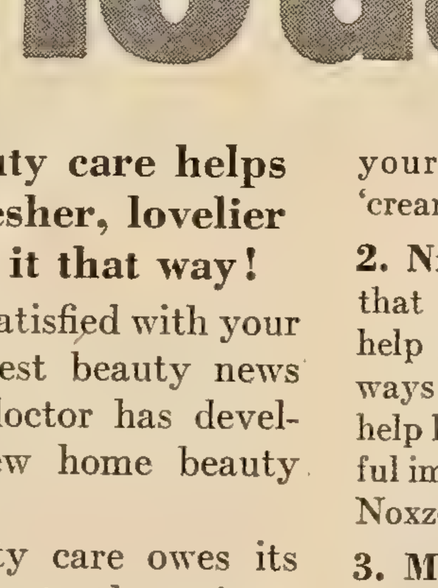
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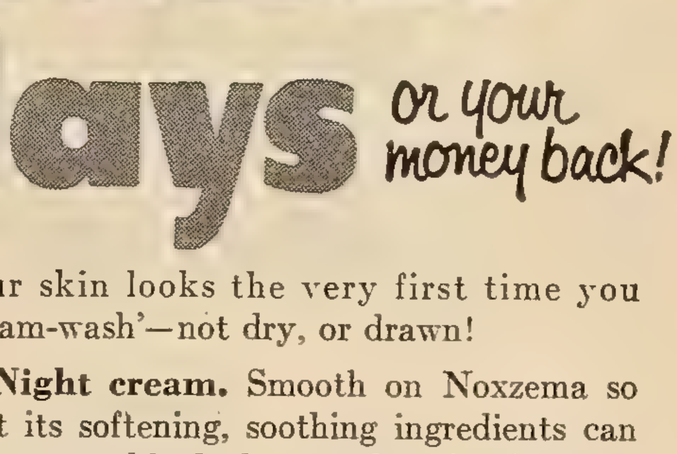
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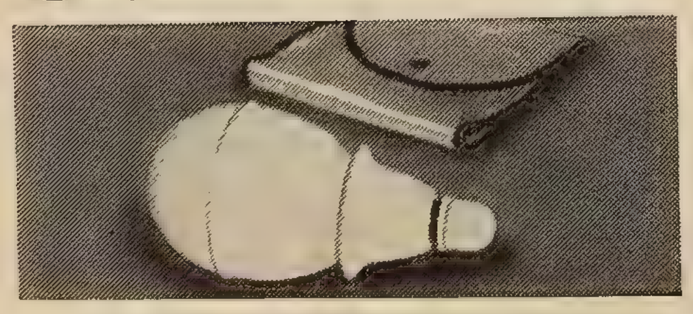


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called "stance," the thing that allows a girl to provoke sex without movement.

Elaine Stewart, though, for all her loveliness and possible talent, is, at this time, purely a sight attraction. Her theatrical background includes just a few appearances on TV and a Martin and Lewis picture in which all she was required to do was look sexy. Her fame lay, before she came to Hollywood, in the magazine field as a Conover model and cover girl. In *The Bad And The Beautiful* she was used purely as a sex image, a representative of Hollywood fluff that could take a producer's mind off his work and his sweetheart. It is true she spoke her lines well and there was a glimmer of promise of better things if she is given a chance, but in her debut she was a sex attraction and nothing more.

ANOTHER current example of side-show sex is Universal's Mamie Van Doren who is admittedly that studio's answer to Marilyn Monroe. Mamie, until a few months ago Jack Dempsey's favorite date, and well columnized under her true name Joan Olander, is a blonde sprite with a full mouth and curvy figure who bears a remarkable resemblance to Marilyn. However, at this writing, it does not appear that Mamie will be put into the front lines immediately. Her resemblance to Monroe is superficial, according to the reports from picture editors, not enough oomph, even when she holds her mouth open, so Universal has put her into the talent mill to learn to act before springing her on the public in a movie. That is sound judgment.

Roberta Haynes is another newcomer who has been plunged into the sex race. She, if you remember, is the girl plucked from nowhere and given the lead opposite Gary Cooper in *Return To Paradise*. Her publicity had been pretty run-of-the-mill until she fell into the hands of Russell Birdwell, the dean of Hollywood publicists and a man of ideas. One morning all of Hollywood choked on its coffee as they looked at a picture of Roberta on the back of The Hollywood Reporter. She was as sultry as Cleopatra, and she wore what appeared to be a slip and bra, which was obviously not her size. The picture itself was the end, but the text was stunning. Credits for the photo, wardrobe, etc. and the last line read: "Body by God."

There was the devil to pay, but Birdwell took it in stride. He planned this publicity for shock value—and it worked. Roberta, maybe as a result of the ad, was signed to a contract by Columbia Studio. Miss Haynes, by the way, has an edge on her fellow sex gals. She has a solid background in the theater and is rated a first class actress by her contemporaries, such as Marlon Brando. She may do well.

Another up-and-coming young lady due to dent the crown of the current holder, if all goes well from this point, is Laurette Luez, a newcomer Columbia is grooming for sex-stardom. Miss Luez is a tall, dark curvy amazon, half Portuguese and Irish, who seems to have been endowed with the best beauty points of both races. Her hair is raven-black, her eyes brown and she has a peaches-and-cream complexion.

Laurette is not a complete newcomer, having starred as the Panther Woman in *Prehistoric Women,* an independent film made a couple of years ago. She was highly publicized at that time and made more girlie magazine covers than anyone else ever did. But she considered this sort of thing a little undignified and refused to pose after a few months. Her background, as an actress, is good. Both her father and mother were on the stage for many years, and as a child of four she made her debut dancing for the Sultan of Jabore in Singapore when her parents visited there.

She has been tabbed by newsmen who met her on a tour for MGM's picture, *Kim,* in which she played Errol Flynn's seldom-seen leading lady, as "The Flower of Delight Girl," and other such extravagant names. The Hollywood press once gave her a Mickey Award for being the "Best low-cut cleavage on a movie billboard" a couple of years ago. Her startling measurements are 5' 7", 37-24-35. She went to school with Marilyn Monroe.

The one actress, and there should be a question mark after that, who may reach the heights of Marilyn Monroe is a lady known professionally as Lili St. Cyr, a bump dancer from the burlesque circuits. Miss St. Cyr, a tall, magnificently proportioned blonde with emerald eyes and a pouty mouth, has been the queen of the strippers for several years—as well as the toast of the Hollywood night life crowd. In a couple of appearances at Ciro's here she jammed the place every night with an exhibition of a lady undressing, taking a bath and dressing again. She did nothing more. Spoke not a word. But she was a smash.

Naturally the producers asked her to make movies, but didn't get her. Jerry Wald once announced her for one of his films and when she didn't appear he stated he couldn't get her name on a contract because he couldn't afford her salary. That was quite true, because Lili makes more money in night clubs and burlesque theaters than most movie queens and didn't want to take a cut in salary. She has been signed, however, by producer Albert Zugsmith to star in a Technicolor epic that will also feature a moon, a sarong and a lagoon. Then Lili will be better known. If she can act she may cut the mustard. But if she can't, she will no doubt go back to the runways assured that in the movies sex is not enough.

FOR the past couple of years Terry Moore, who used to be practically a child actress, has been working up a storm in the papers using sex as a gimmick. We recall her press agent trotting into our office with pictures of Terry in a bathing suit, trying to tout us on the proposition that Terry was the bustiest child in the land. He succeeded in getting some of these pictures into print, and this, coupled with interviews in which Terry is reported to have said she'd give Marilyn Monroe cards and spades and still top her measurements, put Miss Moore into the running in the sex derby.

But all that has changed. Terry got an Academy Award nomination for her work in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and probably a talking-to by a wise man and is frantically trying to recall all the past publicity along the sex line. She appeared at a party recently in a dress that covered as much as the average sweater. She wants no more of it.

No symposium on sex queens can be complete without a mention at least of that pioneer Jane Russell. Jane was the forerunner of all our modern skin specialists. As long as 12 years ago she was heaving her bosom for the movie cameras and pulling down the neckline for the stills. And for sheer beauty and grandeur of form she may never be topped. There was a period of several years in which she never made a picture, but the papers and magazines ran her art anyway. She didn't need a news peg to get into print. Jane, she admits herself, was not much of an actress, but no one expected it of her. All she had to do was appear in a room and the audience got the idea the leading man had in his mind.

But Jane, possibly because she was the pioneer, saw the handwriting on the wall before the others got started and began

to brush up on her acting. And nowadays if you mention her obvious attributes to her she sneers at you. Unfortunately she can not start all over again without the low neckline, but she will not make a deal until she knows it's an acting part these days. She, too, has had it. At the present time she is negotiating a new contract with Howard Hughes, who has been her boss since she started, and one of the main articles in the pact will be that she is not required to continue as the national emblem for sex.

A girl can't help growing up, so a new sex attraction is headed our way now in the person of Mitzi Gaynor. Mitzi also came to the movies as a kid and a very talented one at that. She is one of the very best dancers Hollywood has, can sing very well and is a fair actress. But during the past year, personally and professionally, she has matured with a capital M. She appears at parties in gowns that are adult to be sure—and she is the object of every male eye. She used to be a mouse, shy and inhibited in public, and dressed like a dancing school graduate. Now Mitzi waltzes into a room like a young duchess, her almond eyes flirty and her movements the sort that drive strong men mad.

At a recent party a wife began looking for her husband. He wasn't within sighting distance, so she asked her hostess if she knew where he was.

"I believe," the hostess said, "he's talking to Mitzi Gaynor."

"Good," said the wife, "generally he's hanging around the neck of some glamor girl."

The wife should have seen her husband at that moment. He wasn't talking to Mitzi, but he was trying to. He was on the fringe of a mob of males who had Mitzi backed into a corner—and if his wife had taken a look at the way Mitzi had them all panting that night she'd have dragged her old man out of there by the ear. Mitzi has an aloof type of sex appeal, not at all obvious on the screen, that may be the combination required to sell sex at the box office. And as a top-notch dancer she has talent, too.

ACTUALLY, it was sex that really put movies on the map. Valentino can be credited with being the prime assist and he was noted for his ability to ooze passion from every pore as he dragged a panting captive across the Sahara to a lonely tent. The public, it seemed, wanted sex in those days. Maybe they've become bored with it, or maybe they've come to appreciate acting and a good story.

Sex really grew up in the movies, though, with Jean Harlow, also a Howard Hughes contribution. Hughes put meaning into it. And if he wasn't a designer of loose garments he certainly was aware of what was provocative. The dress that Jean Harlow wore in *Hell's Angels* ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution. It was as much an invention in its day as was the first mixmaster. From the first moment she appeared on the screen in that rag Jean Harlow was destined for greatness—in sex. And until the day she died she never played a part that didn't call for an exhibition of flesh and lust. MGM just recently made *Mogambo,* a reshuffling of *Red Dust,* the film that made millions pay to see Jean take a bath in a rain barrel, under the watchful, eager eyes of Clark Gable.

There are some who will deny that Jean was ever a good actress, but most Hollywoodites, after a moment of thought, will say she was. But it was something that had to be considered, for Jean's name was synonymous with sex, not art.

There have been others, too, who today are substantial performers, who were once considered sexy as all-get-out. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. Now the public thinks of Barbara as one of the reigning artists of the screen, but in her early pictures she was a lusty, lip-biting half-tart that seldom took no for an answer. Barbara learned early in her career, though, that sex is not enough and raised her sights. In doing so, she's become an all-time great.

Some time ago Joan Crawford gave an interview to one of the major wire services in which she was reported to have said that she considered the exhibitionism of some of the younger players of this day slightly revolting. She particularly selected Marilyn Monroe as an example of how not to publicize a movie star. When it was printed there was quite a fuss. Marilyn's studio thought it was unkind, to say the least. Marilyn herself was said to have considered it catty. And the town took up sides.

When Miss Crawford was approached by other reporters for more details, she expressed herself as being sorry she had put her thoughts quite so strongly. She thought back, maybe, to the days when she first came to Hollywood—a Charleston dancer from Texas. She remembered *Our Dancing Daughters* in which she wore a dress that wouldn't make a fair handkerchief for a grown man. She remembered, possibly, the scene she'd played dancing atop a table, with the Crawford legs showing to the tan line, and the mouth-trembling way she'd look at a prospective lover for a close-up. And she didn't take back what she'd said, but she did reconstruct her opinion, from a wisdom she learned the hard way.

"Maybe," she said, "I should have said that I am concerned, because I know now that sex is not enough." Or words to that effect.

END

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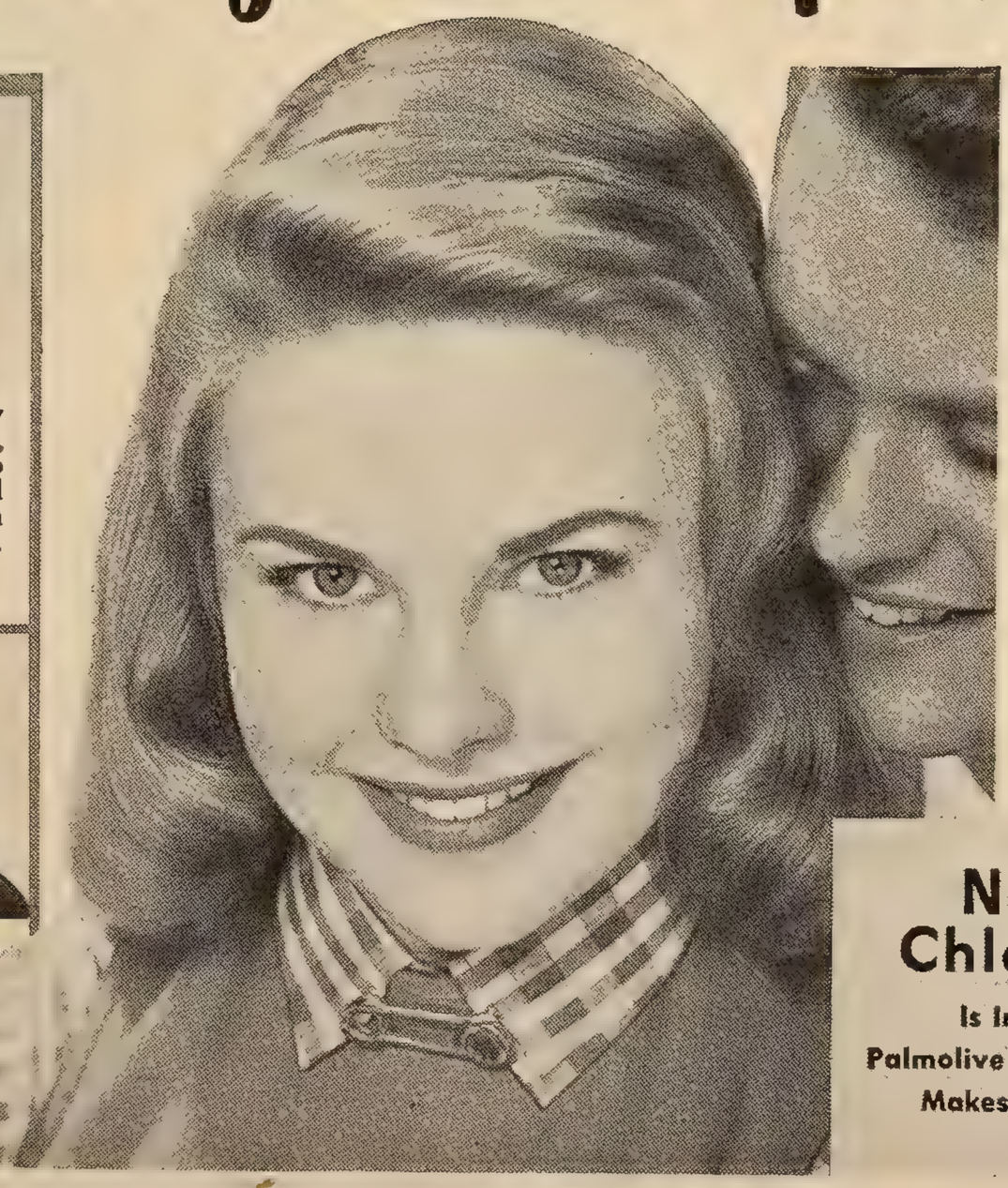
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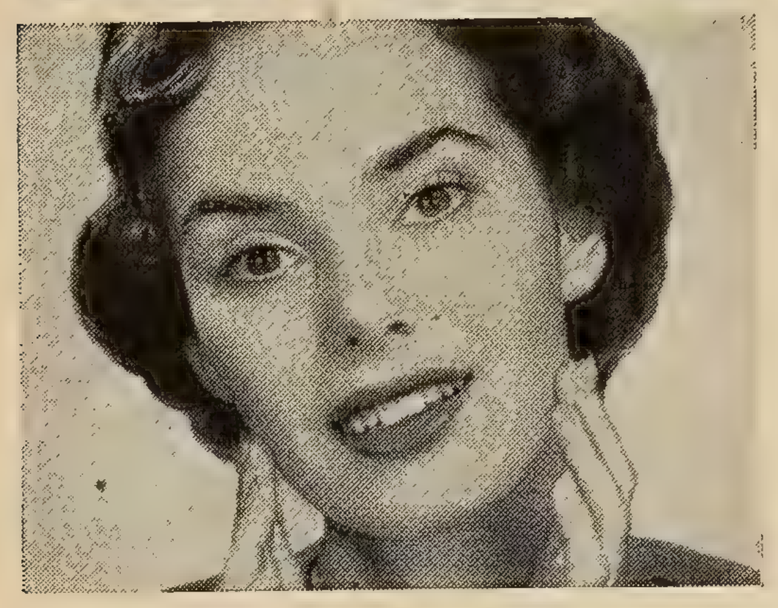
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love's young dream

(*Continued from page 66*) Miss Ruick." They worked together for several weeks in *Apache War Smoke*, and although her mother had once told her, "If an actress doesn't fall in some small way for her leading man, there's something wrong with her," Barbara felt nothing but professional respect for Bob. The picture was finished in June and it wasn't until two months later that they had their first date. Barbara was so unimpressed at the time that by now she barely remembers the evening. It is her dim recollection that he came for dinner to the house shared by her with studio publicist Jean MacDonald, and that they talked afterward and he went home early.

Their dates grew more frequent and slowly Barbara began to notice his sincerity, his truthfulness and above all, his complete respect for her. She decided that here was that rarity in this modern world, a gentleman; and soon realized she was happiest when she was with him. Following his proposal of marriage they discussed architecture and found that both like "comfortable modern"; then weddings, which both agree should be small but definitely inside a church; and then babies, which both want in quantity, but only after they have enough financial security that Barbara can take a year away from work to stay home and care for each new addition.

Barbara has learned to distinguish a feint from a dodge, an infield fly from a Texas leaguer, and a touchback from a safety. Bob has found with delight that she is an avid sports fan, and last March when she visited him on location for *Arena* in Tucson they not only went riding every day, but when the cast and crew organized a disorganized football game on the set, Barbara got into the act.

"I will now," she announced, holding the ball daintily between her hands, "do a drop-kick."

"Be careful!" yelled Bob. "You're wearing flat shoes—you can't dig in! Honey, you'll go flat on your—"

Which she did. It was one of the things that have proven to Barbara that she should listen to Bob's advice. Before she met him she had always felt rather maternal toward the men she dated. Secure in her personal life as well as her newfound career, she tended to be self reliant and so was forever on the lookout for ways in which she might help other people. Mr. Horton has modified all this, and now Barbara realizes that she tends to be high strung, to fly off the handle quickly, and Bob's comparative calm and good sense have a leveling affect on her own high spirits.

THERE was good reason for her self-confidence. Barbara grew up in the world of show business, the daughter of two highly succesful professionals who were famous not only for their talent but also for their charm and their circle of delightful friends. The friends were also in show business, and it was only natural that Barbara should develop at an early age into a mite-sized performer.

She inherited acting ability from both parents, and at five was already dreaming up her own skits. "I must have bored everybody to death in those days. I'm still a ham—I should never eat pork."

From her father, who once played the violin and had his own band, Barbara was endowed with musical talent, and from her mother, who is still an avid jazz fan, a love for all kinds of music. As a result, today she is equally valued as both an actress and a singer, and Barbara loves both so well that she is incapable of choosing between the two.

A lot of practice went into both fields. Her girl friends were enlisted in the production of her plays and soon found themselves relegated to making backdrops out of old sheets and bright crayons. If any of the other girls had ideas of their own they seldom had time to put them across, as the small Ruick was a whirlwind director who scurried everyone else to routine jobs while she took the spotlight. Audiences were drafted from the neighborhood and, as Barbara puts it, "they looked whether they wanted to or not."

Lurene Tuttle had never pushed her daughter into theatricals—Barbara fell into them by herself. Her parents were naturally delighted, but they continued their attempt to seem disinterested and periodically suggested that it would be nice if Barbara grew up to be something distinguished, like an editor of Vogue magazine. All along Barbara knew, despite her youth, that if she had turned into anything other than an actress her parents would have been crushed.

As Barbara persisted in her thespian interests, Lurene Tuttle began coaching her daughter, beginning with pantomime, and Barbara feels that such fantastic and rigorous assignments as being a squeezed lemon or a tree in May were a valuable beginning for her education in dramatics. When she was eight she battered her way into the billing of a recital and chose for her stint a rendition of "Waiting At The Church," a la Beatrice Kay, for which she was to be frocked in her mother's wedding dress. It was bad enough having to hitch up the dress so that she wouldn't trip over it, and even worse when the air raid sirens cut loose and the house lights went out. But her father, sitting in the front row, trained the beam of a flashlight on her, and the small Miss Ruick went through her performance with the nonchalance of a seasoned trouper.

WHEN she was 14 she began singing with the high school band and organized a singing group that appeared twice weekly on a San Fernando Valley radio station. The accompanying skits were written by, naturally, Barbara Ruick. She never went to a party or a prom when she didn't sing, and always returned home with the seven-dollar scale wage tucked away in her evening bag. When she was 15 she fluffed for the first time, in a local little theater production of *Stage Door*. She delivered her lines, "I don't really want to leave. I don't know what to say." Following that she really didn't know what to say, and solved the situation by walking off the stage.

She wasn't so shaken by the experience that she lost confidence. Less than a year later her mother, who played "Effie" on the Sam Spade radio show, became too ill to go on, and Barbara marched into producer William Spier's office. "You just have to let me do it," she said. "I'm the only one who sounds like mother. And besides, it's the only thing that'll get her out of bed. If I do it this time, she'll *have* to come to your rescue next week."

She got the job, and it was the last time Barbara was nervous during a performance. It gave her a confidence which has never left her, except perhaps for the times when her mother has been in the audience. Barbara can't explain these reactions—she thinks it may be because she's trying so hard to please, as she did when she was a small girl. She recalls the day she marched two miles in a Girl Scout parade as the flag bearer. All went well until she came to the corner where her mother stood. Then Barbara tripped and went flat on her face. Lurene Tuttle was

in the audience the night Barbara forgot her lines in *Stage Door*, and stranger still, she gave a top-notch TV commercial one day until toward the end of the spiel, when her mind went blank. When she got home she learned that her mother had turned on the program at the precise moment Barbara had fluffed.

Barbara reached the age of 12 before her parents were divorced, and those years of living with show business parents have given her a wisdom that may well help in her own marriage. She feels that she knows the pitfalls of a marriage which combines two careers, what to say and what not to say at the right moments. She was and still is extremely fond of her father, who has remarried and lives in New York, but the divorce itself did not affect her nearly so much as the death, a year before, of Lillian Johnson. Miss Johnson had been Barbara's nurse since babyhood, a wonderful woman who, childless herself, poured out her maternal love on Barbara. She taught the child to love people, she was a second mother to her and her most appreciative audience all through Barbara's childhood. She died on August 15th, and for this reason Barbara has set her wedding date on that day. She intends sending a little prayer up to heaven, in the hope that her beloved old nurse will be able to look down and see Barbara on the biggest day of her life. It is her deepest regret that Miss Johnson cannot be here to see the children that will come some day.

FOLLOWING the divorce Barbara lived with her mother, who continued to guide her through an adolescence that was devoted almost entirely to theatricals. Their relationship is extremely close, and even when Barbara decided to learn about drumming, Lurene Tuttle didn't complain. It all started when Barbara sang with an orchestra made up of college boys, and when drummer Gene Estes left his stand to do a vocal, Barbara would hop up behind the drums and beat out the rhythm for the band.

Two days after her 17th birthday Barbara took off for New York. Determined to make the grade on her own merits she purposely avoided letting anyone know her relationship to her famed parents. She moved into an apartment with four models and proceeded to pound pavements like a novice from Hatsoff, Texas, but her talent shone through. Out of 800 applicants she was chosen with only nine others to appear on Chico Marx's "College Bowl" TV show. Soap operas and commercials followed, and after a highly successful year she returned home to Hollywood, where she shortly copped a contract with MGM. There she went to work with such zeal that studio employees weren't surprised when, during the filming of *The Affairs Of Dobie Gillis*, Barbara insisted on completing her dance routine despite an attack of flu, and stopped only when she fainted from exhaustion.

At first she lived with her mother, who had remarried, then moved to a small apartment in Hollywood, another in North Hollywood, then to Westwood, then shared a house with Jean MacDonald, then, because the landlady didn't cotton to Barbara's boxer puppy, the two girls moved to another house. Barbara currently is living with her mother again, and has stored a pile of furniture collected in the last two years in the last six residences. There will be enough, she says, to fill any house she and Bob might buy on his GI loan, and she promises that, for a change, she will really settle down for keeps when she gets married.

She has already begun to settle. An incurable mimic, Barbara comes back from New York dropping her R's, back from Alabama accompanied by a southern drawl. She imitates anything, including the makeup worn these days by New York models. When living in Manhattan with the quartet of mannekins, Barbara was enchanted by their black slipstick and penciled lines beneath the eyes. She had arrived in New York with a healthy, scrubbed look, but by the time she came back to Hollywood a year later she was all but suffocated in cosmetics. Lurene Tuttle met her at the airport and couldn't help smiling. "My word," she said, "You *have* been sick, haven't you?"

AFTER a year of doe eyes, and after a few dates with Bob Horton, Barbara decided to give up the ghostly look, that this was not really for her. The next time Bob called for her at the house, he was met by a pert face that boasted nothing but lipstick—red lipstick. He took an appreciative look, but said nothing.

Barbara couldn't stand it for long. They hadn't been in his car five minutes before she turned to him. "Well—do you like me better this way?"

He reached over and took her hand. "I liked you the other way, too. But this is fine."

"You see what I mean," Barbara says to anybody who will listen. "Bob is a gentleman, a real gentleman. And furthermore, my red-haired mother is charmed right out of her shoes at the idea of a red-haired son-in-law. I was obstinate—I didn't have red hair—but now she has more than a 50-50 chance of having carrot-tops for grandchildren."

Everybody's happy, including MGM, future in-laws, the growing legions of Horton and Ruick fans, and most of all, Barbara and Bob. **END**



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bitter triumph

(*Continued from page 55*) *Walking My Baby Back Home,* with Janet Leigh.

Then, he disappeared. Studio executives and friends couldn't locate him for three days. Just before the situation had reached the "missing persons" alarm stage, someone thought to check at his Van Nuys home. Sure enough, there he was, where he had been for almost three days, playing with Donna.

The next day newspaper columns were filled with predictions that the O'Connors would make up, or had already forgiven each other for real and imaginary transgressions. The curtain, however, had just gone up on the embarrassing drama that is so often repeated in Hollywood. Before the week was out it was reported that Gwen was now dating Dan Dailey. Supposedly they had been holding hands in a quiet corner at the Encore, a La Cienega boulevard restaurant to which many film celebrities go to publicly display their grief over a broken romance or their joy over a new love.

Gwen O'Connor was furious. The report is that she had her attorney call the columnist and demand a retraction, a reluctant one which was published a few days later. This was not enough, for newspaper folk are now calloused when it comes to denials. Reporters began to choose up sides. On the day that Sheilah Graham stated that, "the Donald O'Connor's are quietly making up," Hollywood Reporter columnist Mike Connelly had a different version: "Dan Dailey threw a punch at Murray Garret at Peggy Lee's Grove opening. Dailey didn't want the photog to shoot him and Gwen O'Connor, who were NOT celebrating Donald O'Connor's gala *Call Me Madam* preem, same night and miles and miles from the Grove."

Who is right? Is Dan Dailey a *cause celebre* in the O'Connor marriage rift? Or was it true that Don had regularly been dating several of the hundreds of cute girls who make the studios a romantic stamping grounds. Why isn't the truth printed? It will be, here and now.

LET'S go back to happier days to find the answer. Back to the time that Donald was a carefree young actor more preoccupied with his collection of foreign cars than he was with his career. To the time he proposed to beautiful red-haired Gwen Carter, a Los Angeles High School student, and gave her a two carat diamond ring, payable on time at $50 a week for the next two years.

Gwen was no innocent child who fell head over heels in love with an actor at 15. She had friends in show business and was not star struck. She'll tell you that she didn't think much of Don at their first meeting when they were introduced at a Paramount commissary table. She was 12 and he was a wacky 13. A little more than two years later, it was a different story.

Donald had by then skyrocketed to fame with Bing Crosby in *Sing You Sinners,* grown out of his britches in a few months and was tossed back into vaudeville, traveling the country with his family. Tragedy had made a man of him, for his beloved brother Billy had died suddenly of scarlet fever, not many days before Hollywood summoned him back for a second crack at stardom. Billy, of whom Don had often said, "He could have been a greater comedian than Bob Hope," meant more to the young actor than he has ever been able to satisfactorily explain. He can only say, "Billy died when I was just getting to know him."

Of course, it may be said that everyone knows sadness in life and that it takes an actor to dramatize his grief. But this was not so with Donald O'Connor. The loneliness of his youth was magnified by the fact that his father died of a heart attack when he was about a year old. Before that, outside a theater in Hartford, Conn., his five year old sister, Arlene, had taken him out for an airing in his baby carriage. Unable to resist the temptation of a candy store across the street, Arlene left the infant Donald at the curb and scurried to buy a sack of sweets. In a few seconds, she was lying dead, run over by a speeding car.

Knowing as we do that the mind of a child retains impressions from early childhood on, and remembering that Donald grew up with no real home other than a long list of theatrical hotels, it becomes a simple, understandable fact that what he always has needed most was a love and security of his own.

His second meeting with Gwen Carter took place backstage at the El Capitan theater. Don had gone there to help a friend named Julia Curtis to audition her ventriloquist act, and ran into Joyce Duffin, another vaudeville acquaintance who was there with Gwen.

"Gwen and I took a look at each other," Donald remembers, "and the whole theater lit up."

Joyce, however, wouldn't give Don Gwen's phone number. A few days later he ran into the two of them in a drug store. This time Gwen was with a big handsome guy. Don took Joyce aside and tried again for the phone number. No soap. That night might have been the end of it if a fellow Don knew hadn't dropped in to watch him work out at a Hollywood gym. Don went two rounds apiece that day with a couple of professional fighters. They stood toe to toe slugging at each other, much to the amazement of the friend, who later said to Don in the dressing room, "If you want Gwen Carter's phone number, I guess it's okay to give it to you now."

"Well thanks," Don replied, "but why all the mystery up to now?"

"Well, the truth is," the friend explained, "that Gwen's boy friend is a very jealous guy. Also exceedingly tough. He knew you two liked each other and he threatened to beat the tar out of you if you tried to date her. None of us wanted to see you murdered, but after seeing you go in the ring I know you can take care of yourself."

Don rushed for the nearest phone booth to make a date. That night he and Gwen held hands at the Casa de Amour restaurant and agreed that people their age, if they should fall in love, should wait a long time before marrying. From that moment on, Gwen never dated another boy, and they would have waited, too, except for circumstances over which they had no control.

IT was Don's ambition to become a fighter pilot. He had already taken one test for Air Corps Cadet Training and flunked it. After some months, he tried again, passing with flying colors. On New Year's Eve of 1944, they spent much of the night talking about the question of whether or not they should marry before Don entered the service. They decided to stick to their original promise to wait, but a few evenings later, while visiting at the apartment of their friend, Ally Kirk, the emotional upheaval of impending events was too much for them.

On the spur of the moment, they agreed to elope to Mexico. They jumped into Don's car and took off, stopping for dinner at the Tailspin Restaurant. Here their plans made a crash landing. They fell into an argument about whether or not to they should tell their mothers. Don decided that if he was now man enough to enter the Air

Corps, he certainly was man enough to tell his mother and hers in advance that he was marrying the woman he loved.

They postponed the event for a couple of days. Both mothers agreed that their children would be unhappy if they had to face the anxious days and perhaps years ahead, alone. So, on February sixth, they took off for the border city of Tiajuana, Mexico. They hadn't counted on the difficulties of strict wartime regulations. Border guards insisted that Gwen give up her address book and that Don change the $65 he'd brought along into two dollar bills, no easy trick at four o'clock in the morning. While Gwen argued with the guards to prove that her personal telephone numbers were not the secret codes of a spy, Don hustled off in search of an all night gas station. With these delays, it was almost five A.M. before they reached the main street of Tiajuana, numb with cold, but still grimly cheerful.

Back in the U. S., they found a small hotel which jutted out over the Pacific Ocean, and they'll never forget the cold lobster wedding breakfast.

This was just the beginning of a series of adventures, which if reenacted would make a swell comic movie. Don was shipped off to Texas, eager to start his Air Corps training. To his dismay, the entire cadet program was suddenly called off. All he saw in the future was an endless round of KP and latrine duty. As luck had it, the Air Corps suddenly needed more women than they did men, and Don helped to create a WAC recruiting show. Gwen, like thousands of women at the time, became a camp follower.

Somehow, though, the O'Connors were incredibly happy during these two and a half years. When almost all WACS were being shipped overseas, the recruiting show in which Don was being starred needed a leading lady. Officers in charge pressed Gwen into service and she wowed 'em.

When Don came back to Hollywood and civilian life, everything brightened up. There were those big pay checks again; back income taxes were paid up, and the baby came.

They never loved each other more. On the day of the blessed event, Gwen was so worried about Don's condition that she kept crawling out of her hospital bed to visit him in the father's room.

"Poor guy," she remembers, "he sat there for almost 12 hours, white as a sheet. He must have smoked a whole carton of cigarettes. When it was all over, I looked up through a haze to see him, announcing that we'd had a baby boy.

"'No,' I told him. 'You're hysterical, honey. I saw it. The baby's a girl!' By this time he was the same old Don. He was playing it so straight with the boy routine that it was a couple of days before I realized he was kidding."

UNLESS one is a veteran on the Hollywood scene, it is difficult to understand how merciless the demands of success can be, or why it is that the more famous a man becomes the less chance he has for happiness in private life. Despite the casual atmosphere of show business, the demands of its backstage discipline are terrific, effecting even a thing so small as a man's hobbies. Speaking of his sport car hobby, Don recently dismissed it by saying, "I either had to give up the cars or my career." What he subconsciously meant is that the requirements in time alone caused by doing four major pictures in the period of a year, plus a monthly television show, had cut deeply into his private life.

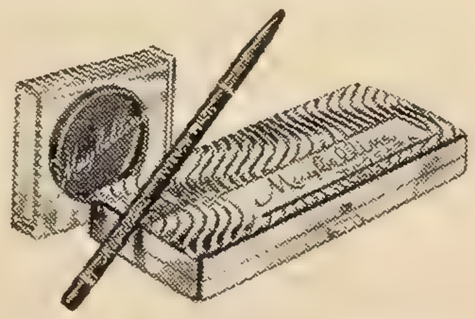
When Don was doing pleasant little pictures requiring little effort, his home was always filled with friends. He might, as



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on one occasion, come galloping home with all four Williams brothers from the Kay Thompson act for an impromptu supper.

However, Don's popularity brought incredible demands on his time. It reached the point best illustrated by the time Gwen's maid, to her great surprise, brought in the morning coffee while she was still in bed. The maid had a complaint to make, hardly believable in this modern age. "I'm a good cook," she explained, "but I'm getting rusty. I'm going to have to change jobs unless you and Mr. O'Connor do more entertaining." Gwen promised that they'd try to reform. She planned a dinner party for the following Friday. She called all of Don's friends, but with a single exception, they were all too busy. It was just as well. An emergency rehearsal came up for Don, so he wouldn't have been there anyway.

Such things may seem trivialities, but a happy marriage demands every bit as much attention as a successful career. Recently, Gwen has been very much alone, with the result that any appearance publicly without Don stirred comment. If, while Don was busy talking business at a Palm Springs dinner, Gwen seemed to linger too long in the company of Dean Martin, it was nothing to her. When the story broke that Gwen, immediately after the separation from Don, had been dating Dean Martin, she was in tears. She called Dean on the telephone to make certain that he knew that she didn't have anything to do with the linking of their names. Dean, who had never liked Gwen too much (not all Hollywood personalities are bosom pals), was impressed with her forthright honesty. At this writing, they have never been together, except for a few moments at a time at crowded parties, and although no one expects to give out affidavits that they will never have a date in the future, they most assuredly have not had one up to the present time. Nor has Donald ever dated Mitzi Gaynor, even though they have had their pictures taken together. You can expect, however, that this false rumor will crop up too, if it hasn't already in some irresponsible column. Even so small an item as Gwen's acquiring an agent—at the suggestion of Don, incidentally—seemed to indicate to the gossips that she was more interested in a career than in a home.

THE "little things" which have destroyed many a marriage, both in and out of Hollywood, have been gnawing away at the O'Connor marriage for over two years. Finally, at a friend's suggestion, Don broached the subject of consultation with a psychiatrist. It must be pointed out that young married couples all over the country have done the same thing—not because they are mentally deranged, but simply to try to achieve a better understanding of the science of living. Gwen O'Connor, anxious to make whatever corrections were necessary in her thinking as well as Don's, agreed to the idea.

To their mutual dismay, the news leaked out. There would be little purpose in mentioning any of this here, except that it is important to the O'Connor marital story. A lot of folks in Hollywood laughed at the idea of their seeking psychiatric aid. To them it was one more case of another actor and his wife going a little nutty. The truth was that these consultations brought the two back together, if only temporarily. After a few months during which they earnestly sought to resolve their problems, Gwen and Don went to Honolulu for a second honeymoon.

Meantime Gwen was doing all right with her own career plans. With her good friend, Ann McCormick (Jackie Coogan's ex-wife), she planned to join a troupe of performers headed for Korea to entertain our troops there. Gwen had already been accepted as a good trouper on the Colgate Hour. There was nothing wrong with her carrying on, even though she might never expect to become as famous as her husband. However, she never made that trip. The undercurrent of gossip mounted. One evening Gwen and Don had a lulu of an argument over some infinitesimal matter neither can remember. It may even have been the tone of voice of one or the other that set off the fuse. All they knew was that they were tired; weary of trying to discover where and why they had lost the rich meaning of their life together.

Don moved out.

Today you need only to bend a casual ear to the wind to hear people who know them only slightly to hear phrases like this . . . "It should have happened a long time ago" . . . "Gwen wants to be a play girl" . . . Or, "Don gets around himself."

The rising tide of Hollywood opinion hurries home to the Donald O'Connors more swiftly since their definite rift. But it hasn't prevented them from having dinner together on several occasions, still seeking to discover why it is that, after they attained the goals they set out to achieve nine long lean years ago, they are no longer together to share a triumph now turned bitter.

Currently both Gwen and Don are having a fling on their own, dating other people. But the more they are apart, the more they like each other's company. Gwen came home at four A.M. one morning after a date with a Hollywood playboy, and termed night life a real nothing. Next night she and Don went to the Circle J Ranch, and both declared they had a real ball, and were getting tired of their so-called freedom from domestic woe. That's why real intimates are predicting an early reconciliation despite columnists' reports.

Nor can one fact be denied. Gwen and Donald O'Connor privately admit that they still love each other. If this is so, and they can look at each other across the chasm created by a suit for divorce, they may be able to retrace their steps and hold on to the happiness they built for each other.

And they don't need this honest attempt to evaluate their lives to realize the most important thing of all: Technically they still will remain man and wife for almost a year. All it takes to assure little Donna O'Connor that Daddy will indeed be home tonight is a couple of telephone calls to a pair of attorneys.

Let's hope they do it! END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Before he went into the Army, Vic Damone was doing a personal appearance in Washington. A bunch of us went backstage to see him and when he came out, he said he didn't have time for interviews and told us to come back after a later show.

One little girl remarked sadly that she didn't have the money to come back on. So what did Vic do? He took five dollars out of his own pocket and gave it to her and told her to take a taxi.

Jean Rossini
Washington, D. C.

lana and lex

(*Continued from page 36*) with Alfred Gywnne Vanderbilt the night before at Romanoff's. Vanderbilt had come out to California with his horses for the opening of the Santa Anita race track, and Mervyn, an old friend of his, had said, "Look, Alfred, I want you to come out to the set tomorrow. Lana Turner and Ricardo Montalban are going to dance a samba in this particular scene, and I think you'll like watching it."

Bright and early the next morning, Alfred Vanderbilt was out in Culver City watching Ricardo Montalban as he rehearsed with Rita Moreno. These two did a few introductory steps. The camera moved in and the focus was fixed. Director LeRoy turned and muttered to an assistant. "Ready," he said. The assistant shouted, "Ready, Miss Turner."

Dressed gorgeously in an evening gown, the top half of which consisted of a form-fitting jersey trimmed with sequins, Lana emerged from her portable dressing room. Behind her came Lex and the three children.

They congregated at the left of the camera as Lana took her place by Montalban. Graciously Rita Moreno bowed out of the picture. "Okay," said LeRoy, "let's try it."

He walked back to the camera and winked at Vanderbilt. One of the assistants thundered, "Quiet!"

"Okay," LeRoy said softly to his cameraman. "Roll 'em."

The music, a special samba entitled "A Little More Of Your Amour," and especially written for the picture by Mario Lanza's good friend, Nicky Brodsky, was struck up. Montalban took Lana in his arms. They started to dance. They looked into each other's eyes.

On the sidelines, Lex looked on, enthralled and fascinated. What a difference between a musical and the Tarzan pictures he makes.

Lex's two children looked at each other and grinned. Lana's daughter, Cheryl, who has seen her mother in action many times, seemed to grow restless very quickly. She wandered off.

When the "take" was over, Lana came over to Lex. "You were wonderful," he said. She blew him a little feather of a smile, then called out to her child. "Cheryl," she said, "I'll be finished after one more shot. Now you stay here with the other kids. Don't run off." Cheryl, who is nine, the same age as Barker's daughter, nodded and returned to Barker's side. Lex ran his hand through her hair. The camera was rolled back for a medium shot, and Lana and Montalban went into their samba again. Lex grinned as he watched his lovelight.

When the Christmas holiday was over and the children returned to school, Lex used to show up on the set himself, or if he had things to do, he usually would arrange to pick Lana up after work. She rarely rode home alone.

It got so that the gatemen at the studio used to kid Lex and call him Stagedoor Johnny.

LEX makes no bones about being daffy over Lana. "She's a wonderful girl," he says, "and I'm more than fond of her. Maybe some people don't think so, but Lana's got an awful lot of depth. She's been around. She knows a good many things, and, insofar as I'm concerned, her friendship is an extremely worthy thing. I can tell you that she's a much higher-type young woman than a lot of the girls you come in contact with back home."

"Back home" for Barker is Westchester County in New York and Fairfield County



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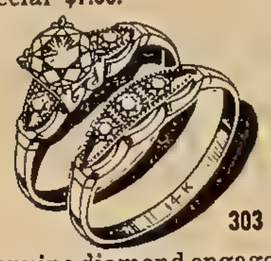
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in Connecticut. Lex is a typical product of suburban life, and he pretty much knows all there is to know about stag lines, coming-out parties, and the Junior League.

His younger sister, Frederica, was for many years one of the outstanding beauties at the various country clubs in and around Westchester; and the Barker family is directly descended from Roger Williams, the dissenter who founded Rhode Island. So that in his young life Lex has really mixed with the cream of suburban society, and when he says that Lana has much more on the ball than the girls back home, you can bet his opinion is founded on actual experience.

Lex is the first of his family to desert the world of high finance for the acting profession. To be perfectly honest about it, his father still considers the deviation as a part of growing up and expects that eventually Lex will get into some thriving business venture, Lana Turner or no Lana Turner.

When, after leaving Phillips-Exeter Academy, Lex decided to become an actor, his father looked upon the entire experiment with a jaundiced eye. He agreed to give Lex his head for a while if eventually the boy would join his engineering firm.

"I tried to learn the business from the ground up," Lex says. "I worked around blast furnaces and hot strip mills, but my heart just wasn't in it. I enlisted in the Army, and when I got out, I decided to resume my acting career. Probably if I'd listened to my father I'd be worth a good deal of money today, but I like show business and the people in it. Where in civil engineering are you going to run into a girl like Turner?"

When Lex first arrived in Hollywood—it was in 1945 that he was invalided out of the Army with the rank of Major—Lana Turner was just a name to him. He was married to an attractive girl named Connie Thurlow. He had a two-year-old daughter, and he was looking for a start in pictures.

The post-war era of 1945-1948 will go down in the history of the cinema as the age of extravagance. Business was so good, motion picture companies were making so much money that they could afford to expand their list of contract players with almost reckless abandon.

Lex was one of them. Fresh from the Army, he'd had very little acting experience, a few years of summer stock, two bit parts on Broadway, nothing else. And yet MCA, a talent agency, got him signed by 20th Century, then Warners', then RKO, and finally, when Sol Lesser was looking for a new Tarzan, switched him from RKO to enact the character fathered by the late Edgar Rice Burroughs.

THERE is an old saying in Hollywood that frequently the price of fame is heartache. Certainly this was true in Barker's case. The more successful his career became, the faster his marriage began to founder. By 1949 Lex and Connie both decided they'd had enough. Six months after the final decree was issued on November 2nd, 1950, Lex Barker took a second wife, actress Arlene Dahl. The willowy redhead was never too sure about the eventual success of the marriage but after changing her mind a couple of times, decided to go through with the wedding ceremony.

As you know Arlene used to be under contract to MGM. So, of course, is Lana Turner. Occasionally when Lex drove over from RKO-Pathé, where Sol Lesser has his headquarters, to see Arlene, he would run into Lana. There would be an exchange of polite greetings and nothing else.

Lana was married to Bop Topping at the time. She had a heart full of troubles, and she wasn't at all "on the make." Only when Topping packed his bags and moved out did she snare Fernando Lamas in a fast three seconds. In 1951 when Lex and Arlene Dahl were first married, the possibility of Lex getting together with Lana was about as remote as a marriage between Margaret O'Brien and Mickey Mouse.

Career trouble is what broke up the Dahl-Barker marriage. That, at least, is what Lex says. He thinks in retrospect that Arlene was more interested in becoming a movie star than in becoming a good wife.

"The best part of our marriage," he says, "was when Arlene left Metro and sat around home for six months doing nothing. Then someone came along and offered her a deal selling lingerie. She thought she'd get into it just as a sideline. It wasn't a sideline at all. It became a big thing. Then her career started up again. She was offered movie jobs. Naturally, she took them. We had one break-up and then decided on a reconciliation. I went out of town on location for three weeks and when I came back she hit me with the divorce idea. She said she had decided that our marriage wouldn't work. Boy! What a reconciliation!"

You have probably heard or read somewhere that Lana first "picked up" Lex at the Marion Davies party, that wild extravaganza thrown in honor of Johnny Ray.

All that Lana did was to ask Lex for a dance since her own date, Fernando Lamas, was none too attentive. Lex was not a stag. He had come to the party with Susan Morrow, but when Lana asked for a dance he gallantly consented.

By now, everyone knows what happened. When Fernando saw his Lana snuggled up in the arms of Lex Barker, the fiery South American from Buenos Aires blew his top.

Two days later the Lamas-Turner love affair was a thing of the past and Fernando was bounced out of *Latin Lovers,* the film he was originally scheduled to star in opposite Lana.

"I'm sorry," Fernando said, "that Miss Turner refuses to be my friend but I respect her wishes."

A week later, Lamas was dining in public with Arlene Dahl, and Lana Turner was dining in private with Arlene Dahl's ex-husband. In short, the two beautiful actresses had exchanged lovers. By-gones were by-gones.

Arlene and Lamas made no secret of their mutual affection. They were seen everywhere together. Lana and Lex were a bit more circumspect. It took three weeks before their companionship became public property. When it did, it blazed brightly, especially in Palm Springs where both of them spent their vacation.

Not too long ago, Lex, who has a comfortable little apartment a mile or so from 20th Century-Fox, was visited by a family friend from back East. This woman, an elderly lady in her 50's, was touring the studios, and Lex told her to please use his apartment as her Hollywood headquarters.

"During the course of the day," he explained, "you're liable to get tired. I want you to come up to the apartment and rest any time you feel like. it Here's a key"

One afternoon the visitor from back East did exactly that, whereupon the phone in Lex's apartment rang and the lady answered it. Lana Turner was on, and when a woman answered, the actress boiled. When Lex phoned for a date that night, Lana wouldn't talk to him. Presently she did, demanding to know, "Who is the girl you had in your apartment around four this afternoon you two timer, you!"

Lex explained everything satisfactorily, but this merely shows that when Lana gives her heart to any man she expects him to play fair. She has always been a one-man-at-a-time woman.

Oddly enough when you ask Lana about Lex, she weighs her words very carefully. "He's an extremely nice gentleman," she says, "and great fun to be with—or I wouldn't be with him."

When you ask if there is any chance of her marrying Lex, she says, "I've had enough of marriage to last me for some time." Lana has said this before, however, so it doesn't mean much. What does mean a lot is that Barker will not be free to marry until October 15, 1953, at which time Lana will be living somewhere in Europe, probably in Monaco where she is in residence at the time of this writing.

Despite the fact that she has earned close to a million dollars in the past 15 years, Lana doesn't have very much money. If she works in Europe for the next 18 months, she can earn approximately $350,000 tax free.

Lana insists, however, that the tax-exemption is not why she left Hollywood. "I just wanted to get away from around here," she explains. "I needed a new outlook, a new environment, to meet some new people."

And being the Lana she is, she also needed a new heart interest. In Lex Barker she has found a most avid one—and as they're saying in Hollywood tonight, "Here are two fine people who really deserve each other." **END**

how young hollywood lives

(*Continued from page 59*) appearance tours.

Marge and Gower Champion own a lovely hillside home equipped with swimming pool because their salary is $2,500 a week and night club appearances bring them another $7,500 a week.

Liz Taylor and her husband Mike Wilding can afford to own a swank modern home overlooking a picturesque canyon, because after ten years in the business, Liz has managed to save more than $40,000 and has signed a new contract which brings her close to $150,000 a year.

But these are the exceptions.

How about youngsters like Roberta Haynes, Joanne Gilbert, Terry Moore, Joyce Holden, Debbie Reynolds, Debra Paget, Janet Leigh, Farley Granger, Bob Wagner, and Dale Robertson?

Let's take a look.

Dale Robertson owns a house out in Reseda, a middle-class community 20 miles from the studio, which he bought on the G.I. loan—nothing down and around $55 a month. It's a simple stucco job, two bedrooms, one for Dale and his wife, and one for their baby daughter Rochelle. Robertson is one of the boys who likes cars, especially convertibles, but no Cadillac or big job for him. He has a business manager who limits him to spending money of $20 a week even though Dale is currently earning $1,000 a week.

Young actresses like Debbie Reynolds, Debbie Paget, Mitzi Gaynor and several others either live with their mothers in small establishments or rent conveniently located apartments.

Typical of the smart young career girl is Joyce Holden. Ever since she came to Hollywood from Kansas, Joyce has lived in a series of bachelorette apartments, one larger than the other. Right now she occupies a two-bedroom garden apartment in the San Fernando Valley. With each move, Joyce adds to her collection of antique furniture by haunting the second-hand antique shops and attending the auctions. Her interest in Early American furnishings began on a farm in Colony, Kansas, where she spent every summer until she was 12. Her aunt and uncle, Vern and Jesse Nichols, owned the farm, and when Joyce grew up and came to Hollywood, they gave her the four-poster canopy bed she had slept on as a little girl.

Like most of the young actresses in town, Joyce likes lots of company. She often invites eight, ten, twelve guests home for dinner. She also believes that every girl living alone should have a pet. In her own case the lease on her apartment expressly prohibited pets of any sort, but when Joyce moved in she found a forlorn, copper-colored cat squatting right in the middle of the living room. The cat still resides in that apartment.

Roberta Haynes is another apartment-dweller. Even though she was raised in Encino, not too far from Hollywood, she talked her parents into letting her furnish her own apartment near Columbia Studios. It was this organization which signed Roberta after she had finished *Return To Paradise* opposite Gary Cooper.

The dark-haired, exotic-looking young beauty began to furnish her three-room flat by buying a box spring and mattress. After that, as she earned more money, she spent it on modern furniture made of wood, wrought iron, and foam rubber. Finishing touches are products of her own handiwork. Drapes, curtains, a few paintings. Because her salary is relatively small, Roberta, who likes to read, buys 25-cent paper-covered books. The money she doesn't invest in clothes, she spends on records and art prints, only she can never decide which prints to frame.

Dawn Addams is another young actress who likes to re-decorate her studio apartment. Dawn is the petite English girl who made such a startling first impression on moviegoers when they saw her in MGM's *Plymouth Adventure*. Like her own colorful background—her father is an English Army officer and she's lived all over the Empire—her place is unorthodox. It consists of a series of rooms on different levels. The living room is three steps above the street. The dinette is two steps down from the living room, and the bedroom is up one flight on a gallery overlooking the whole apartment. In the tradition of a soldier's family, Dawn has filled her small apartment with mementoes from home, and also a piano, on which her current boyfriend, Farley Granger likes to practise.

Another European who's made a good go of things in Hollywood is German-born Ursula Thiess, one of actor Robert Taylor's great heart interests. Ursula's apartment on Wilshire Boulevard is a far cry from the bombed-out rubble that was once her home in Hamburg.

As you probably know, Ursula's picture on the cover of "Life" is what got her an RKO contract in this country. When she arrived in New York two years ago, she knew no English so that the studio had to arrange for a series of interpreters to go around with her in Manhattan as well as Hollywood. Ursula's Hollywood interpreter was a young girl of her own age named Rosalie Harding. With the bond of language between them, a close friendship sprang up between these girls, and in a little while, Rosalie asked Ursula to leave her lonely hotel room and share a room in the Harding household. When her English was fluent enough, Ursula was sent to India to act in *Monsoon*. (*Continued on next page*)

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After three months she returned to the Harding house, but then decided that if she was ever going to make the break, she had best make it then. She was convinced that her English was good enough, so she and Rosalie went apartment-hunting. They found a modern suite of three rooms with porch overhanging Wilshire Boulevard. Ursula then bought "Pappy," a French poodle to keep her company.

Like most German girls Ursula loves to cook, and since Bob Taylor doesn't particularly like to make the rounds of night clubs or to be seen in public, many of their dates consist of home-cooked meals.

JOANNE Gilbert, the young nightclub singer who made such a sensational debut at the Mocambo that she was signed by Paramount for *Red Garters,* represents the school of young girls who live with their mothers.

Joanne's parents are separated which is true of Mitzi Gaynor's, Peggy Ann Garner's, Jane Powell's, Margaret O'Brien's, and many others—and Joanne and her mother occupy a one-bedroom apartment in the heart of Hollywood. "It's really too small," Joanne says, "and now that I'm making a little money we're looking for a larger place. I also drive a '49 Chevvy—it's crumpling, it really is—and I guess I'll have to get a new car."

Practically the only young Hollywood star who doesn't own a car is Ursula Thiess, and that's because she doesn't know how to drive.

Joanne Gilbert's night club act is booked in at $3,000 a week, so that it shouldn't be too long before the Gilbert gal winds up with a Ford convertible and at least a two-bedroom apartment.

The youngsters who have the biggest and swankiest apartment in Hollywood are Janet and Tony Curtis; and they certainly deserve it. For five years they've both worked long and hard and have finally reached the point in life where a monthly rental of $400 doesn't tax their financial setup too heavily. Their combined weekly salary is close to $2,500—that is, when they're working. Before they found their current penthouse apartment, Janet and Tony lived in a small furnished job a few blocks away.

As a matter of fact, Joan Evans and her husband Kirby Weatherley occupy that same sort of furnished apartment which is typical of what Southern California has to offer young marrieds in the way of housing.

When Joan and Kirby decided to get married last June, over Joan's parents' objections, the bride-to-be had exactly 24 hours in which to find an apartment. "I think we did the right thing," Joan says, "in renting a small furnished unit to start with. I was making *Column South* after the wedding and still I could manage to cook and keep house without any extra help. If we had bought a house we'd have had to hire people to run it. I think a small place during the first year of marriage gives the bride more time to devote to cooking and fixing things up."

Joan has another theory that not having to do housework before you're married makes the job more interesting after you've got a husband to take care of. At least it's worked out that way for her.

She had a separate wing in her parents' home, but her grandmother or the family housekeeper was always on hand to cook and pick up after her. Not burdened with the pre-wedding task of cooking, she now loves to prepare three meals a day. According to Kirby, his wife is an inventive and very clever short-order cook. Once she expects guests for dinner, however, Joan is a meticulous planner. A list of reminders to herself reads like this: "Toasted cheese fingers, page 8 in recipe book, make spread before; avocado salad, make before; Beef Casserole, p. 121, ready by 6:00; French peas p. 184, allow time to shell; rolls, don't forget, melt butter; sherbet; coffee, make early."

OF all the young marrieds in Hollywood, the Rory Calhouns seem to have hit the jackpot insofar as houses are concerned. A year ago, Rory asked his Lita what she'd like for a fourth anniversary present. She said a house of their own with grounds and swimming pool.

Rory has the luck of the Irish. He found a family that was moving back East and was ready to take a loss on their 8-room colonial in Beverly Hills. Rory snapped the bargain up without reading the complete terms of sale. Later, much to his amazement, he learned that a swimming pool from the old Will Rogers' estate went with his purchase.

Rory is a crack wood-worker and has already transformed one guest bedroom into a beautifully-panelled bar. He also hopes to remodel the unfinished structure atop his garage into a large playroom.

The Calhouns, and this is true of most young acting couples, have no full-time cook or housekeeper; so that they run their home on a very casual basis. Their door is always open and it's recognized as a paradise for free-loaders. You can always get a free meal and drink at the Rory Calhouns, practically no questions asked.

In contrast to the old Hollywood standards where butlers and formality ruled the household roost, today movieland goes in for pleasant, relaxed, and informal living. Nowhere is this motif, this way of life, more conspicuous than at the home of Jerry and Patti Lewis.

Jerry, of course, earns more money than any youngster under the age of 30 throughout the world. He averages half a million a year. Thus, when Patti talked him into buying a brick colonial house with pool in the Pacific Palisades, he insisted that he must have one small wing where he could indulge himself in his various hobbies, gun-collecting, movie-making, photography, hell-raising, and so forth.

Jerry decided to build a small, separate rumpus room. The idea carried him away. When construction costs on this small rumpus room hit $20,000 wife Patti called a halt. But not for long. What started out to be a hideaway developed into a de luxe playhouse, and it's here that Jerry and his gang make their wild movie shorts, satirizing well-known film hits.

Right now the playhouse is valued at $120,000, that is with photographic equipment included, but Jerry says it's worth every penny in fun and relaxation.

GENERALLY speaking, Hollywood is neither a country club nor a night club town. Its youngsters are shrewd, intelligent, career-wise and in some cases genuinely cultured. They appreciate good art, good music, and good clothes. But most of all they appreciate their homes on which they lavish a large portion of their earnings.

They feel that their residence and its decor reflects their standard of taste which is why they're always re-modeling, re-decorating, searching for new furnishings, new architects, new modes of expression.

Essentially, they are all artists with a love of beauty and a high regard for style, and more than any other element they are responsible for transforming the old-time sickening, roccoco-ish, ornate, overbearing Hollywood way of life into one that is simple, modern, clean, and stimulating.

In short, the young householders are a credit to the community; much more so than many of the old-timers. END

chance of a lifetime

(*Continued from page 67*) picked up the cards, took them into the manager's office and began looking them over. They were almost unanimously complimentary. But something else was much more important, and the studio men were as excited as kids.

On every card there was one name. Burton. Burton. Burton. "More of this man Burton." "That Richard Burton is something!" "Where has this Richard Burton been?" In their own way, in their own words that theater audience that night made a new star. The studio people were excited because audiences have never been wrong. The movie makers have, but never the audiences. The film went back to the cutting room for minor editing, but the order was out: Don't cut a foot of Burton!

Subsequent events, such as the casting of Richard Burton in the leading role in *The Robe*, have proven that the movie industry think he's the greatest import since Laurence Olivier, and that he is that rare item in British actors, a he-man morsel for American women. A rugged lad with the fire it takes to sweep American girls from their living room chairs right into the movie theaters.

Now something about the man himself, for you will be seeing a good deal of him.

Richard Burton has no traditional background that could qualify him to be an actor. He was born in 1925 in Pont Rhydyfen in the south of Wales, coal mining country. He was one of 13 children, the tot in a household that depended for its bread on the work its men did in the pits and a youngster of 13 is a man in the coal country. From his earliest childhood, Richard Burton was aware of the poverty about him, but his lot was no different from his neighbors'. He knew the pinch of hunger, the dreadful chill of insecurity, but, he says, he never knew unhappiness in his home, or at any time as a child. The Welsh have backbones that stand up under strong adversity—and they know how to smile.

The Burton boys were all sturdy lads, and as tough as they were rugged.

"We lived in the slums, right in the heart of the slums of our town," Burton says. "My real name is Jenkins, and we were called the Jenks, the scourge of the top end' of the town. There was an Irish family, equally as violent as we, and they were the scourge of the 'lower end' of the town. The two families were in a constant feud.

"When I went to school, being the youngest of the Jenks, I had the full protection of my brothers, and not a teacher dared lay a hand on me—although Welsh teachers are known for their corporal punishment of pupils. But even so, I always considered it an insult to be called a Jenks."

There was actually never any encouragement given the Jenkins boys to get out of the mines and into other lines of work, certainly not into anything cultural. Richard's father, now a man of 80, had been a miner all his life, and just retired a couple of years ago. The boys did, however, take off on their own and today they are scattered about the world working at everything from professional football (soccer) to soldiering. Richard is the only one in the theater.

While he was still an infant, Richard Burton's mother died and he went to live with a sister who was then 22 and married to a coal miner. He remained with her for more than ten years. As he says himself, he was a "rough" boy, and if it hadn't been for meeting a man by the name of Meredith Jones he might still be so today. Very few boys in Richard's district spoke English. Welsh was the common tongue in the homes. Jones discovered that Richard had an ear for English and tutored him. Consequently, when it came time to take the entrance examination into what corresponds to our high school (it was in English, of course) Richard passed—and became the first boy from his district in 35 years to do so.

When he was 13 years old, a double crisis came into his life. His sister's husband came down with an attack of silicosis, the disease which attacks the lungs of miners, and a depression hit South Wales. It became necessary for the boy to go to work, so he became a shop assistant in an establishment dealing in men's suitings and worked there for almost a year until the family's financial lot improved.

This breach in his education was in reality something of a Godsend, as it was to prove later, for when he went back to the halls of learning a new teacher had arrived, a man named Phillip Burton, who has had a tremendous influence on Richard's life ever since. As a matter of fact, when Richard became an actor he took Burton's name.

"Phillip Burton didn't see anything in me at first," Richard says. "I saw something in him. He was an erudite man and seemed to possess all of the qualities I wanted to develop in myself. At that time I wasn't sure just what I wanted to be. I used to admire the eloquence of the preachers at the churches I attended, and I sometimes thought I, too, wanted to be a minister. And then I learned that Burton was a writer and had been an actor, so I went to him one day and told him I wanted to be an actor and asked him to help me."

The announcement that Richard wanted to be an actor may not have been astonishing to Phillip Burton, but it most certainly was to Richard's family. In the district he lived actors were considered "sissy" to say the least, and Richard's brothers could not have been more taken aback.

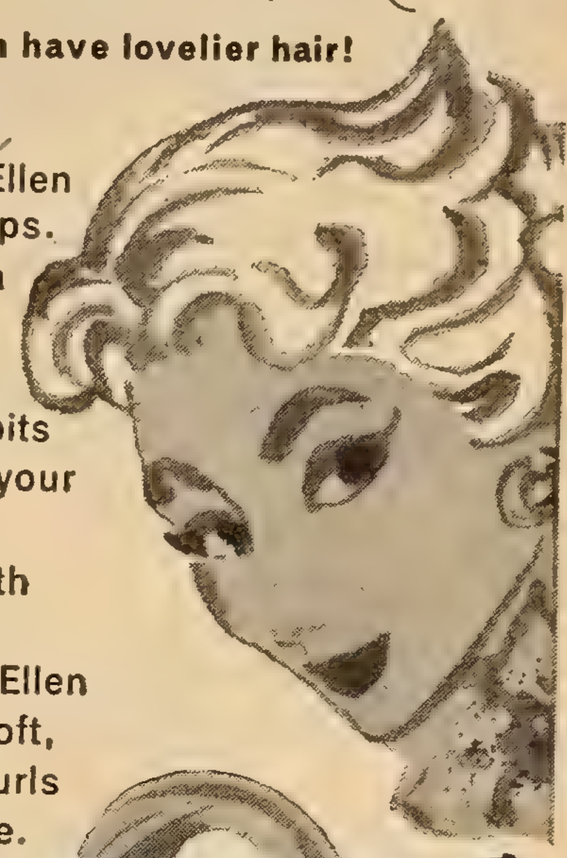
"I had a vast ego by this time," Richard says, "and it was somewhat deflated when Phillip Burton informed me there were a number of things against me. There was the district. I'd get no help there, as the natives thought the proposition that people got paid for prancing about on a stage fantastic. I had a tendency toward chubbiness; and I was short at 14. But I was persistent, so eventually he gave me a small part in a school play—and later on a larger part. I imagine I was appalling, but it was a start."

Phillip Burton must have seen something of the spark that was to hold legitimate theater audiences in London entranced later on, for suddenly he began a strict supervision of the young man's theatrical activities, having him come to his home a couple of hours each evening for tutoring. He began with a general cultural course of education and then carried on through with speech and the rudiments of stagecraft.

"There were times I thought I'd go mad," says Richard, "but Burton never let up on me. My Welsh accent was very thick, and he'd take a speech from a play by Shakespeare or Shaw and make me learn to speak it exactly as he did. It was very difficult for me. I'd stand in front of him by the hour repeating after him exactly like a parrot. He was in advanced middle age and tended to be pedantic, and he never once, during the first two years he worked with me, ever said he thought I'd be a good actor." (*Continued on next page*)

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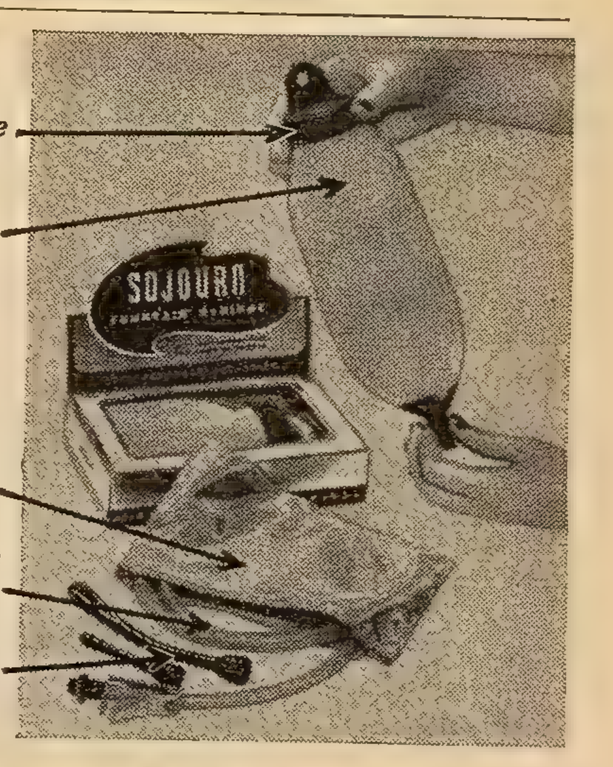


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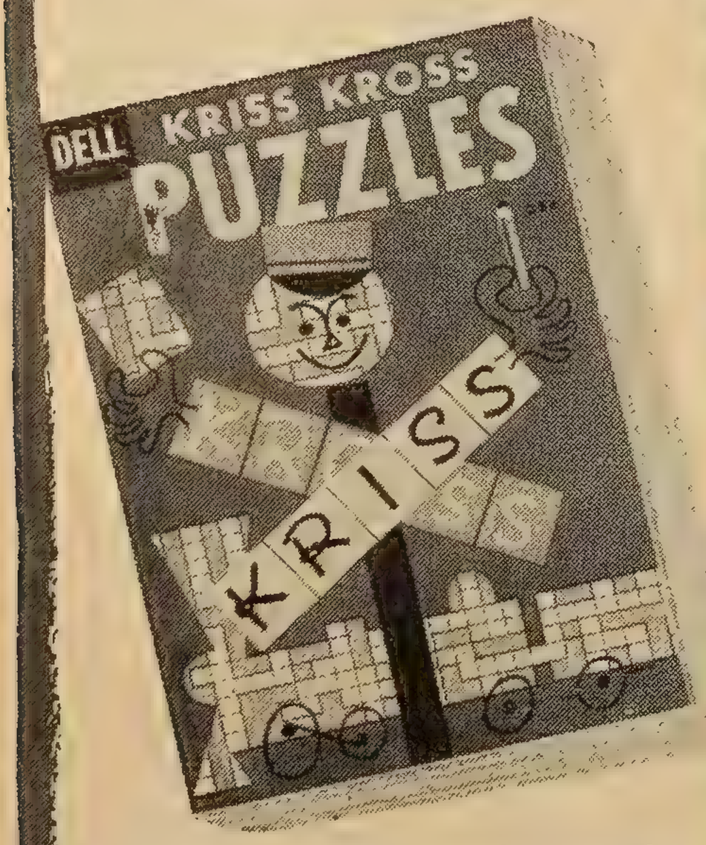
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At the conclusion of his high school education, at 16, Richard got an opportunity to take an entrance examination for Oxford. It was the turning point in his life, but it seemed certain he would flunk out.

"I could tell you what two and two were," he says, "but beyond that mathematics were a total mystery to me. That's when Phillip Burton came to the rescue again. He began to teach me, and one day put his finger on the kink in my mind that made figures difficult. The result was that I breezed through the examination."

It was while waiting for Oxford that Richard Burton's big break came. He read an ad in a Cardiff newspaper stating that an actor was needed for a role in an Emlyn Williams play, and he had to speak Welsh. Richard was only 16, but he was aware that there was a shortage of actors due to the war, so he applied for the part and got it.

Although Cardiff was only 14 miles from his home town, young Burton had never been there before he applied for that job. The trip itself was almost the peak of a boy's career, but when he found himself in the West End of London a few weeks later, rehearsing on a real stage with celebrated performers he thought he was in heaven. That was nothing compared to the notices. The critics were unanimous in their praise of Burton's talent, all saying, in effect, that he had a "remarkable quality" on the stage.

It is a fantastic thing for a Welsh mining boy to escape the pits, but it is equally odd for any young British actor to escape the years of repertory and make his professional debut in London's West End. Richard Burton had done both. But at the end of seven months, Richard left the play to go to Oxford. At the time he was earning a slim 30 dollars a week. It may not appear so much to Americans, but it was exactly double what his father was making, after spending 60-odd years in the Welsh coal mines.

When he was 17 years old, with a year of Oxford behind him, Richard Burton became eligible for military service, so he enlisted in the RAF, where he stayed for the duration of the war. He is not much of a military man, so he remained an enlisted man all during his service, a period of three and a half years.

Discharged from the Army, Burton found himself at loose ends, much as many young men of his time did. He had to make up his mind if he wanted to remain on the stage or get into some more stable occupation. The stage won, for a try anyway, so Richard took his last bit of money, went to London, and called on a man named Binkie Beaumont, a producer who had seen him act before the service, and barged into his office like a star come to pick up his script.

"It was pretty funny," Richard says. "Although he had asked me to look him up, I knew he didn't remember me. After we had talked a few minutes he excused himself—and I knew when he came back into the room that he had been out looking me up. Well, the result was that that very afternoon they brought in a contract, which I eagerly signed, agreeing to pay me ten pounds a week."

A lot of experience was crammed into that year, which was the term of the contract. Burton appeared in half a dozen plays and in one movie, which he didn't particularly enjoy making. And at the end of that time, feeling he had the world by the tail, he went out and applied for a job as a free-lance actor.

"I'll never forget it," he says. "It was the first and only time I was ever fired. They said I was too young, but I believe they thought I was incompetent. I am glad to be able to say, though, that the director who fired me has since offered me any number of parts, none of which I have been able to take."

It was in *The Lady's Not For Burning,* a play by Christopher Fry, that Richard Burton first became a real hit, and it was in this play that he made his debut on the American stage in New York. From there on he went great guns. His next job was playing ten months of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon and his reputation was made as far as British audiences were concerned. It was while working at Stratford-on-Avon that Richard got his first big-money movie contract. Alexander Korda came to see him and signed him to a multi-picture deal, which, by the way, Burton is still working out. It calls for a picture a year for five years. It is odd, incidentally, that although Burton has made four of these films none have been made by Korda. He has been loaned to other producers.

Richard Burton is married to a tiny elf of a woman with prematurely greying hair who was formerly named Sybil Williams. They met while he was making his first film, *Woman Of Dolwyn.* Sybil, still in school, had gotten a job working in the movie during her vacation, and their meeting could reasonably be called love at first sight, for they were married shortly after they met on February 5, 1948. Sybil, too, is Welsh, and was raised in a town just a few miles from Richard's home, but they never met until they came to London after they had grown up.

Although many miles separate Richard Burton from the Welsh mining town that was his home as a boy, he has never lost touch, and each week he writes a letter to his sister, Cecilia James, who raised him, and she reads it to the rest of the family. He is not in touch with most of his brothers, though, claiming, rightfully, that he'd have to have a mimeograph machine to accomplish this. It is an odd arrangement, this letter writing, because to this day none of the family has ever answered one of Richard's letters. But they know he's all right.

Money is not one of the important things in Richard Burton's life, although his current contract to make *The Robe* is one of the best in Hollywood.

"I have a respect for money, though," Richard says, "because I have seen what the lack of it can do to people. My sister, who is only 45, looks 65 . . . all because of the years of poverty, the malnutrition, the constant need and struggle for money. I think it was for her I've done all this. I wanted her to have money. But I also wanted to conquer the world and make her proud of me."

Life in Hollywood is a lot of fun for Richard Burton. He likes America. He likes people. He likes fast cars and the free and easy way of life. He spends a good deal of his time in the company of other British actors, the James Masons, the Grangers and Robert Newton—but he is making American friends fast. He is a rather shy man until you get to know him, but he warms to people and he appears to be the kind of man who once a friend will remain a friend always.

Off-screen his appearance is vital. His head is large, covered with a shock of dark brown hair, worn long for his role in *The Robe.* His eyes are intense and probing, and the other features masculine and rather classic. The marks of some childhood pox are on his skin, and he enjoys referring to them as a mark of ugliness. His humor is quick and earthy, and he likes to drift into the male jokes of his

boyhood, told in the vernacular of a Welsh brat. He's not a tall man, probably slightly under six feet, but he gives the impression of massive strength when he enters a room. He is, in truth, a splendid figure both on-screen and off.

As he looks back on the strange story that is his own life, Richard Burton would change few things. Life was hard in Pont Rhydyfen, but it was never without love and a laugh. The rowdy character of his formative days made him a man able to cope with any problem of his manhood. He carries in his heart a great respect and gratitude for Phillip Burton, who, by his interest and hard work, saved the youngest of the Jenks from the pits. He is eager to use the knowledge he struggled to come by so his enthusiasm is boundless. His mind is filled with memories of the boosts given him, so he is a man other actors will find ready to give them a leg up when needed.

All of these things are seen in the man's personality and in his work. Richard Burton is indeed a star who will add to the quality of American movies. **END**

does mother know best?

(*Continued from page 60*) the woman she can be or see in one of her romantic screen roles. Even three years ago when Debra played opposite Jimmy Stewart in *Broken Arrow* her femininity seemed lacking nothing in maturity. Jimmy turned way once from a clinch with Debra to mutter to Delmar Daves, the director, "You can't tell me that this girl is just 18."

"She isn't," Delmar agreed. "She isn't even 16 yet!"

The whistle which came from Jimmy Stewart's lips at that rejoinder has been echoed admiringly many times since, but also despairingly by would-be boy friends who always find themselves getting nowhere in their attempts to get anywhere with her. Just to catch a few minutes alone with Debra is something practically none of them can boast about. Debra may be 19 today but it is still one of Hollywood's rarities to see her anywhere without her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin.

In fact, if Debra should ever be asked that standard courtroom query, "Where were you on the night of (or the morning of, or the afternoon of) . . . et cetera?" she can always tell the truth by replying, "With my mother."

Mother is with her when she arrives at the studio in the morning. Mother is with her when she leaves. In between mother is with her at make-up, hair-dressing and every minute on the set. Mother is there at conferences, at luncheon, during interviews. Mother is not only always there but except for the moments when Debra is actually in front of the camera mother does most of the talking. It is getting so that people who ask Debra a question automatically turn to mother for the answer.

Thus her professional life. Ditto her personal life. It is spent mostly at home with her sisters and brother, their friends, and, of course, always mother. On those occasions when she attends a party (usually one which has publicity implications or is otherwise blessed by her studio) it is always with the same combination escort-chaperon and shadow . . . mother. On arrival, mother's presence is sometimes resented by the host, hostess or guests, but she is so breezy, so full of easy cameraderie, that before long she is hailed as the life of the party. The joking and the laughter centers around her; Debra, the star, the celebrity, is content to sit quietly by, basking in her mother's temporary popularity.

ACTUALLY, since the days of Shirley Temple, whose mother left no doubt that she, and only she, made Shirley's decisions, Hollywood's screen mothers have tended to stay in the background of their children's careers. Mrs. Griffin is one of the few exceptions to the rule. Another was Margaret O'Brien's mother, Mrs. Gladys O'Brien, who once declared, very emphatically, that "A movie child is a child who does as she is told, immediately, the first time." (This was some years ago when Margaret was her studio's prize possession. Nobody seems to know what to tell Margaret these days.) But the mothers of such contemporary stars as Barbara Ruick, Terry Moore, or Debbie Reynolds, for instance, are not at all inclined to such an attitude.

Terry Moore's mother, Luella Koford, the writer, is mainly concerned with how Terry is represented to the public; she simply wants to be of use to her daughter and the best way she can accomplish this is by giving Terry the benefit of her own experience in public relations. "I've done nothing since Terry has been in pictures but watch out for her art," she said not long ago, referring to exerting a restraining influence on Terry's bathing suit pictures in general, and a couple of flesh-colored ones in particular. "I realize the need for sexy art but there has to be a stopping place somewhere."

Mrs. Maxine Reynolds, mother of the bouncing Debbie, is a natural homemaker and has refused to let her daughter's prominence interfere in any way with that most important and warming duty. And as far as Barbara Ruick is concerned she has had parental carte blanche to live her own life practically all her life. As a tot she was permitted to meet the guests when her folks gave parties and show off by reciting for all "with gestures." The guests used to get sick of it, the story goes, but Barbara did acquire a self-confidence and poise that has stood her in good stead before the public. Her mother, Lurene Tuttle, now acting in radio, and her father, Mel Ruick, of the New York stage, have since been divorced, which, of course, has minimized whatever home influence Barbara

I SAW IT HAPPEN

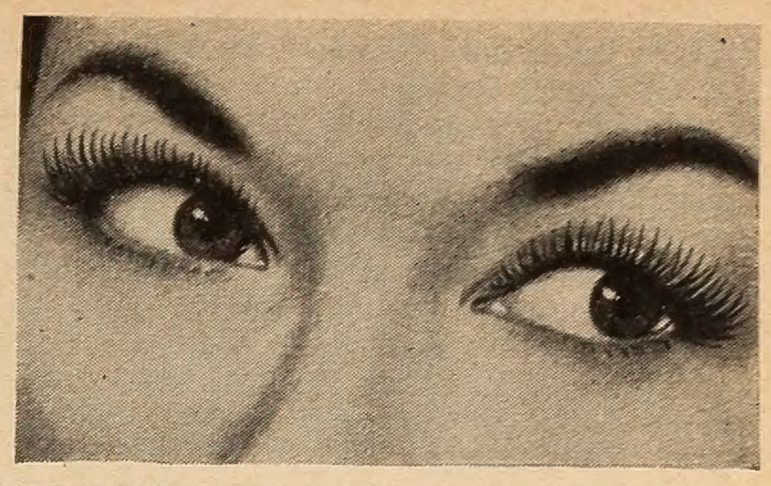


We were visiting the Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch and our nine-year-old with his first box camera was anxious to get some pictures. We saw a crowd gathered around one of the stalls and hurried over to see what was happening.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor (who were still Mr. & Mrs.) were there taking delivery on an Arabian colt. They were surrounded by autograph seekers on all sides.

Our nine-year-old wormed his way through the crowd until he was right in front of the two stars, then calmly turning his back on them, he took a picture of the horse!

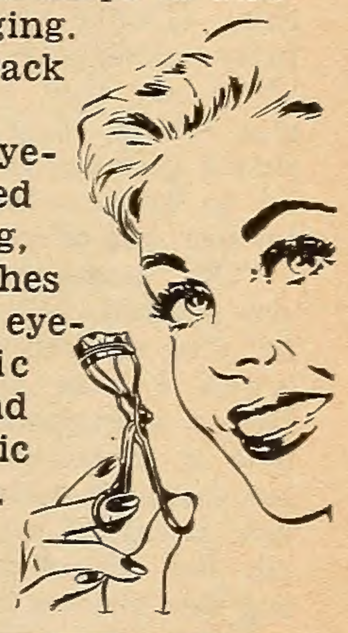
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might have had. Yet her mother approves of Barbara's independence, of her right to make her own decisions no matter whether these involve going off on USO trips or accepting or rejecting the kind of social or professional life she wants to lead. "Barbara can take care of herself," Lurene says.

Debra's mother has actually said these very same words in talking about her. But while she may speak the lines of a modern Hollywood mother, she doesn't play the part. She insists, "The only reason I am with Debra a lot is because Debra wants me around." And Debra always nods in confirmation.

Mrs. Griffin goes even further. She tries to play friend to every boy who wants her to speak a good word for him with her daughter. She has never been known to discourage one; she gives every evidence of enjoying being known as a good sport. She even seems to make a practice of being heard arguing with Debra along this line. "Soandso's a nice kid," you can hear her tell Debra about some fellow. "If I was your age and unmarried I'd love to go out with him." Debra seldom replies.

Is it an act?

A reporter once asked Mrs. Griffin about this. (Debra was right there, sitting dutifully alongside her mother as always.) "You say that Debra has all the freedom she wants, if she wants it. But isn't that just a picture you are painting?" he wanted to know. "Isn't it true that you never let her out of your sight?"

"Oh, somebody's been kidding you!" she scoffed. "Who have you been listening to? I'm not straight-laced. Why, I married when I was three years younger than Debra is right now. It's just Debra's way. She is more interested in her work than anything else right now, that's all. Tomorrow it might be different. Even her sisters rib her about it all the time; keep telling her she's a natural old maid type."

Debra was already nodding in agreement. No reporter can recall any instance when she and her mother ever disagreed—not in public, that is.

The one outstanding truth about Hollywood mother-daughter relationships, an almost unvarying fate, is that they cool; the thicker the pair, the more prominent the star, the quicker and more solid the frost. The latest case involves Elizabeth Taylor and her mother, Sara. It's sad but it is true. Mrs. Griffin is not unaware of this; no one in her position could be. Maybe it was fear, maybe she was kidding, when she said once, "If Debra gets uppity I'll sit on her." Maybe she was kidding because she weighs close to 180 pounds and doesn't mind joking about her plumpness. But she is so much a part of Debra's affairs that it must be frightening to her to contemplate the day when she will have nothing to say about them. In Debra she lives again the thrills and great moments she once knew herself on the stage. When that is taken away from her . . . ?

Debra always explains her preference for her mother's company along personal lines. She says she has Victorian ideals about romance and is not interested in being with young people just for the sake of getting around. "I'm a firm believer in love at first sight," she has said. "Until that happens I have no intention of dating even casually. Being with my mother, my family, is much more enjoyable to me than being in the company of some man in whom I have no permanent interest."

Some boys who have tried to get to know her, and failed, don't think she has told the whole story here. "It's hard to believe," said one, "but there is a lot of little girl in that big girl."

HOWEVER, there are friends of the Griffins, studio people close to them ever since Debra got her movie start at the age of 13, who have a more simple explanation for Debra's loyalty to her kin.

"Her parents have a tremendous investment in Debra," said a woman who is associated with Debra's rise to stardom. "It is an investment not only in money but in the sacrifice and hardship that any family finds it must undergo to finance the career of a beauty. Why even after Debra starred in several pictures the principal source of support for the family was not her salary but the steady wage earned by her father as an ordinary painter. Only three years ago Debra was getting $100 a week, with a take-home pay, after agent's commission and all other deductions, including court-ordered savings, of hardly $40 a week! Even now, with a salary of $500 a week a surprisingly small part of it can actually be used for upkeep. The family is still paying off for her first good fur.

"Debra realizes all this. She saw the penny-saving that went on, the scrimping that meant, and still means, living in small, cramped homes, and she wants to make sure that all this effort is justified. And it's because she doesn't want to make any mistakes that might jeopardize this goal, in her personal life as well as her professional one, that she wants the benefit of her mother's judgment always.

"Some people think her mother is foolishly trying to shield Debra from contact with life. They forget Mrs. Griffin was on the burlesque stage for years and that Debra was raised in as raw an environment as you can find in this country. Even if she tried, her mother could hardly keep her in ignorance of life, and she doesn't try. Nor is Debra ignorant. She isn't afraid of unknown pitfalls; it's the common mistakes she doesn't want to make; the ones any young actress knows about and can still trip over. That's where Mama comes in—to help Debra make sure."

There is no doubt that Debra is a serious girl. A good proof are all the "A s" she got as a studio scholar, snatching her lessons on the set between acting sessions. Schooling doesn't come easily this way, as any educator will tell you; there are not only too many interruptions, there are too many glamorus distractions.

Everyone around the Fox studios remembers a weird algebra answer Linda Darnell turned in early in her career when one afternoon she was summoned to class by her teacher right after a tempestous love scene in front of the camera. Linda finished an equation by writing that "X" equals "TP." It seems she was still thinking of Tyrone Power, whose arms she was just left.

Debra has impressed her teacher with her power of concentration. Once, during some location shooting in New York she had to take an examination in a publicly parked taxicab which the studio had rented for a classroom. Again she got her "A."

ODDLY enough, Debra may be getting some freedom soon from mother's supervision whether she wants it nor not. One of her sisters has become a screen hopeful at another studio. Some weeks ago Universal-International developed a strong yen to have Debra co-star for them with Donald O'Connor in *Walking My Baby Back Home*. They had a tentative talk with Debra (and mother) and were told that 20th had an exclusive contract.

"But why don't you try my sister, Lezlie Gae?" suggested Debra. (If you like the name Lezlie Gae you might as well know that in the Griffin family colorful names do not happen by accident. Mrs. Griffin, with show-minded foresight, christened all her children with names she thought would look good on theater marquees. Debra's full name, for instance, is Debralee. Another grown daughter, now married, is called Teala Loring. Then there is Debra's older brother for whom Mrs. Griffin really reached high, wide and dramatic. He is known as Ruell Shayne.)

The studio took a look at Lezlie Gae and liked her very much. She didn't get the role offered to Debra but she is off to a good start. The only trouble is that which looms ahead for Mrs. Griffin. Universal-International is about ten miles from 20th Century-Fox. She can't be in two places to watch two daughters!

So maybe some changes are in order. But as of this date Debra and her mother are still a going concern. Even when night falls, and Debra pulls back the luxurious, red velveteen, quilted spread over her extra-sized bed and prepares for sleep . . . mother is still there. They even share the same bed!

END

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